Collier's

JUNE 28, 1947 TEN CENTS

A touching love story by Louis Paul

HELLO, BEAUTIFUL!

●

"We've got Congress on the run," F.D.R. told Farley. "They go out of here talking to themselves"

—WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT · PART TWO

ne 28, 1947

Francis Chase

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RESERVE
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

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A Julep made with *Three Feathers!* Yes, you serve an "ace" when it's made with this smoother, lighter, richer whiskey. *The finest-tasting Three Feathers in 64 years,* it adds new zest to *any* whiskey drink.

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Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

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TRACK 28
9-20 A.M
DAY CAPE C
VACATION SPE
TAUNTON
WAREHAM
ONSET
BUZZARDS

How to get the most out of your Vacation

You're off on your vacation . . . for rest, relaxation and new and charming friends.

But surely you don't want that lovely girl you meet at the beach to turn you down on a date . . .

And you don't want that charming couple at the hotel to put a black mark against your name when they're looking for a fourth at bridge.

Don't run the risk of offending others by being careless about your breath. Halitosis (bad breath) may afflict everyone at some time or other. And you, yourself, may not know when you are the guilty one. So it pays to be extra careful.

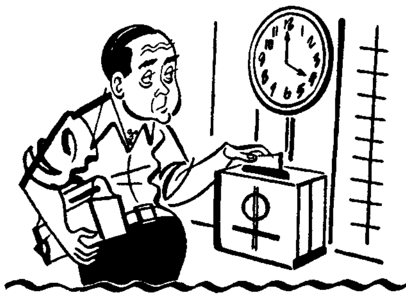
One of your best friends in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. Tuck a bottle in your vacation bag. Use it night and morning, and between times, before meeting others. Against bad breath of non-systemic origin it works so quickly, so delightfully . . . freshens, sweetens the breath, and quickly overcomes odors.

Moreover, you will find Listerine Antiseptic a tried-and-true first-aid against minor skin infections and insect bites and stings. All in all, it's a vacation "must" you can't afford to leave behind. Be sure to tuck a bottle in your vacation bag. It pays off in comfort and popularity.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

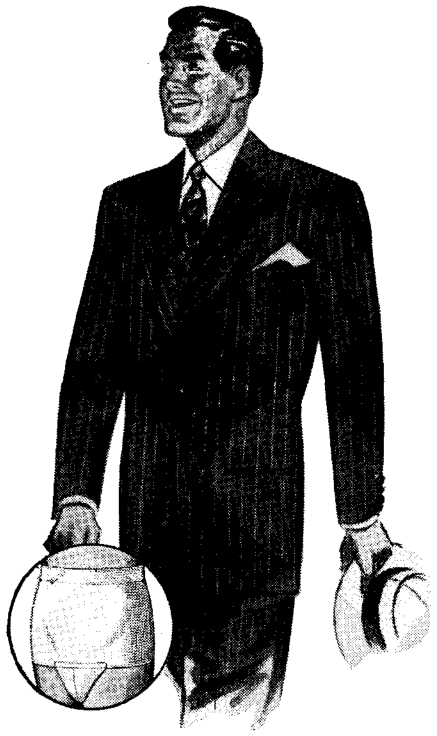
P. S. *Do you know that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales? Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing.*

Spirits LAG?
Got a 6 o'clock SAG?



Pick Yourself up with a

"Bracer® Royal"
SUPPORTER BELT



You'll feel better, stand straighter, your clothes will fit smoother when you wear the comfortable 2-way stretch "Bracer Royal." It's a Bauer & Black product and the finest supporter belt we've ever made. Many men say its firm elastic support gives real relief from fatigue.

Special features of "Bracer Royal": wider, cooler, more porous waistband gives you more supportive action. Tubular, elastic, long-stretch leg band won't crease, curl or roll—ample size fly-front pouch is self-adjusting to any position.

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SUPPORTER BELT

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Division of The Kendall Company
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COLLIER'S
June 28, 1947

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●

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

CLEANUP SPOT

DEAR EDITOR: Re Taken to the Cleaner's (May 17th), the average woman customer's point of view is that nothing is ever right. The cleaner deliberately put spots in the garment, changed the size, and lost or broke all the trim.

A set of rules could be devised for customers to follow:

1. Sew on fastenings, repair small rips, remove delicate clips, jewelry and perishable trim at home.
2. Name the spots at the counter or to the driver. Don't wad the garment into a tight lump.
3. Give a generous time for the work to be finished. If it is a rush "special" don't be so picky.
4. It takes just as much work (sometimes more) to clean a cheap flimsy dress as it does a good one.
5. *Remember*—ten or even twenty pounds on the hips is bound to make a suit or dress too tight. A garment will only stretch so far. Either be reasonable or reduce.

As to the men—they are good customers. Not faultfinding, easy to deal with and *much* cleaner and more tidy than women.

E. A. G., Pasadena, Cal.

. . . Just two months ago I sent a pair of rayon ruffled curtains to a supposedly reliable cleaner, and what I got back I was ashamed to hang on the window. Just last week I washed those same curtains, cold-starched them a bit and pressed them and they look as good as new.

DOROTHY SCHICK, Lanark, Ill.

. . . A friend told me about something she had seen in her home-town cleaning establishment. Into the machine, to be cleaned all at one time, went: several squares of very dirty old carpet, some highly soiled bed comfortables, some clothing.

FRED LOUIS, New York, N. Y.

ATOMIC APPLAUSE

DEAR SIRS: I have just read Inertia—U.S.A. (Man and the Atom, May 3d) and want to add my congratulations to all the others that I am sure you are receiving. It is a splendid article and one of which you should be justly proud, for it reveals a thorough research and a high degree of scholarship which will add luster to your already bright reputation.

E. M. ELLER, Commodore, U.S. Navy,
Washington, D.C.

LONGING FOR LONG

DEAR SIR: It seems to me that you were not

(Continued on page 63)

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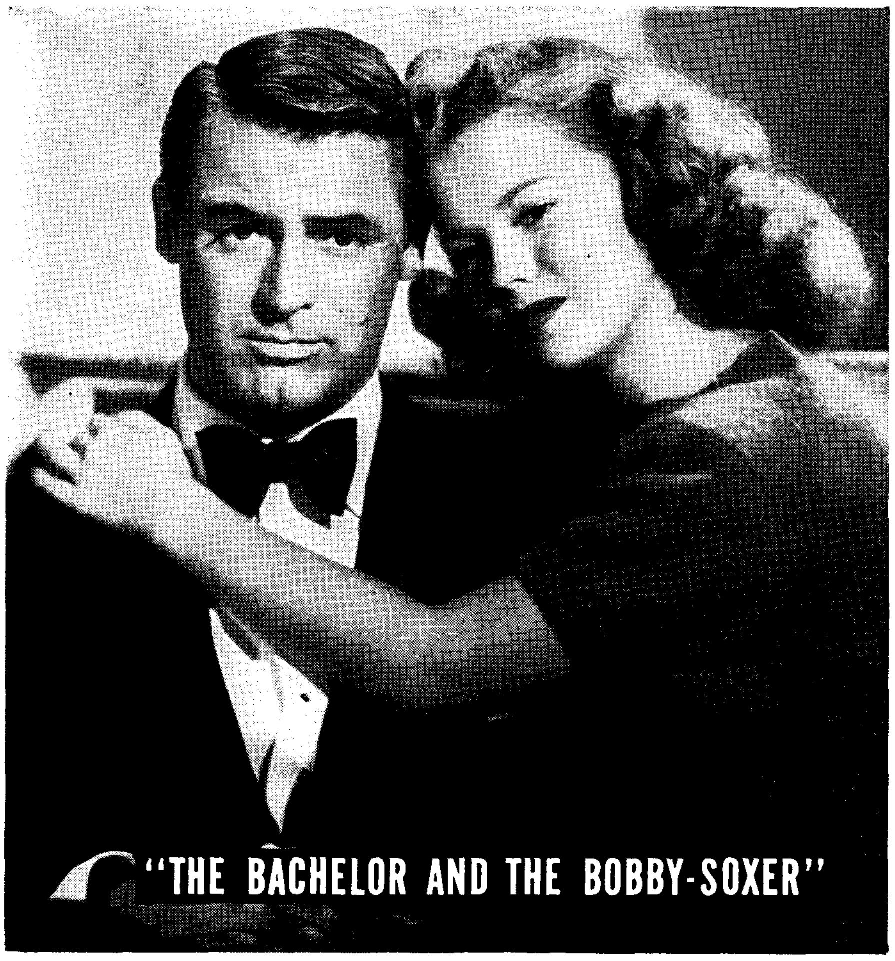
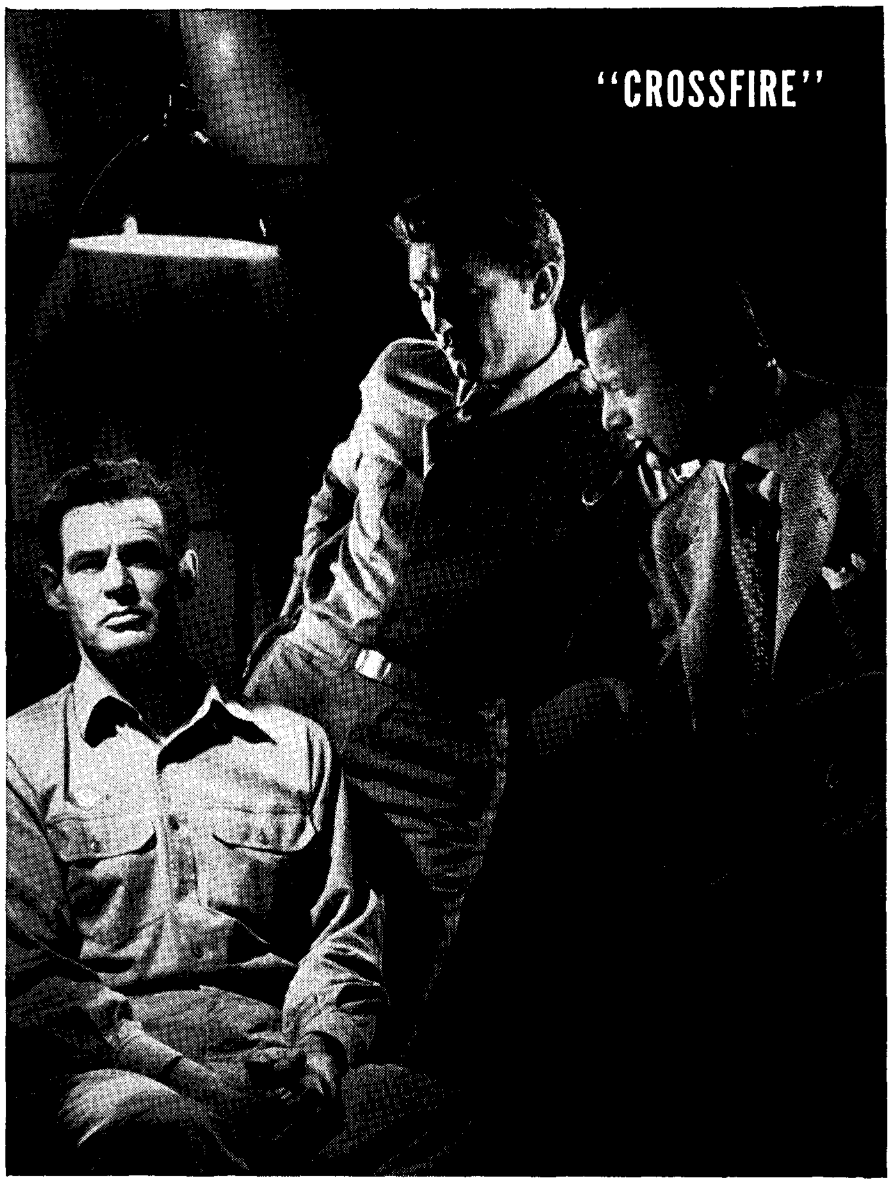
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH


"THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER"

PAINED at being object of bobby-soxer's crush, CARY GRANT turns on sour look as SHIRLEY TEMPLE makes school girl advances. Close-up from RKO's *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*, co-starring MYRNA LOY. World Premiere this summer at New York's Radio City Music Hall.

"FUN AND FANCY FREE"

CANDLE BLOWING ceremony causes great excitement at birthday party given by Charlie McCarthy in WALT DISNEY'S new Technicolor musical feature *Fun and Fancy Free*. Among guests are Donald Duck and Mortimer Snerd. EDGAR BERGEN, DINAH SHORE join in fun.



MOST COURAGEOUS film ever made, according to preview audiences, is RKO's *Crossfire*. Tense scene calls out top-drawer performances from ROBERT YOUNG, ROBERT MITCHUM, ROBERT RYAN. Though story centers around three men, feminine interest is not lacking.

"I REMEMBER MAMA"

COLORS, FABRICS, LINES keynote conference, as IRENE DUNNE and Designer Edward Stevenson discuss what Miss Dunne will wear in star role of RKO's *I Remember Mama*, based on Broadway stage play. Film co-stars BARBARA BEL GEDDES, OSCAR HOMOLKA, PHILIP DORN.

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

The FLORSHEIM Shoe
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When you pay for quality
be sure you get the finest

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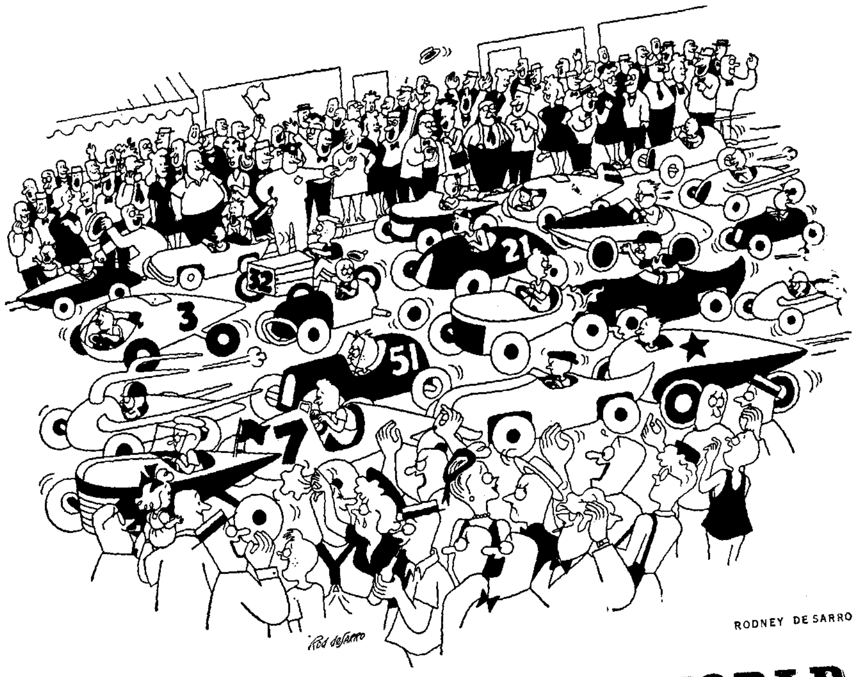

RODNEY DE SARRO

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

On August 17, 1947, the 10th All-American Soap Box Derby will be run down the 975-foot course at Akron, Ohio. The contestants will be the 115 boys who have won local elimination trials in competition with 50,000 others. In their little homemade motorless automobiles, they will race for the National Championship before more than 100,000 spectators.

Birds and egg-laying reptiles such as lizards, turtles, crocodiles and pythons develop before birth an appendage that disappears after it has served its single purpose. It is a hard knob on the tip of the beak or nose, called an egg tooth, with which the animal breaks its shell when ready to emerge.

Two great honors have been bestowed on Dr. George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist, since his death in 1942. For finding industrial uses for farm products and by-products, Congress made his Missouri birthplace a national monument in 1943. For his development of numerous uses for peanuts, the peanut growers of India recently unveiled a monument in Bombay, the first in that country in memory of an American.

Owing chiefly to the impression that a mirage could not be photographed because it is an optical illusion, the first actual photograph of one, so far as is known, was not made until 1929. Before that time, published pictures of mirages were drawings, some of which appeared to be photographs as they were cleverly superimposed on the upper half of real photographs.

To attract new members, churches of the Bantu tribes in southern Africa take unusual measures to be different from one another, each featuring its own particular beliefs and rites. They also have their own unique names, one being the "African Casteroil Dead Church."

For every five Americans who have difficulty hearing over the telephone, 16 have difficulty hearing a direct conversation.

No one has ever "broken the bank at Monte Carlo," despite all the tales to the contrary. But many gamblers have broken several of its 65 tables, which required the croupiers to send to the cashier for additional funds. One woman broke a table six times within four hours in 1933.

Probably the costliest setting ever created to inspire an author was that maintained by the late Princess Der Ling during 1928-29 on Golondrina Island off Lower California. There she built a palace and, with some 300 entertainers, attendants and servants, held a court or party nightly to remind and help her write her memoirs of the days when she was a lady in waiting in the Imperial Court of China.

No successful automatic pilot has yet been developed for the helicopter and, therefore, the human pilot of this type of aircraft, unlike the airplane flier, has to retain complete manual control of his machine every minute it is in the air.

Since major-league baseball was organized in 1876, no more than 15 of the 7,000 players connected with it have been permanently barred for throwing or attempting to throw a game or for concealing knowledge of such a plot. Among them were four members of the Louisville team in 1877, seven Chicago White Sox in 1919 and two New York Giants in 1924.—*By Andrew Miller, New Hyde Park, New York.*

During the past ten years, 12,987 persons died in the U.S. in 919 accidents and disasters in which five or more individuals were killed. Of every 1,000 victims, 331 died in accidents involving vehicles, trains, planes and ships, 305 in fires and explosions, 242 in storms and floods and the other 122 in miscellaneous catastrophes such as the collapse of a building.

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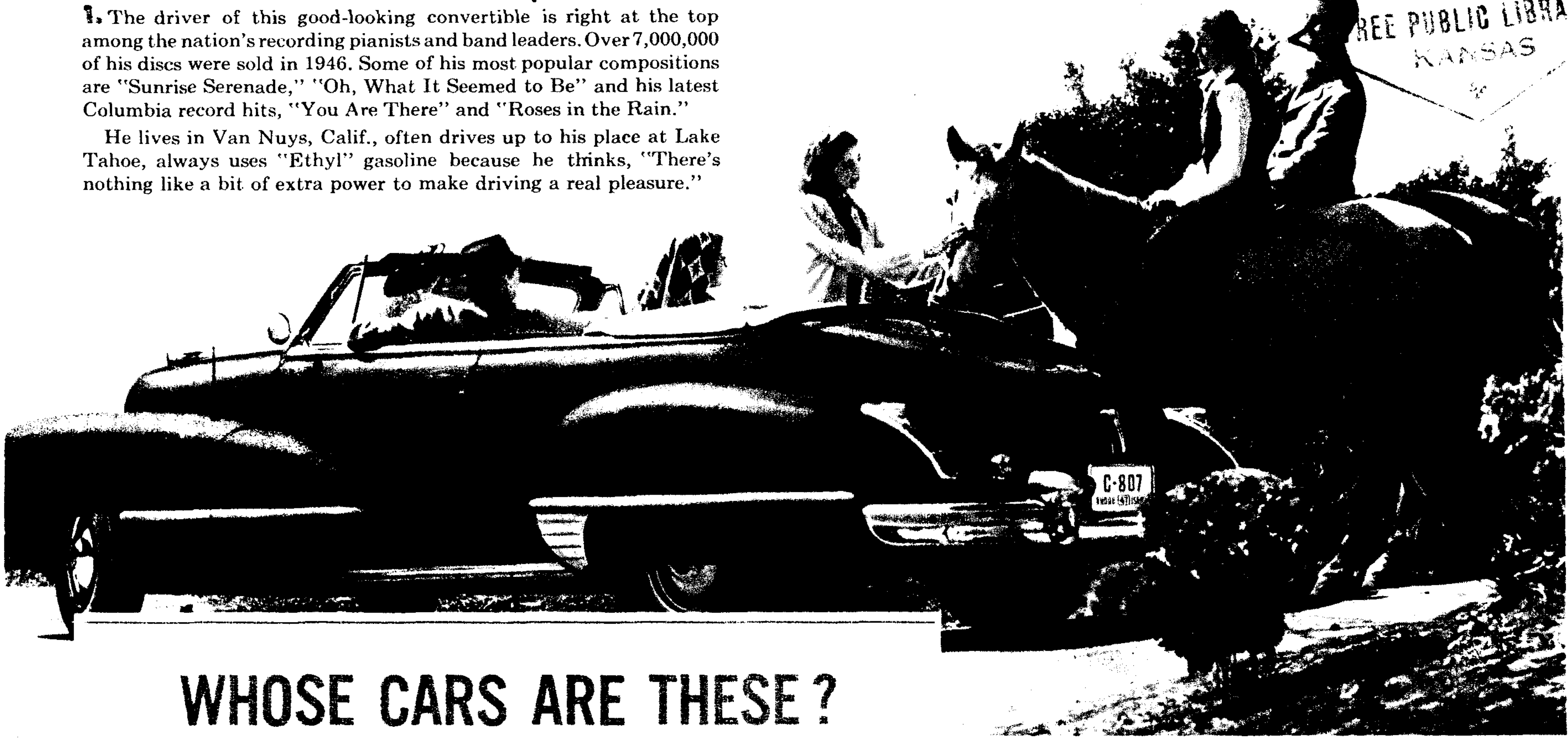
KANSAS

1. The driver of this good-looking convertible is right at the top among the nation's recording pianists and band leaders. Over 7,000,000 of his discs were sold in 1946. Some of his most popular compositions are "Sunrise Serenade," "Oh, What It Seemed to Be" and his latest Columbia record hits, "You Are There" and "Roses in the Rain."

He lives in Van Nuys, Calif., often drives up to his place at Lake Tahoe, always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because he thinks, "There's nothing like a bit of extra power to make driving a real pleasure."

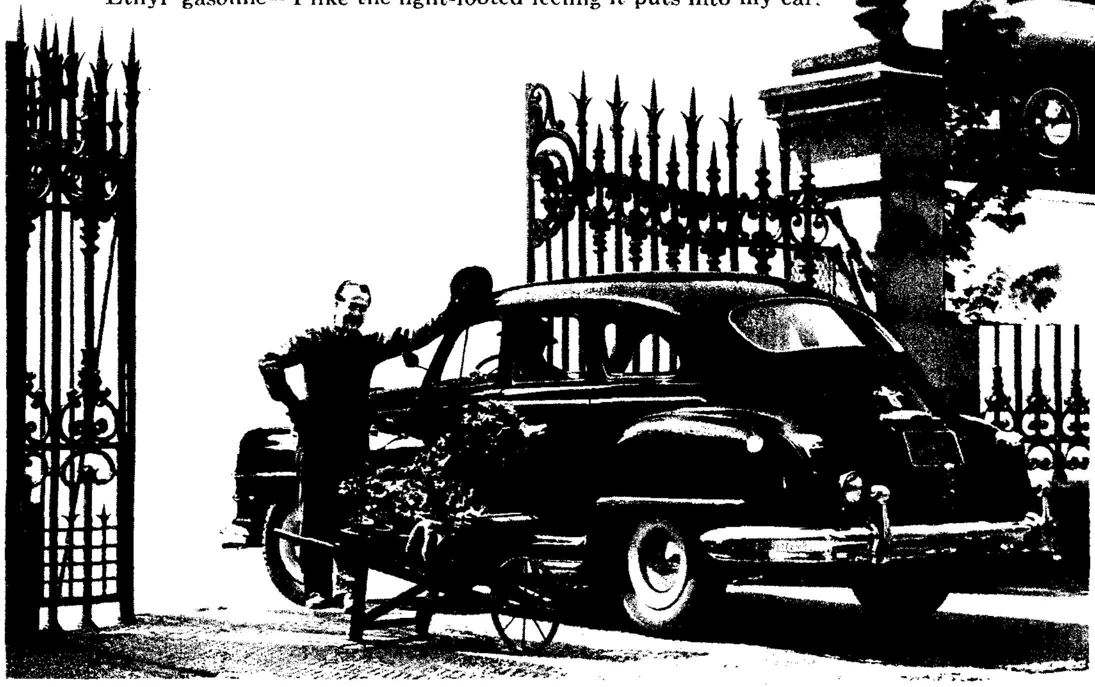


WHOSE CARS ARE THESE?

Each is owned by a person whose name you've heard many times. ***See how many you can identify.***

2. The owner of this sedan is a man whose nimble dancing feet carried him to fame and fortune. He's appeared in Broadway shows and dozens of successful movies—among them "Top Hat," "Holiday Inn," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Gay Divorcée" and "Blue Skies."

He's just opened the first of an international chain of dance studios in New York where his personally trained teachers instruct thousands of pupils weekly. For relaxation, he likes nothing better than a drive into the country. About gasoline he says, "Of course I use 'Ethyl' gasoline—I like the light-footed feeling it puts into my car."



3. This smart station-wagon is owned by a radio songstress who was voted one of the three most popular women in the United States. Her voice has been heard by more Americans than that of any other woman in history. She has a cocker spaniel named "Freckles" and radiates good cheer like a coal stove radiates heat. You can hear her Mondays through Fridays at 12 noon EDST over the Mutual network.

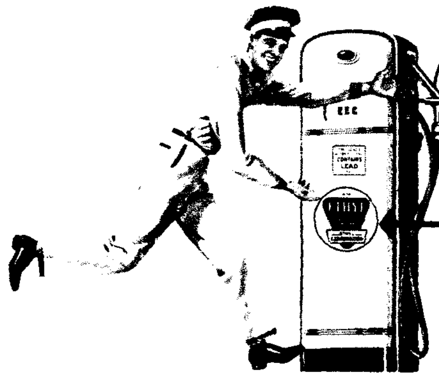
Each summer she drives from her New York home to her place at Lake Placid for a well-earned rest. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "I believe it pays to use quality products, and I know 'Ethyl' gasoline is the best I can get."

Read this to see how many you correctly identified . . .

Frankly, the fact that somebody uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his car is not much of a clue to his identity. There are millions of car owners who believe it pays to use the best gasoline—for power, for mileage and all-round performance.

However, you've probably been able to guess who own the cars pictured from the other clues we've given you. They are: 1--Frankie Carle. 2—Fred Astaire. 3—Kate Smith.

These famous people look for the trade-mark "Ethyl" for the same good reason millions of others do. They want their cars to run their best. So they watch for the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem. Oil companies place this emblem on pumps containing their best gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. Ethyl Corporation, New York.

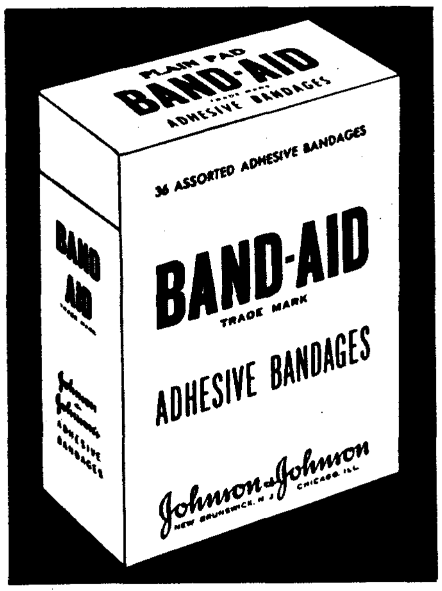


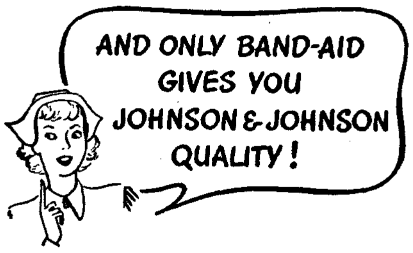
LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

All cats aren't Persians!

All adhesive bandages aren't BAND-AID*

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson




AND ONLY BAND-AID GIVES YOU JOHNSON & JOHNSON QUALITY!

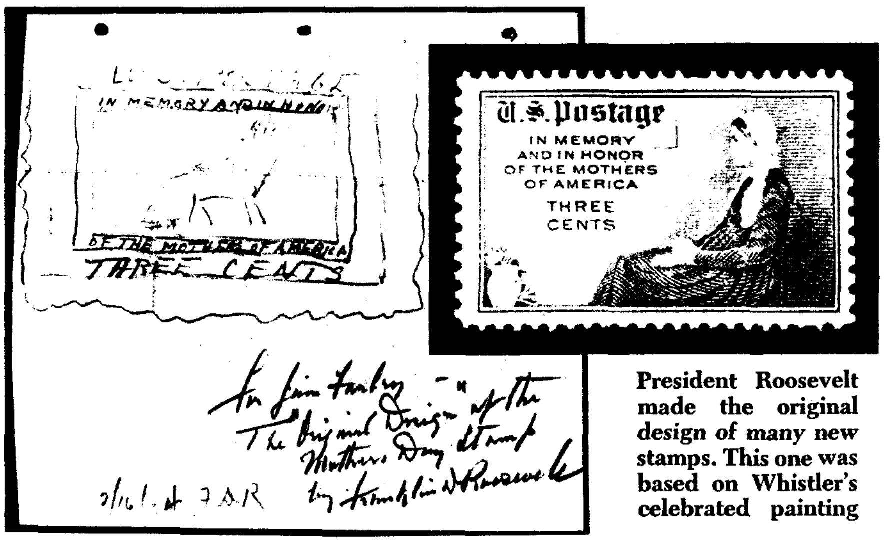
Any tiny cut or blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

3 out of 4 families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other adhesive bandage.

Keep one box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.


IN MEMORY AND IN HONOR
OF THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA
THREE CENTS
U.S. Postage
IN MEMORY AND IN HONOR OF THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA
THREE CENTS

For Jim Farley — "the original Design" of the Mother's Day stamp by Franklin D Roosevelt

President Roosevelt made the original design of many new stamps. This one was based on Whistler's celebrated painting

THE WEEK'S WORK

"DEAR Jim," wrote F.D.R. to his first Postmaster General on August 17, 1933, "thank you for the N.R.A. postage stamp and cover. The honest farmer, who looks like me; the honest businessman, who looks like Grover T. Whalen, and the honest blacksmith, who looks like Lionel Barrymore, are magnificent. But, oh, heavens, what a girl! She is wearing a No. 11 shoe, also a bustle, and if recovery is dependent upon women like that, I am 'agin' recovery. . . ."

This letter is from Mr. Farley's own private collection, and reveals that not only was the President a rabid stamp collector, but also a rabid designer. "He took a keen interest in each stamp of every issue," Mr. Farley (Why I Broke With Roosevelt, p. 20) recalls. "In the military-hero series Mr. Roosevelt struck out some generals and admirals and added others, demanding absolute accuracy in uniforms and arms. He disapproved a stamp to commemorate the opening of the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco. I showed him a stamp bearing a map of Alaska with an Eskimo dog—huskies had been faithful carriers of mail in the Northwest. He frowned hesitant approval, saying that the stamp should carry a picture of Mt. McKinley. He was cold to a suggestion for a baseball stamp—subsequently approved after the President ordered a gasworks removed from a depiction of a sand-lot game."

Often Mr. Roosevelt would draw a rough sketch of a proposed stamp. When Mr. Farley asked about a stamp for Virginia Dare, first white child to be born on American soil, F.D.R. asked: "What do you want on it?"

"That's your business, not mine," replied Mr. Farley. "I'm only the salesman, not the designer. Don't try to pass your work off on me."

Obligingly Mr. Roosevelt seized a pen and swiftly sketched a young mother cuddling her babe in arms, protected by a big lad with a gun. The stamp eventually appeared minus the gun, and with the figures closer together. Another time, at a bedside conference, F.D.R. drew a rough version of Whistler's Mother for a Mother's Day issue.

Mr. Roosevelt was also finicky about color. "I remember in the Presidential series, my pride and joy," says Mr. Farley, "he found the color of the ½-center showing the White House and the 1½-cent Martha Washington stamp objectionable. The others, which ran from Washington to Coolidge and cost up to $5, won his enthusiastic nod."

Once, on his way to a new-issue confab, Mr. Farley tucked in a letter from a strongly partisan correspondent, indignantly suggesting since Mr. Farley had enstamped the N.R.A. Blue Eagle, why not commemorate the Supreme Court decision outlawing the unhappy bird? "The President got a chuckle out of the letter," says Mr. Farley, "and offered to draw a picture of a sick chicken. Unfortunately for history, he did not make the sketch."

WE TALKED to Mr. Sasha Siemel, the Tigre Man from the Mato Grosso jungles of Brazil, in his hotel room on West 45th Street, in New York. He had sad eyes, a bristly beard and was wearing no shoes, disregarding bushmasters lurking under the bed. He told us he'd run away from Latvia at an early age, seeking adventure, and admitted finding plenty of it in the past 27 years, housekeeping in the jungles. Seven years ago he married a Philadelphia girl who dropped into his territory to hunt the big cats of Brazil, and they now have three handsome jungle-raised youngsters. (Spear That Tiger!, p. 18.)

Mr. Siemel says the *tigre* is not the worst danger of the jungle, but (a) getting lost; and (b) piranhas. He has seen piranhas, the vicious little fish that swarm in jungle rivers at the beginning of the rainy season, attack a swimmer and within five minutes leave a clean-picked skeleton. Once, Mr. Siemel, risking being turned into a set of man-bones, dived off a small steamer into piranha-infested waters to save a hunting dog that had fallen overboard.

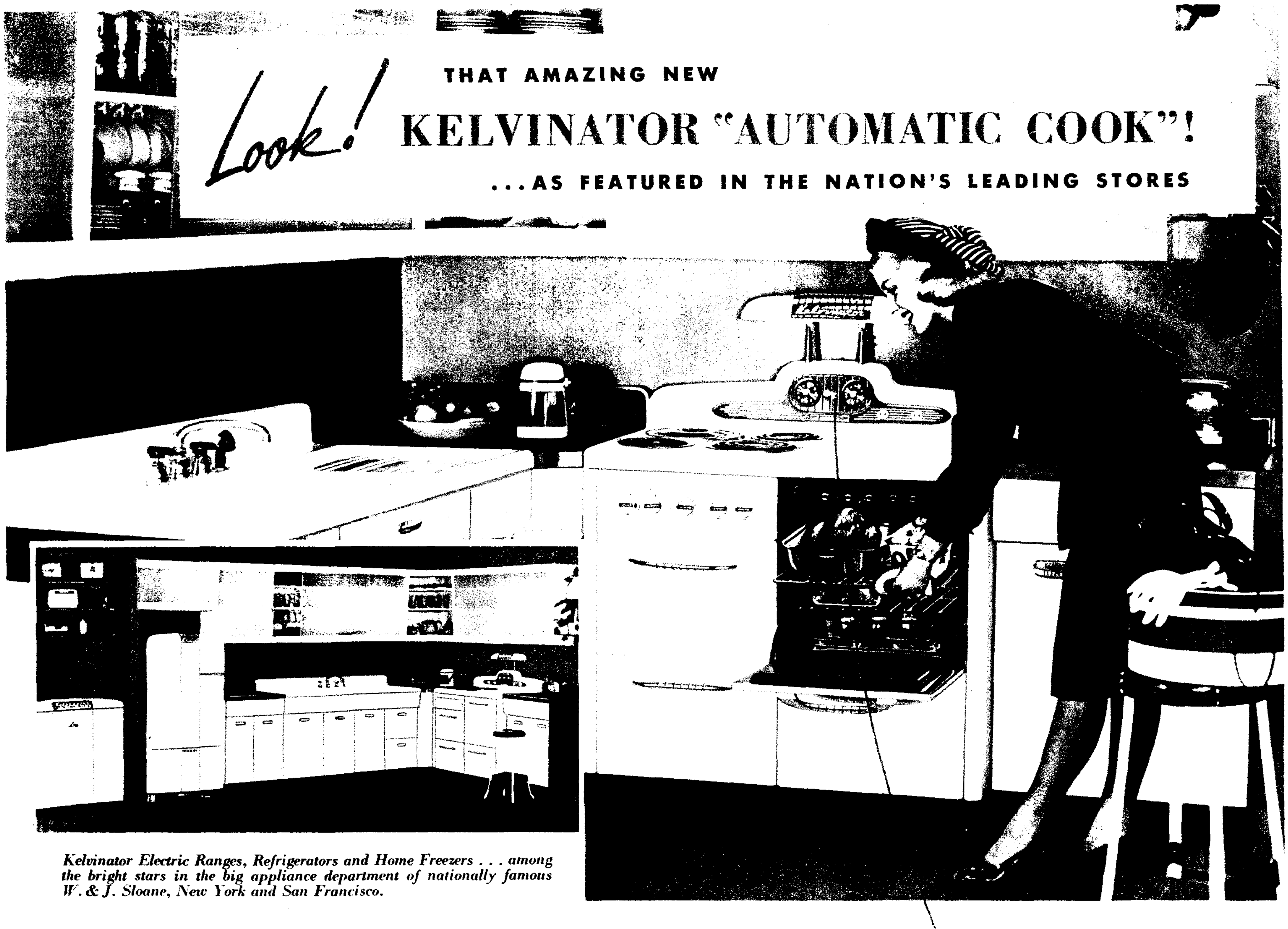
Mr. Siemel's other great fear is getting out of condition. In his late 50s he does his daily dozen violently and informed us he was resting his dogs at the moment after a walk around Manhattan Island before breakfast. He also thought he could keep up with anyone 30 years his junior.

Besides speaking five European languages, and a smattering of Indian tongues, Mr. Siemel boasts quite a repertoire of jungle animal and bird calls. By way of example he let loose the mating call of the Brazilian *tigre*. It rattled the furniture and started the telephone tinkling, with the management asking Mr. Siemel what the hell? The windows were open at the time, and I couldn't help wondering what the repercussions must have been at the Central Park Zoo twenty blocks away, and at the circus which was in town at the time.

This week's cover: Salad Days Are Over. Artist Francis Chase's rabbits, chased out of Lake Placid by the skiers on our Jan. 26, 1946, cover, turn up again, still being kicked around . . . this time by the law. Crime and being a rabbit don't seem to pay. . . . TED SHANE

Look! THAT AMAZING NEW KELVINATOR "AUTOMATIC COOK"!

...AS FEATURED IN THE NATION'S LEADING STORES



Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Refrigerators and Home Freezers . . . among the bright stars in the big appliance department of nationally famous W. & J. Sloane, New York and San Francisco.

Never before have you seen anything like it . . . this miracle electric range with a "brain"! It's simply cooking magic!

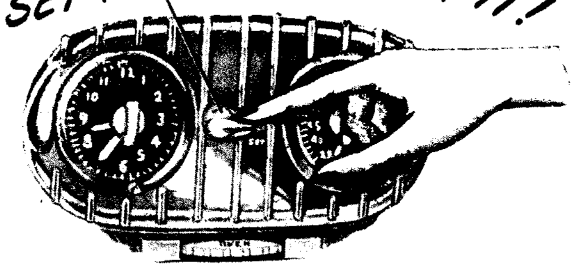
Just set it and forget it—and Kelvinator's "Automatic Cook" takes over . . . cooks a whole oven dinner while you are miles away . . . or perks your coffee to perfection!

And the secret? Right there, on top of the range. Set the dials and automatically, the current turns on at the appointed hour . . . times the cooking exactly. Then off flicks the current when dinner's ready for you to serve...on the dot!

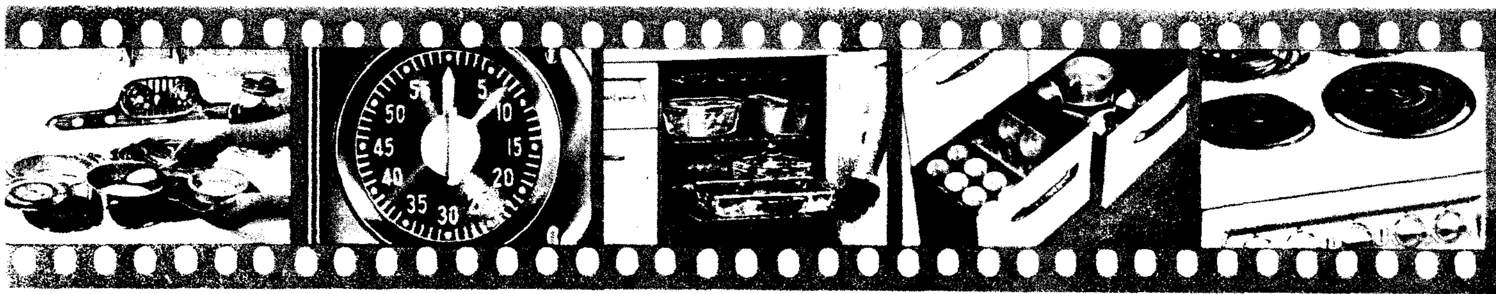
But you'll pick Kelvinator not only for its electric "brain." It has everything else that's best, too. It gives you high speed cooking—*electric fast*—and safe! It gives you controls that assure uniform results every time with your pet recipes. It broils like charcoal—with radiant heat. It keeps your kitchen cool . . . your pots and pans clean. Its Scotch Kettle's a miser for thrift. Your meals are more appetizing, more nourishing . . . chockful of essential vitamins when you cook the Kelvinator electric way! For better living . . . see your Kelvinator dealer. Four great new Kelvinator models to choose from—priced for every purse.

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

SET IT—AND FORGET IT!



Get the Best things First... Get Kelvinator



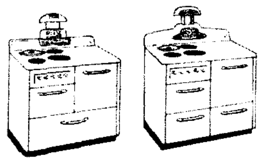
Thrifty Scotch Kettle, cooks whole meals—stews, steams, bakes, deep-fat fries, sterilizes. "Automatic Cook" controlled.

Minute-Timer controls special appliance outlet; times up to 60 mins. Also used as "bell signal" to time other operations.

2-Unit Broiler Oven preheats fast, gives uniform heat. Takes a 25-lb. turkey! Floodlight goes on when door is opened.

Warmer drawer with thermostatically controlled heat. Two utility drawers below, all ball-bearing . . . roll at a touch!

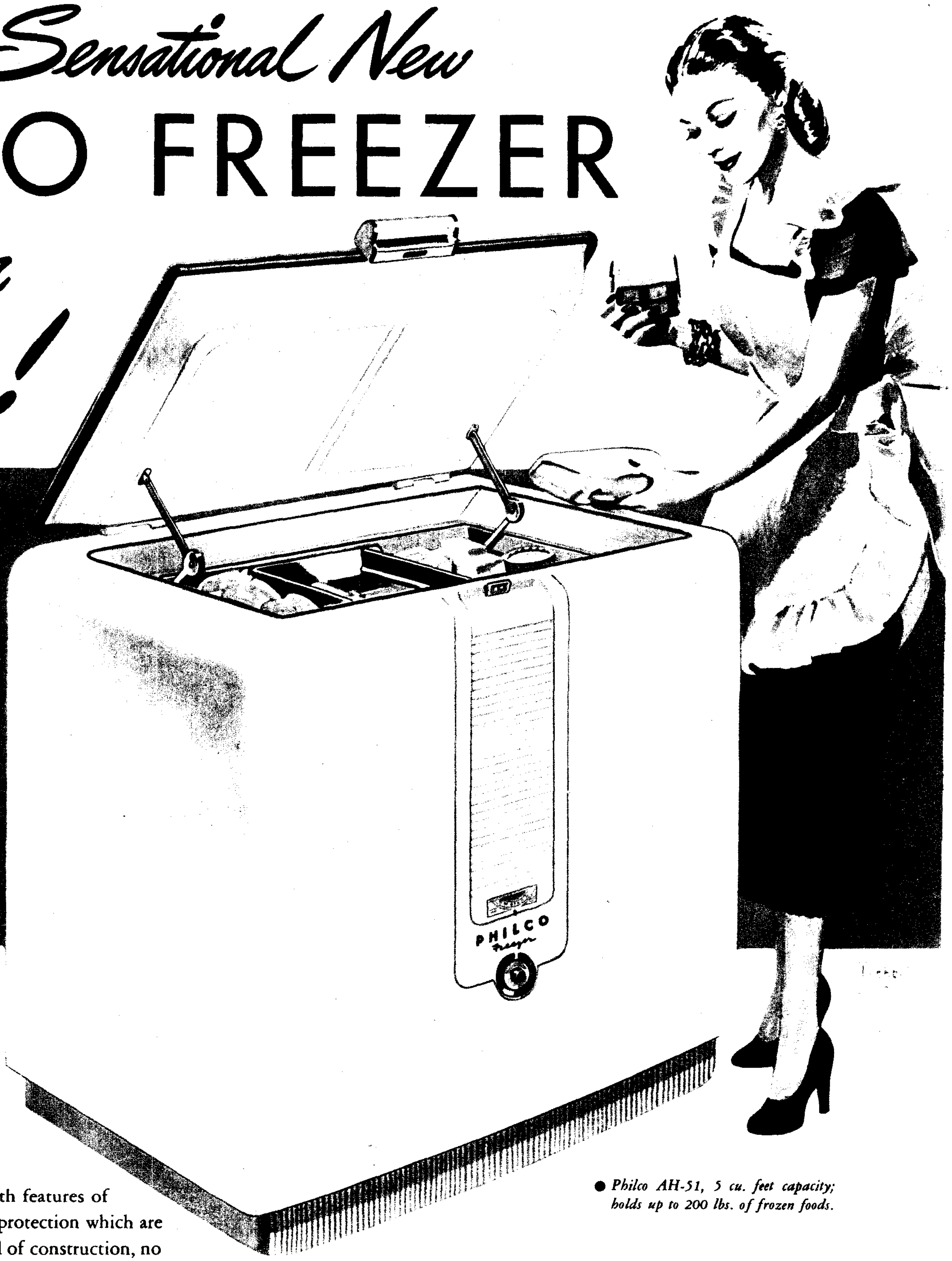
7-heat Surface Units give accurate cooking temperatures—"simmer" to "extra fast!" Knobs floodlight when units are "on."



THERE'S A KELVINATOR ELECTRIC RANGE TO FIT EVERY BUDGET!

In addition to the "Automatic Cook" model, there are three other beautiful models, loaded with exclusive Kelvinator features!

The Sensational New
PHILCO FREEZER
is here for your home!



● *Philco AH-51, 5 cu. feet capacity; holds up to 200 lbs. of frozen foods.*

FOR

Food Freezing and Storage at 10° to 20° Below Zero

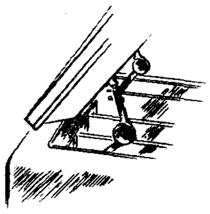
THE great new Philco Freezer is here . . . ready for delivery now at your Philco dealer . . . bringing you sensational, exclusive features for food freezing and storage in your home at temperatures of *10 to 20 degrees below zero!* It's a triumph of Philco research with features of service, efficiency, convenience and food protection which are yours only in a Philco. And in every detail of construction, no expense has been spared to make it a home freezer of utmost quality and dependability . . . *a sensational value at its price!*

A New Way of Life

Yes, the Philco Freezer brings a new day of better meals and greater leisure to your home. It saves many hours of tedious work in the kitchen, helps you prepare better, more delicious meals and save money on food. You buy your favorite foods in season at the best quality and price, freeze your own vegetables, fruits, baked and cooked dishes and store them away. You enjoy freedom from the daily chores of meal preparation, you're ready for unexpected guests, you have more leisure for recreation. Yes, *a new way of life* comes into your home with the Philco Freezer. *See it today at your Philco dealer.*

Exclusive Features of Service and Value

The Philco Freezer is completely new and original in features, design and construction, born of exhaustive research and home testing. Many of its visible as well as hidden features of service and quality are yours *only in a Philco.*

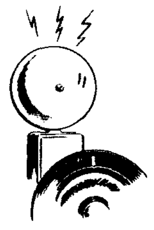


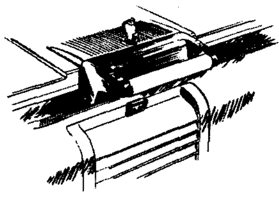
COUNTERBALANCED LID STAY

Holds lid open in any position above 30° angle; prevents falling when open. Closes and latches smoothly, securely.

WARNING BELL

Warns of current failure. Rings automatically at 12° above zero for 48 hours or until shut off.





LOCKING LID LATCH

Unlatches and lifts the lid with one easy motion. Built-in lock prevents unauthorized use.

3 storage compartments, 1 also for sharp freezing; Outside Thermometer; Locking Temperature Control; Hermetically Sealed Power System, powerful, dependable, economical; handsome "table-top" Dulux cabinet.

PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

THE BRIDE
WORE TEARS

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Ernie was out of a job—
Susan was out of patience

A MAN shouldn't have troubles on a honeymoon; on a honeymoon a man should be able to keep his mind on—what I mean is a man on a honeymoon shouldn't have to be out hunting a job.

It wasn't really my fault. Rupert made a crack about Susan just because she had turned him down. I just naturally hauled off and socked him. He went skidding across the laboratory and knocked over a few test tubes, and twenty minutes later I was called into the office and fired. Rupert's uncle was the vice-president.

That was five o'clock on a Thursday, and I was getting married Friday at two o'clock and naturally I didn't dare tell Susan because if her father got wind of it he would no doubt call off the wedding. Not that Susan's father is not a nice guy but he is a kind of old-fashioned character, and I never thought he liked me much. I know he didn't think I was good enough for Susan, and I will go along with him on that because, the way I feel, no man is good enough for Susan. But she has to marry someone, and it might as well be me.

But a few days before Susan and I get married, I have a long talk with her father. And naturally I tell him that I am all set at the factory with a very steady job and a solid future. And I don't dare tell him the night before the wedding that I have no job. This is why I am so nervous at the wedding. I am not only scared about saying, "I do"—I am also scared silly about having no job, and her father will think Susan has married a no-good bum, and maybe Susan will think so, too.

So I didn't say anything, and we left after the reception and came up to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon and got a room in a hotel. Susan thinks it is very amusing that I am so quiet, she thinks I am overwhelmed by the holy state of matrimony, and maybe she is half right at that, but she doesn't know I am worried sick about that job. . . .

The job I got fired from was in a chemical plant, and Niagara Falls is lousy with electrochemical plants. People think it is just a place for honeymooners but actually it is a big industrial town. So I got the idea that maybe I can get a job in Niagara Falls, and then I will tell Susan after I am a breadwinner again.

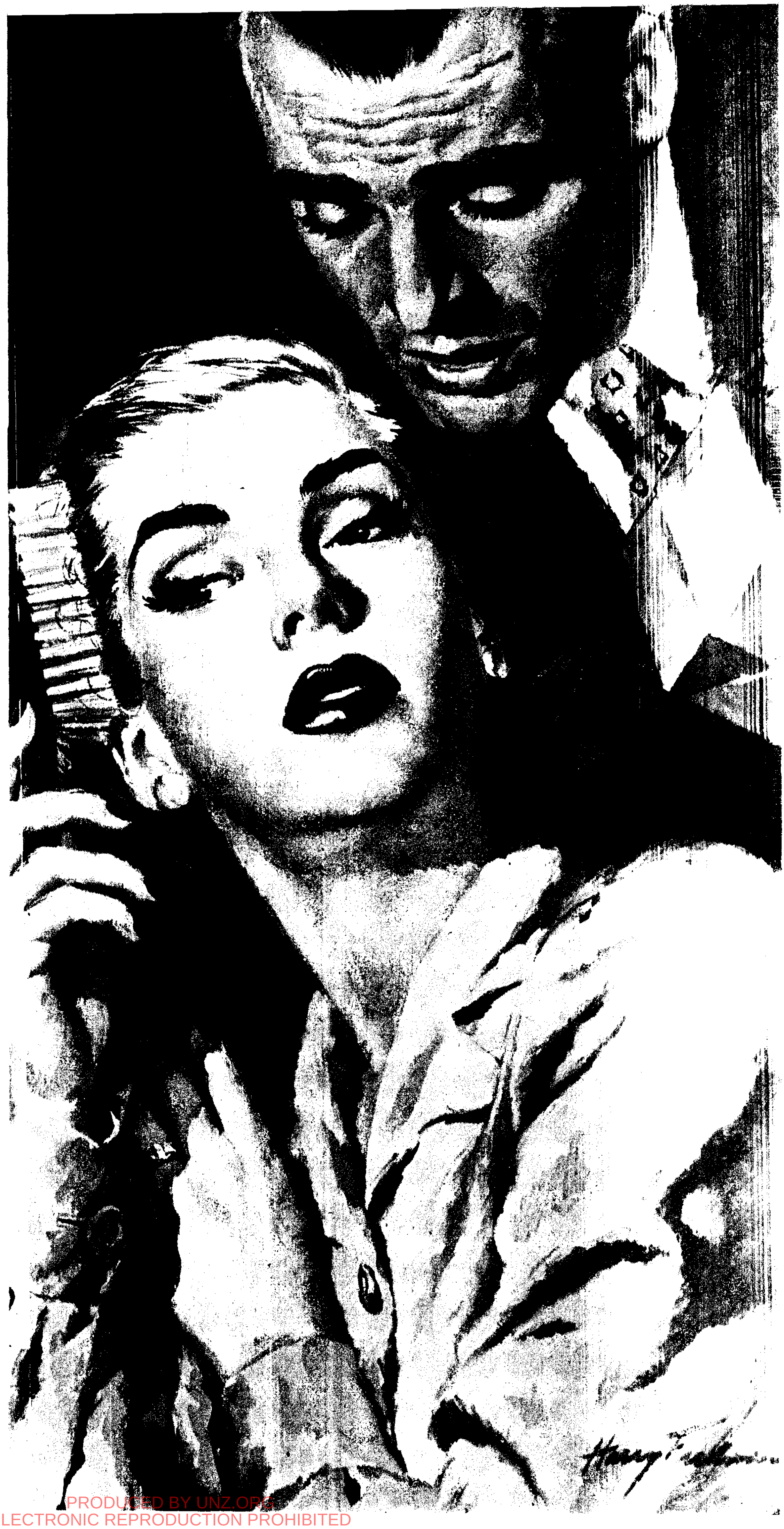
I got up in the morning kind of late, naturally, and was quiet so as not to wake up Susan, and I had just finished dressing and was just opening the door when someone dropped a mop outside and Susan woke up.

"Why, Ernie," she said, "where are you going?"

"Well," I said, "I have to go out."

"Out?" she said. "Where?" *(Continued on page 48)*

●



Susan was brushing her hair when I came in. "Here's the surprise," I said. When I kissed her she ducked her head. She wouldn't look at me

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

THE STRANGE EMBARRASSMENT OF
MADAME AUMONT

FOR years the movies have had a sort of unwritten law against husbands and wives playing opposite each other. In the old days there were Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. But of late the idea has been that audiences don't want to look at married folks making love.

Stars often play together before they're married, but the wedding usually breaks the combination. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have never made a picture as a married couple; neither have Greer Garson and Richard Ney—who met when Ney played Garson's son in Mrs. Miniver.

In the old stock and vaudeville days hundreds of hero-heroine teams were old married folks. Audiences didn't know it and so it didn't matter. But the private lives of movie stars have become public property. Knowing that the hero and heroine were happily wed and the parents of four lusty children destroyed the illusion for the fans.

Latest effort to break the rule is currently being made by Jean Pierre Aumont, a French star now working in Hollywood, and Maria Montez, his wife. They are playing hero and heroine in Atlantis.

Aumont is a six-foot, blue-eyed blond Parisian, whose acting career was interrupted by the war. He fought with his regiment until 1940, winning the Croix de Guerre. After the armistice, he got to the United States, did some stage work in New York and finally landed in Hollywood.

Maria Montez was born in Santo Domingo, educated in the Canary Islands, and after some European stage experience, came to New York and was discovered by the late McClelland Barclay, an artist. This led to her screen career.

Aumont and Montez were married in July, 1943, and are parents of a small daughter, Maria Christina, born in February, 1946.

The general theory about Atlantis is that it was an island out in the Atlantic. According to the legend it dripped milk and honey, everybody was happy, the sun always shone, and the rain fell at night after all Atlanteans were safe indoors. The place is supposed to have sunk nine or ten thousand years ago, but nothing has been dredged up to prove it ever existed. The flood that overwhelmed the island is thought by some students to have formed the basis for the Great Flood stories that run through a dozen religions.

For some reason the movies have decided to haul the mythical island a few hundred miles east and spot it in a range of mountains in northwestern Africa. According to the Hollywood theory, the place never sank at all. It rose, dragging up the Sahara Desert with it. Why the Atlanteans didn't walk out, no one explains. Afraid of a hot-foot on the desert, maybe.

Well, anyway, this Atlantis produced a race of queens, all descended from gods and goddesses and all gosh-awful beautiful, alluring, lackadaisical around the house, but kind to their mothers. Most of them kept leopards for pets, although a few went in for boa constrictors, saber-toothed tigers and such pals. All the pets were much attached to their mistresses, who used them to polish off strangers, discarded lovers and other trivia.

The last of this line of *femmes fatales*, according to the movie researchers, was living as late as the 1920s in the Hoggar Mountains, somewhere in French territory west of the Sahara. Her name was Antinea—and boy, was she sumpin'! The researchers came up with the news that she "was the most beautiful, the most seductive, the most voluptuous woman in the world." The earthy publicity department amended this to "the Queen who out-Ambered Amber."

In the picture the part of this remarkable young woman is played by Madame Maria Africa Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas Aumont, the wife of M. Jean Pierre Aumont. On the screen Mme. Aumont uses the name of Maria Montez; her spouse sticks to Jean Pierre Aumont or words to that effect.

A Siren Tells Nearly All

It will come as a distinct shock to those familiar with Mme. Aumont's personality to learn that she was, at first, mightily embarrassed at having to hug and kiss M. Aumont in public. Later, however, Maria gave out an interview in which she said: "After the first day of shooting I forgot that Jean Pierre was my husband and that I was his wife. I became the most cruel siren in history, the seductive Queen Antinea of Atlantis. . . . It is our practice at home that makes our screen love scenes so perfect."

Mme. Aumont, thus started, made further revelations. "It made me laugh," she said, "to have to make love to my own husband in discreet enough fashion to obtain approval from the movie censors."

Want to draw a veil? . . . Well, okay.

"There were times in the filming," Mme. Aumont went on, "when I must act mean to my Jean Pierre and it is something I could barely do. After each scene in which I said things to hurt him I would be most apologetic to him and literally pour tenderness at him. Of course, at home, I would do my best to make it up to him."

Had enough? . . . Thought so.

At the beginning of the filming, Producer Seymour Nebenzal took pains to impress Mme. Aumont that she was to play "the most amorous woman in history," an instruction which Mr. Nebenzal came later to view as having been unnecessary. In the first twenty-eight days of shooting, Cameraman Karl Struss announced that M. and Mme. Aumont had kissed 551 times, a record for the course.

Mme. Aumont told the press that she had spent a great deal of time studying "the love-making of many historic sirens," as preparation for her role. The result of this was one kiss lasting more than two minutes, given and taken on a fifteen-foot oval lounge. This sequence later landed on the cutting-room floor, the consensus being the censors wouldn't like it.

Despite all this honeyfoglin' and lallygagging, time was found to work a plot into the picture. The main idea was that this Antinea—her pet was a leopard—had had fifty-three boy friends, all of whom had "died of love" and been embalmed and fitted into suitable niches in a great hall as mementos of what must have been a busy life. The plot concerned itself with Boy Friends No. 54 and 55, Dennis O'Keefe playing No. 54 and M. Aumont No. 55.

Mr. O'Keefe, a frustrated big-league ballplayer, six feet three inches high, born in a theater trunk in Fort Madison, Iowa, and christened Edward James Flanagan, Jr., also had some love scenes with Mme. Aumont. He got hurt, too, and finally stabbed to death by M. Aumont in a jealous rage.

On Mr. O'Keefe, Mme. Aumont wasted no sympathy; at him she poured no tenderness after the filming was over. He was not her husband.

Then there was Miss Milada Mladova, a ballet and opera dancer, who started life in Oklahoma as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jaroslav Mraz. This energetic young woman played the part of one of Antinea's maids. At one point in the picture she had to choose between seven or eight young men who wanted to marry her. The climax of a ceremonial dance is thus described by Mr. Lester Horton, the choregrapher of Atlantis, who closes his eyes during the narration:

"Last of all comes the youth who is obviously a poet. The dance he performs is more artistic than that of any of his rivals. Then the maiden removes from her neck a beautiful square amulet carved in jade. One by one the young men pass before her. As the poet passes, with a swift catlike movement she encircles the chain and amulet around his neck. The music stops. The dancers stop."

The Atlantis sets were invented by Lionel Banks, an expert at this sort of thing. They were said to be excellent examples of "ancient Cretan and Minoan civilizations." Antinea's suite, in which most of the action took place, included a bedroom, terrace and reception room which Maria at once called "the best penthouse in the world." She said she was going to have one like it on a hilltop in the Santa Monica Mountains.

But next day she said she and M. Aumont were going to buy a ranch in northern California and rough it in blue jeans. Day after *that* she was all for invading Europe.

Anyway, the climax of the Atlan-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

BY JIM MARSHALL

Making love to her own husband in front of millions of people was something Maria hadn't counted on when she became a movie star

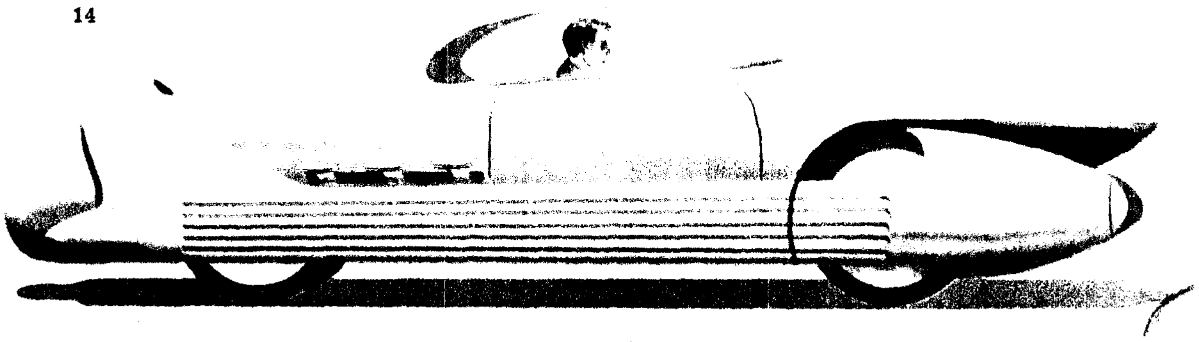
Life in Atlantis, according to Hollywood, was ever like this. Queen Antinea (Maria Montez) entertains a suitor (Jean Pierre Aumont, her spouse) in regal luxury

tean penthouse was a bed ten feet long and seven feet high, built in the shape of a conch shell. The whole thing was lined with coral silk.

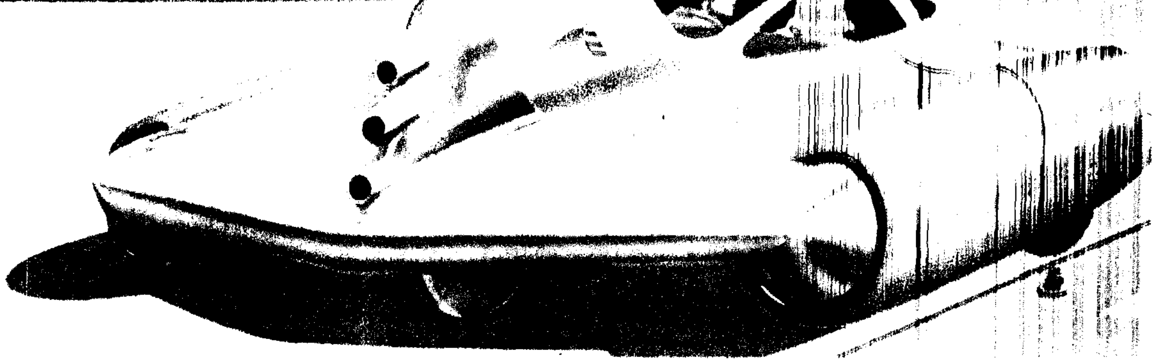
Altogether, Mr. Banks, a Salt Lake City boy, designed and built forty sets for Atlantis, from small interiors up to a complete native village that occupied the entire space of the largest stage on the Goldwyn lot. Others were a Temple of the Sun, a French military outpost, a palace hewn out of rock, a red marble hall and a Louis XV library.

Determined to overlook nothing, the producers hired Dr. Simon Mitchneck, an ex-Columbia University professor, to classify Mme. Aumont's voice. The professor said it was sclerophonic, with overtones of ischophonia. Disregarding these scientific aspects, M. Aumont came up with the announcement that his wife was "Queen of the O.S.S.—Order of Sexy Sirens."

But whether audiences are going to look on Maria as a sexy siren and the most voluptuous, etc., etc., in the world, is something no one knows. It may turn out that moviegoers will regard her as an ever-lovin' wife and mother with a baby. If that happens, Mme. Aumont will be considerably more embarrassed than she was kissing M. Aumont for the cameras 551 times in twenty-eight days. ★★★



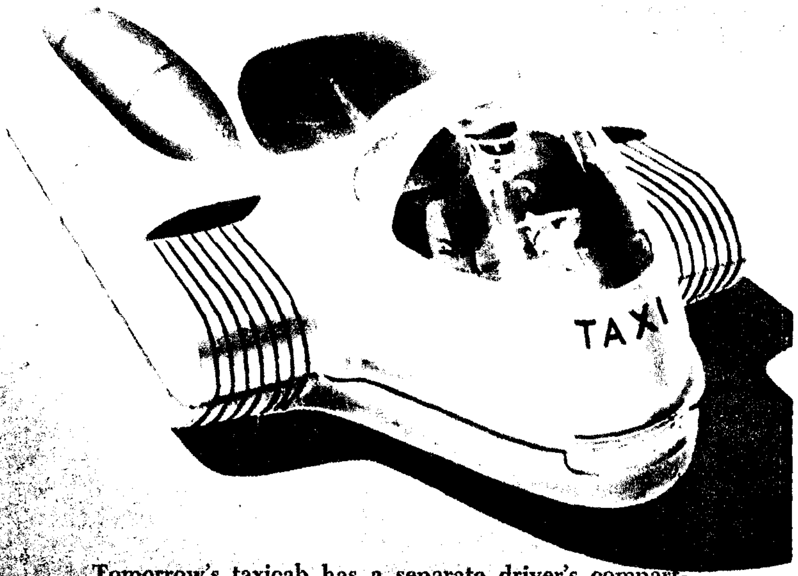
Above, apparently a conventional design, the Landwing is jet-propelled and believed capable of speeds rivaling those of today's planes. Unhealthy for backseat drivers



Right, the St. Louis Cruiser is a jet-propulsion job, its steering controlled by electric impulse cables bordering the highway. Time replaces mileage on road signs

DREAMS UNLIMITED

BY BERNARD W. CRANDELL



Tomorrow's taxicab has a separate driver's compartment enabling the operator to control it with little interference. Something for ha[illegible]eam about

IN a rickety, smoke-begrimed, three-story building not far from Detroit's swank New Center area there is a secret automobile showroom with thousands of brilliant new streamlined ideas for the car of the future. A guard at the door bars all except a select few "customers," but if you can wait a while—anywhere from one to 50 years—you'll see some of these creations rolling down the highway. You might, in fact, be driving one yourself in 1997.

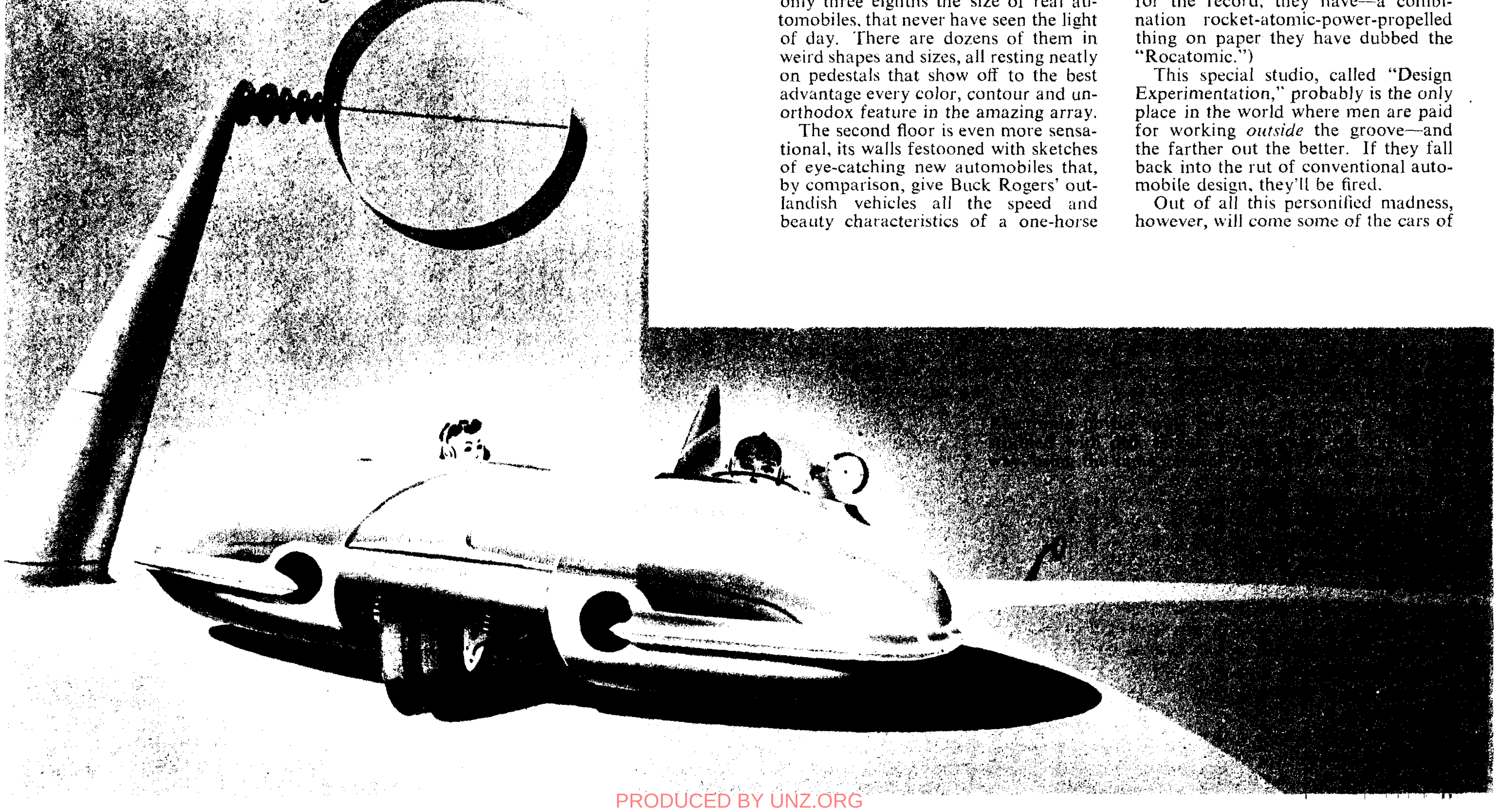
The first floor of this building is crammed with sparkling plaster models only three eighths the size of real automobiles, that never have seen the light of day. There are dozens of them in weird shapes and sizes, all resting neatly on pedestals that show off to the best advantage every color, contour and unorthodox feature in the amazing array.

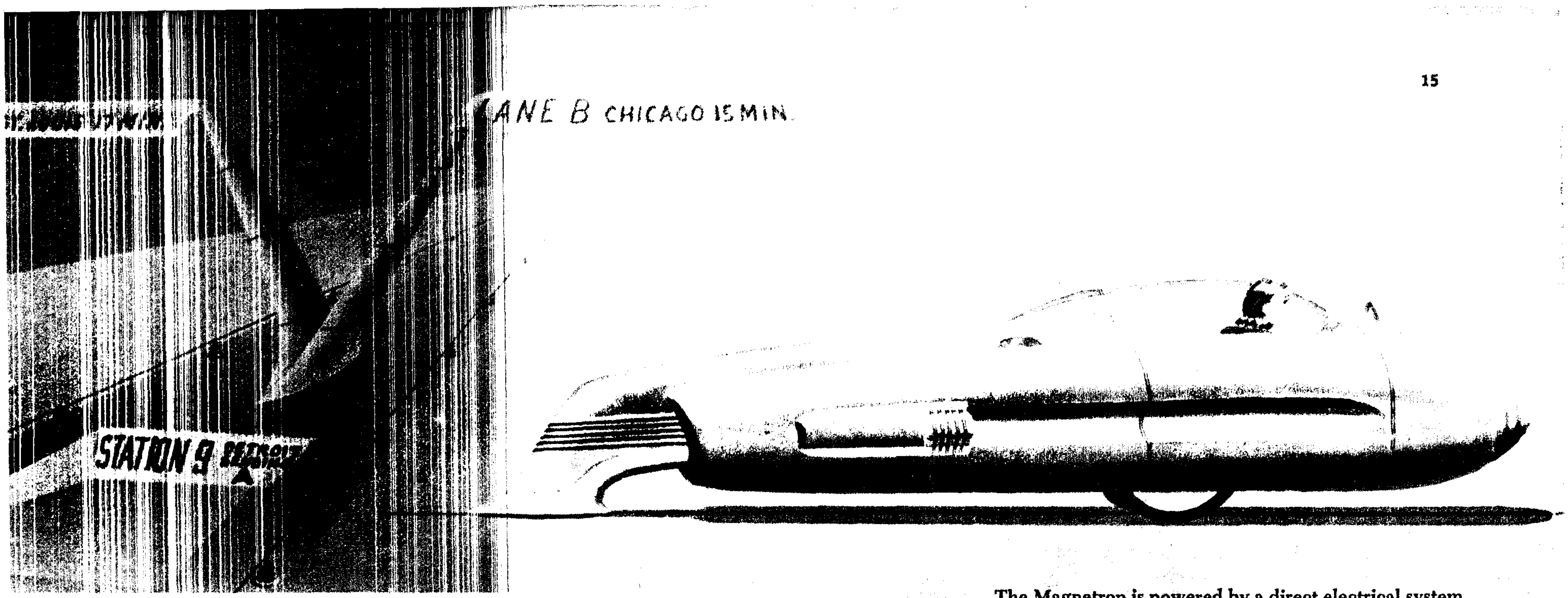
The second floor is even more sensational, its walls festooned with sketches of eye-catching new automobiles that, by comparison, give Buck Rogers' outlandish vehicles all the speed and beauty characteristics of a one-horse shay. The third floor, in case you like to climb stairs, is a miniature factory where the fanciful sketches are turned into the plaster models displayed on the first floor.

This galaxy of weird car models is the "dream" house of General Motors Corporation. In it a handful of designers work under strict orders to "run hog-wild" with ideas of what an automobile *could* look like; to dream up stuff that hasn't been seen even in the most spastic visions of an opium eater; to be so impractical that, if they like, they can design a car with no wheels. (And, just for the record, they have—a combination rocket-atomic-power-propelled thing on paper they have dubbed the "Rocatomic.")

This special studio, called "Design Experimentation," probably is the only place in the world where men are paid for working *outside* the groove—and the farther out the better. If they fall back into the rut of conventional automobile design, they'll be fired.

Out of all this personified madness, however, will come some of the cars of





The Magnetron is powered by a direct electrical system buried in the roadbed. The rear end of the car slopes down to let the "shoe" make contact with the cable

Designers in this fantastic Detroit laboratory are given a free hand to style the cars your grandchildren may be driving fifty years hence. The models illustrated on these pages are the result

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

the future. The general managers of the company's car divisions are the "customers" of Design Experimentation, an exclusive clientele that never misses an opportunity to slip over and study the flashy models. It is of paramount importance that they do. For it might be a roof-high fender line here, a squatty front-end interpretation there, even a novel Plexiglas top, perhaps, that will intrigue them enough to "buy" it as the outstanding feature for cars being planned for the production line.

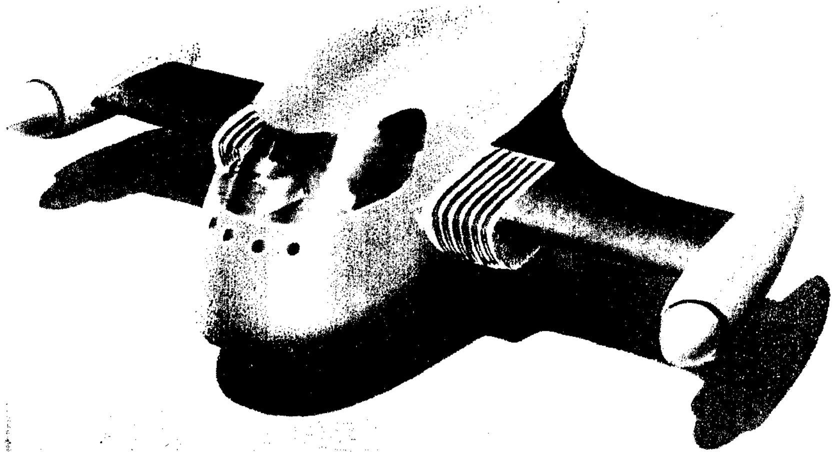
Although the 1948 line-up will have some of the "hot stuff" taken in this manner, the ones following will be cloaked in it to the hilt. The general managers take many new features off the "dream" models, but never do they want an entire unit by itself. The models are far too futuristic to receive general public acceptance at this time. This point helps clear up the inevitable question every time a newspaper publishes a tasty sketch of a superduper automobile. The inquiry, of course, is why we don't see such things on the street as well.

"We can't afford to take a chance on coming out suddenly with something too radical," the manufacturers answer. "We have to build up to it gradually." This is the key to the meaning of the word "trend" in the industry's lingo, and it isn't difficult to recall the fate of some too extreme cars in automotive history that bears out this hard-nosed business sentiment.

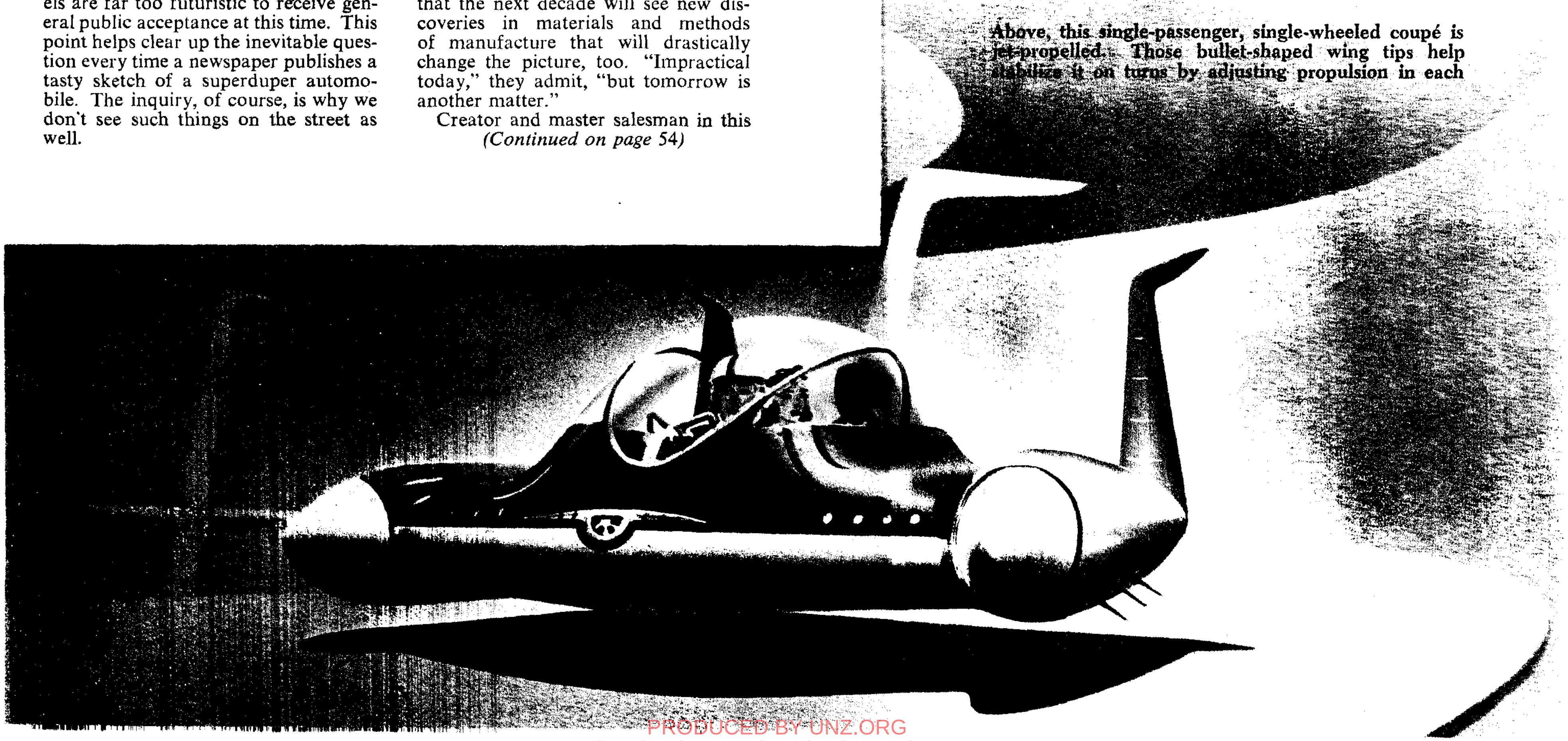
Farfetched as some of these one-wheel, bullet-shaped models may seem now, they might look more reasonable after eight or ten years' further development of a style trend. The experts point out, as an example, the transition in public taste from the high, long hood that once signified a powerful engine, to the shorter, lower hood giving more room inside and better vision. They add that the next decade will see new discoveries in materials and methods of manufacture that will drastically change the picture, too. "Impractical today," they admit, "but tomorrow is another matter."

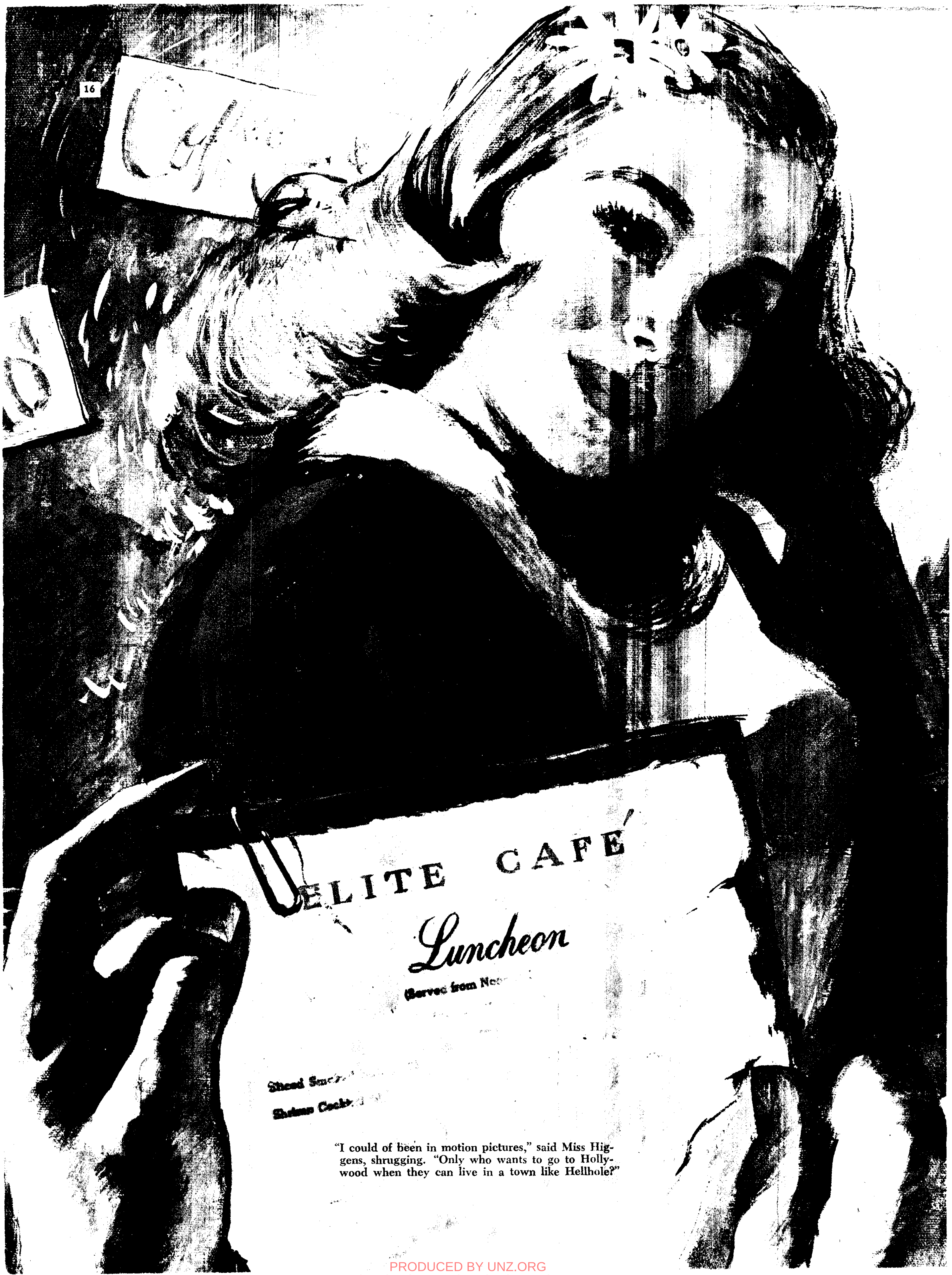
Creator and master salesman in this

(Continued on page 54)



Above, this single-passenger, single-wheeled coupé is jet-propelled. Those bullet-shaped wing tips help stabilize it on turns by adjusting propulsion in each




ELITE CAFE
Luncheon
(Served from No

"I could of been in motion pictures," said Miss Higgens, shrugging. "Only who wants to go to Hollywood when they can live in a town like Hellhole?"

“HELLO, BEAUTIFUL”

BY LOUIS PAUL

It was just as well that Bannister didn’t know what he wanted. Florrie had seen too many men who did

HERB BANNISTER decided there was a special kind of loneliness about the rolling grass plains that moved slowly past his vision. Just now he was en route from Findlayston, Iowa, to Norfolk, Nebraska—a considerable hop in the old car.

Bannister was used to open countryside, but these vast unpeopled splotches of American earth gave him a sensation of complete isolation. Towns were few and far between; when they did materialize, it was hard to imagine why they existed at all. Herb seldom speculated about such things. He made his living traveling around the country selling an improved plow equipped with a duralumin share. He told pretty much the same stories all salesmen told, stopped in the same hotels, ate in the same restaurants. The many customers and traveling acquaintances he talked to on the road kept his life from becoming dull. Wondering now why these empty Middle West ranges gave him a curious sense of loneliness, he did not at first hear the characteristic metallic knocking that presaged a burned-out bearing.

Luckily there was a little prairie town ahead, a place that proudly announced itself with a wide streamer across the highway. The streamer read: “Eliol. Welcome.” A large sign below it read: “Please Observe Our Traffic Laws: We Love Our Children.”

A burned main bearing was no joke, but such things were part of Herb’s job. He sought out a repair shop, only to discover that young Phil Alsop, who kept the one garage and service station in Eliol, had not yet returned from Des Moines, where he’d driven with his girl to see an Ingrid Bergman picture. He also discovered that everyone in Eliol affectionately referred to the town as “Hellhole.” Herb would be compelled to wait for Alsop to get back before he continued on to Norfolk, which meant that he’d have to lie up over night.

Killing time in Hellhole wouldn’t be easy. He got himself a room at the town’s only hostelry, then dropped into the inevitable Elite Café for something to eat.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said, using the time-honored salutation.

The waitress drifted over to take his order. “Put it on ice,” she said curtly. “What’ll you have?”

Herb glanced up and smiled teethily as he flicked away an unused string bean overlooked by the last customer and missed by Florence when swabbing off the counter. He practiced his gallantry on waitresses indiscriminately. Like traveling men, they too were members of a guild whose social intercourse consisted mainly of conversations with perfect strangers.

“Well, what’ll it be?”

Assuming his blandest smile, Herb catered to custom by flattering Miss Higgens in the accepted fashion: “You look like a sweet-enough dish for me, beautiful.”

Florence took the pencil out of her hair. “Been to a fortuneteller lately?”

“Don’t believe in ’em,” said Herb. This was ad lib.

“Well, any fortuneteller could wise you up to the fact that you aren’t gonna eat if you don’t tell me what you want.”

“How’s the filly minyoung?”

“Can’t you read the sign, brother? It says we got canned corned beef and cold ham for ontrays.”

“H’m,” said Herb. “What do you do for fun in this town?”

“I’ll tell you,” Florence confided. “We sit around after dark and tell ghost stories about traveling salesmen. They make your flesh creep.”

“I’m almost sorry I don’t live here myself.” Herb tried to catch a fly in his palm and missed. “What goes with the cold ham?”

“A thirty-piece orchestra and Sinatra singing I’ll See You in My Dreams.”

“Quit it.” Bannister laughed. “I come from a long line of ancestors without a sense of humor.”

FLORENCE smiled grudgingly. “I’m not kiddin’. It’s old Jensen’s idea, not mine. With every regular dinner we stick a slug in the noise mill over there. It plays two songs: I’ll See You in My Dreams, and Hawaii, How Are Ya?”

“What’s your name, so’s I’ll know what to call you?”

“Florrie.”

“Anybody ever tell you you was pretty?”

“I could of been in motion pictures,” said Miss Higgens, shrugging. “Only who wants to go to Hollywood when they can live in a zippy town like Hellhole?”

“You still haven’t said what goes with the cold ham besides Frankie.”

“Well, there’s soup, coleslaw, canned tomatoes, beets, mashed spuds and gravy if there’s any left out there; bread ’n’ butter, choice of coffee or tea, and tapioca puddin’. The same thing goes with the corned beef. No substitutions.”

“Look, honey,” said Herb apologetically, “I was born to be different. How about four fried eggs, hash brown potatoes, and coffee?”

Florrie called out the order. “What do you peddle, handsome?”

“Dirt ticklers. Farmfolk call ’em plows. A plow is a sort of a fascinating thing when you come to think of it. People way back in history used ’em. Fact is—” The plate of eggs and potatoes came sailing out through the short-order window. Herb dug in and remained silent until the leisurely mopping up of the yolks was well under way. “Maybe,” he said, purely in the interests of small-talk, “maybe I’m prying into things that don’t concern me, but what makes this town go?”

“Hellhole?” Florence lifted her shoulders.

“What I mean is, what keeps it together?”

“Maybe they got it tied up with baling wire and old bits of string. More coffee?”

“Thanks, hot it up.”

The coffee was standard Elite Café: thin, scalding, dishwatery. It hardly flattered the palate, but it exhibited a special talent for warming the inner organs.

“Somebody must have loused me up on bum oil,” he explained, “because I’m stopped dead with a main bearing. Ordinarily I just slow down a little for a town like this. Ah, well,” he added philosophically, “there’s guys all over the world doin’ worse than I am this very minute.”

“Pardon me,” said Florrie. Somebody wanted a hamburger *with*. Miss Higgens grilled a bun, then piled neat layers of onion, relish, chili sauce and dill pickle on the meat. She butterflied back to Herb, casually hovering. “Was you saying something?” she murmured.

Herb Bannister studied his open hand as though palmistry happened to be his way of playing solitaire. “I was just saying there’s guys doin’ worse than I am this minute—there’s bound to be. Maybe on the side I was wonderin’ about the love life of pretty waitresses in Hellhole.”

Florrie’s eyebrows moved almost imperceptibly, the area around the razor-edged lines of hair crinkling.

“I’m going to be here overnight,” said Herb.

“So am I,” said Florrie.

“Well?” said Herb.

“Well, what?” said Florrie.

He didn’t notice her pencil moving over the green check. “I thought—” Suddenly it occurred to him that he was really being very unimaginative.

Miss Higgens slapped the green check conventionally upside down in front of him. “Pay me over by the register. I’m the cashier too.”

“I’ll be running along now,” said Herb. “Sorry. I thought—” Once a thing was half verbalized it seemed to need finishing, no matter how awkwardly it came out. “I thought maybe I had nothing to do and you had nothing to do, so—” He finally let it go. Florrie was telling something to Konstantine, the cook, through the dish slot, something about the state fair the following month.

He felt silly leaving too large a tip, and said nothing in front of the cash register. Florrie was a lifelike marble figure, standing here only because small towns didn’t put statues of waitresses in their parks.

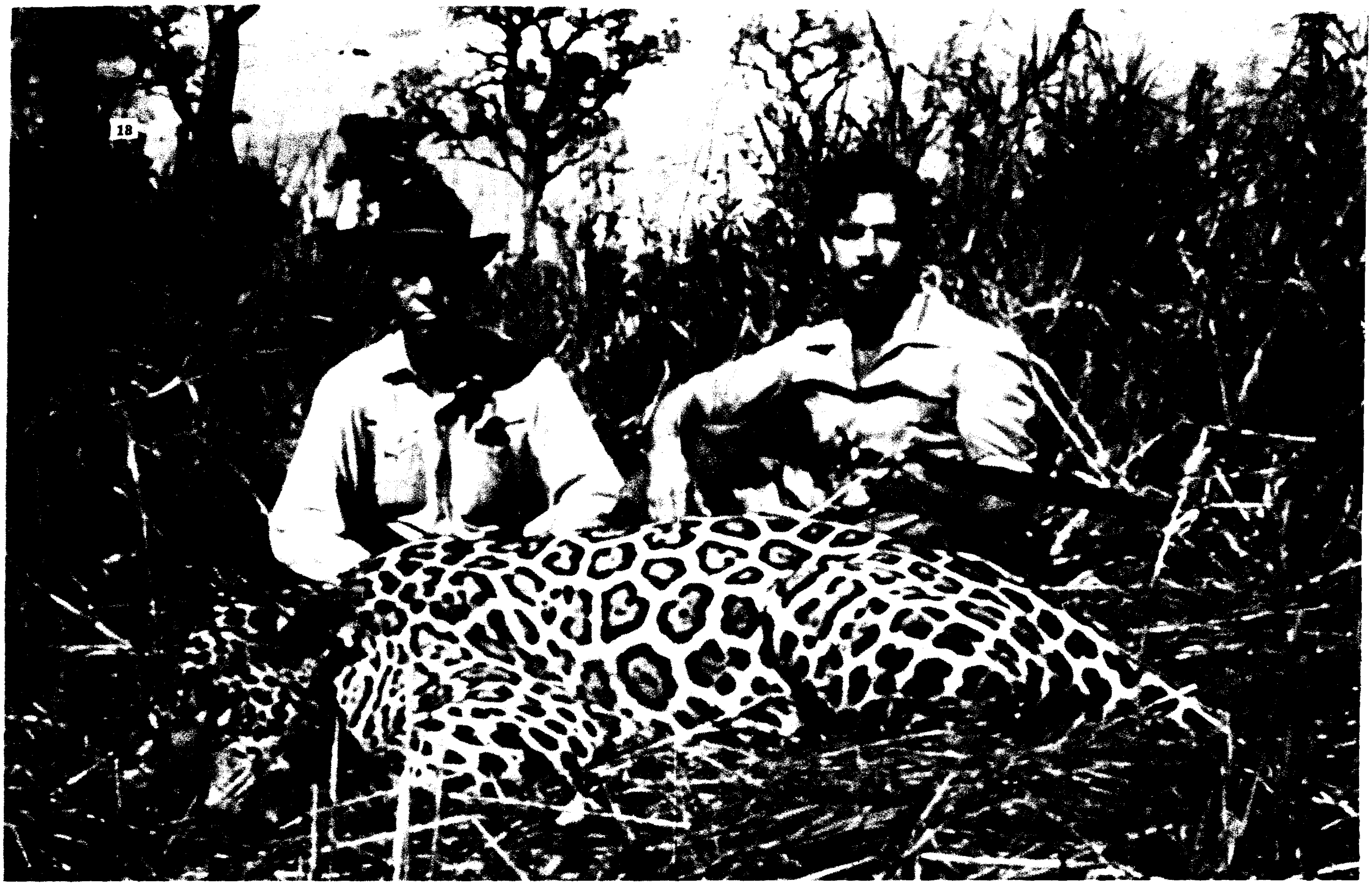
BANNISTER was puzzled, a little by himself and a little by Florrie. He had been around. Most of the girls enjoyed hearing him practice his gallantry; whenever it sparked up into something more than pleasant words, they knew how to handle that too. Whether it was yes or no, they kept to the spirit of the thing. But the way this Elite gal had frozen into stone had knocked Herb’s sophistication off center. He felt foolish; it was a new sensation.

“Well, the hell with it,” he found himself saying aloud as he entered the hotel lobby.

His room was decorated with a Gideon Bible, a framed lithograph of a stag at sunset, and a musty carpet smell that was as subtle, if not so tantalizing, as bottled perfume. He tried out the bed. Beds ran to two general types: the yielding kind that enveloped you in an embrace of sharp-pointed springs, and the rigid kind attractive only to corpses. The Eliol Hotel had furnished itself with the latter. Herb stretched out on the slablike mattress. It was getting dark outside. He reached up and pulled the light cord. The lamp shone directly into his eyes as though he were about to be questioned at police headquarters for some crime of violence. He thought he might read the Bible a while, but he couldn’t seem to strike an interesting chapter. Finally he got up and went down into the lobby to buy a magazine.

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG



Sasha Siemel and his native helper pose behind a Brazilian jaguar that Mr. Siemel has just killed by permitting the animal to impale itself on his spear

SPEAR THAT TIGER!

BY SASHA SIEMEL

AS TOLD TO GORDON SCHENDEL

The hunter stands poised, spear in hand. The big cat roars, and tenses for the attack. He leaps. The battle is on. A thrilling true story of Brazil's Mato Grosso, by a veteran tiger hunter

I KILL tigers by letting them jump on my spear. As far as I know, I am the only white man who hunts the South American tiger, the jaguar, with primitive weapons. If the animal takes to a tree, I use bow and arrow; if my dogs bring him to bay on the ground, I let him charge at me and impale himself on my seven-foot spear. Including those shot in the conventional manner, and cubs captured, I have successfully hunted 281 of the big cats in 27 years, in the jungles and marshlands of Brazil's wild Mato Grosso—sometimes with sportsmen, other times with a single native. In addition, I have killed more than 100 of the smaller and less dangerous mountain lions or pumas.

I prefer a spear to a gun. For when I confront a 350-pound tiger in thick underbrush, I feel more nearly his equal with a spear in my hand. You can shoot a tiger through the heart as he charges, but that doesn't always stop him; he can still kill you before he dies.

A full-grown Brazilian jaguar (South Americans call it a *tigre;* jaguar is a name used exclusively by North Americans) is a formidable animal. Although somewhat lighter in weight than the African lion, the jaguar is faster and just as ferocious. In a match between a mature jaguar and a lion, I would bet on the jaguar any time. By preference not a man-eater, the jaguar nevertheless does not hesitate to stalk humans. One of my most memorable tiger hunts, in fact, began with the tiger stalking my native helper, Bernardo.

We had put in a full day with my dogs, unsuccessfully trying to chase up a tiger. When we made camp, I sent Bernardo out to shoot a marsh deer, as we were low on meat. He returned with only a small chunk of meat and the lame excuse that it was too dark to skin the deer; he'd finish the job the next morning.

At sunrise, Bernardo cantered excitedly into camp, driving our horses before him. He had returned for the deer carcass; but he was empty-handed.

"I was right, *patrón!*" he shouted. "I knew it was him!"

He was eager to explain. Immediately after he had shot the deer the night before, he had discovered fresh tracks of a tiger that apparently had been stalking the same quarry. And when he started skinning the deer, in the fast-gathering darkness, he had heard a big animal stalking him in the high marsh grass.

He had hastily cut off a small piece of meat, jumped on his horse and fled. Then he'd been ashamed to admit his timidity. His morning investigation revealed that a tiger had been there, eaten most of the deer and dragged the remainder into deep cover 200 yards away.

We gulped breakfast; then, with the pack, we rode to the remains of the deer. A whiff of the carcass, and the dogs immediately gave the quick excited double barks followed by half-angry, half-fearful growls that meant it was tiger, and the trail was fresh. In an instant they were off, wildly barking.

We trailed the tiger for about a mile, and found the place in the marsh grass where he had bedded for the night. I knew now that he would be fresh and ready for a long run or a fight. My eager, noisy pack trailed him for another half mile. Then they lost the scent. The tiger obviously had doubled back, crossing and recrossing his trail to mix up pursuers.

The dogs ran this way and that, and tried for a half hour to work out the maze.

Finally, I motioned to Bernardo to follow, and, calling the dogs, we rode out about 200 yards from the center of the maze and began to ride around it—knowing that if, after describing a complete circle, we had not cut across his trail, he must still be there.

But before we'd completed the circle, I glanced at one of two isolated trees in that sea of high marsh grass. I saw the tiger coming down the tree, backing down carefully, and then, when some distance from the ground, jumping down, just as a house cat does. I shouted to the dogs: *"Busca! . . . Busca!*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

As the tiger rushes, Mr. Siemel aims the spear at the animal's chest

Enlargement of a 16 mm. color movie film

. . . Get him! . . . Get him!" And Bernardo and I spurred on our horses.

But the dogs hadn't seen the tiger (a good hound relies almost entirely on scent; his eyesight is none too good). The tiger leaped through the high grass and disappeared into a big thorn thicket.

Bernardo and I, about 30 feet apart, rode up to within ten feet of the thicket. Suddenly there was an angry roar and the big cat came sailing out and onto Bernardo's horse—landing with his right paw on the animal's neck, his left paw on its face! His weight ripped the bridle from the horse's head, and the tiger fell to the ground, his claws raking deep grooves in the horse's face and neck.

Panic-stricken, the horse screamed with pain, reared, and wheeled about, with Bernardo hanging on desperately.

Again the tiger leaped, landing this time on the horse's haunches, and again he slid off the bucking, rearing horse. Bernardo was helpless; he was too busy trying to keep his seat to reach his gun.

My horse had whirled and fled the moment the tiger first leaped. I finally turned him, and, trying to come to Bernardo's rescue, I spurred him frantically. He made two panicky jumps in the tiger's direction. Then the tiger came toward me. My terrorized horse wheeled and, out of control, started off with the tiger after us in great, galloping bounds—each leap, a jump of from 12 to 15 feet, missing us by inches. He chased us for about 200 yards, then fell behind and disappeared into another thorn thicket.

By this time the dogs had come up. With some difficulty I turned my horse, and rode to where they were holding the tiger at bay. I dismounted and, keeping my eyes on the thicket, I unsheathed my spear.

When I was eight feet from the edge of the thicket, suddenly there was a loud, coughing roar, and a tawny, black-spotted streak leaped out at me. I raised my spear, aiming at his throat, but not quickly enough. It impaled him in the chest, right up to the spear's crossbar at the end of the spear blade. I lunged forward with my spear, hoping to heave him onto his back. But my foot slipped, my spear wavered, and he slipped off, scrambled to his feet snarling and withdrew with a rush to get behind me. . . . I barely had time to recover my balance and wheel around when he leaped again. My spear caught him a glancing blow on the jaw. He whirled about before I got set, and with a roar, made another leap at my throat.

I jabbed upward, and the spear again caught him in the chest. With a great heave I threw him onto his back and, pinning him firmly to the ground with the spear, I quickly side-stepped to get back of his head, where I was out of reach of his claws. He lunged desperately, clawing at me and frantically trying to wrench loose. I seesawed the blade in his chest, working toward the heart. There was a frantic struggle for about thirty seconds, a climax of thrashing claws and growls, and sudden desperate attempts to throw me off; and then he subsided in a quick flow of blood from his heart.

I withdrew the spear, and immediately the wild howling dogs rushed in to bite and slash at the hide of the dead animal. I let them. No dog I've known could even pierce a tiger's hide. Which in itself is a tribute to the bravery of the dogs. Knowing they haven't a chance in the world if the tiger turns on them, most of them nevertheless pursue him and recklessly dodge in, time and again, to snap at his heels until they force him to bay, even though I may be a half mile behind. I've had many valuable dogs killed by tigers because of their reckless disregard of danger.

The tiger was easily ten feet from nose to tip of tail, and weighed close to 350 pounds—one of the largest I've ever seen.

An Adventure Seeker's Promised Land

My tiger-hunting career grew from the usual small boy's love of adventure which met little sympathy from my provincial parents in Latvia, which was then in czarist Russia. So at sixteen I ran away. I was a sailor, and held various jobs for short times in Germany, the United States and the Argentine. Finally I wandered into the little-known and wild geographical heart of the South American continent, the Mato Grosso. It suited me.

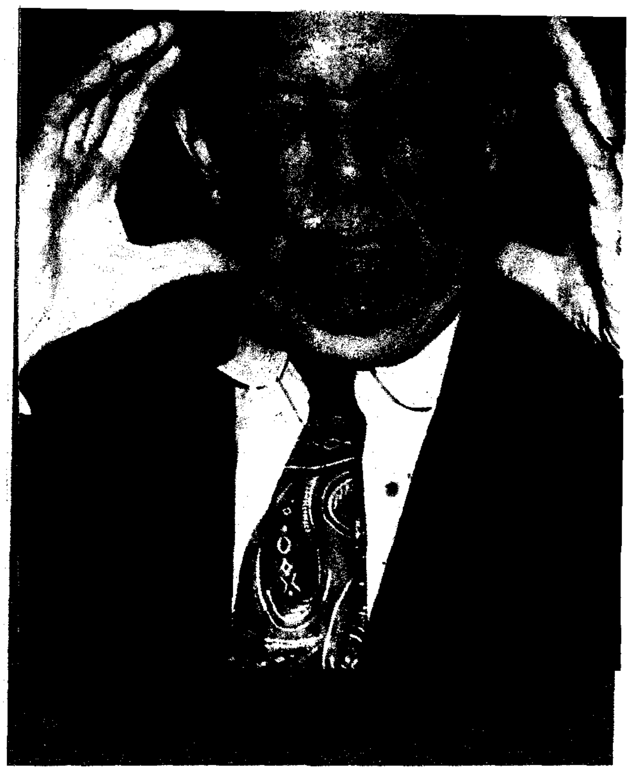
The Mato Grosso, twice the size of Texas, is one of the few remaining little-explored areas of its size in the world. Large parts of it are unsafe to invade, because of hostile primitive Indian tribes.

The region in which I hunt, an area about 200 by 600 miles in the western part of the Mato Grosso, is a hunter's paradise. A vast tract of marshlands and jungle, it is threaded by the headwaters of the upper Paraguay River and its affluents. During the rainy season, October to March, it becomes one vast sheet of water, choked by reeds, crisscrossed by strips of higher land (covered with rank jungle growth and trees up to 200 feet high), and dotted with little islands. In effect, the upper Paraguay River enlarges to a width of 200 miles. Then, the greater part of this 120,000-square-mile sheet of jungle-threaded marshland is navigable with dugouts.

Hunting is best during the dry season, April through September. Then this vast marsh, steaming under the hot tropical sun, dries up into a huge checkerboard of jungle, flat lowland overgrown with lush marsh grass, and numberless isolated pools swarming with fish cut off from the river. The region is raucous with fish-eating swamp birds; egrets, or white herons; *(Continued on page 58)*

A sportswoman herself, Mrs. Siemel met her husband while on a tiger hunt in the Mato Grosso

REVOLT IN THE PARTY



BY JAMES A. FARLEY

The "purge" was on. "They're beginning to worry," the President exulted. "They'll be sorry yet." But Garner took a dim view: "The Boss has stirred up a hornets' nest." Here is Jim Farley's story of F.D.R.'s losing campaign against Democratic party rebels, including the nine senators pictured here

HE *unsuccessful Supreme* Court fight lived on in the President's memory. For weeks and months afterward I found him smoldering against the members of his own party. He made no secret of his annoyance with those who had crossed the party line.

Immediately after the defeat he began summoning congressmen down to the White House. Almost invariably he suggested that those who had opposed him had better be on guard. It was not so much what he said as what he left unsaid.

"I've got them on the run, Jim," the President told me delightedly. "They go out of here talking to themselves, memorizing my lines to repeat up on the Hill. I'd like to see the faces sag over my mumbo jumbo. They have no idea what's going to happen and are beginning to worry. They'll be sorry yet."

Sometimes his irritability was not at all disguised. I remember a Cabinet meeting in 1937, when Roosevelt leaped down the throat of Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper during a discussion of the business recession which was then disturbing the Administration.

"Dan," he said sharply at one point, "you have just got to stop issuing these Hooverish statements all the time."

Roper, unabashed by the rebuke, tried to justify his statements. He failed to understand that the President wanted him to adopt an attitude of silence in the critical period.

"I know that the present situation is the result of a concerted effort by big business and concentrated wealth to drive the market down, just to create a situation unfavorable to me," the President said. "I have been around the country and know conditions are good. Everything will work out all right if we just sit tight and keep quiet." He looked meaningfully at Roper, who was blissfully unaware of the point.

The next day I talked to the President by phone. I remarked that his suggestion for silence appeared to have been lost on Dan.

"Jim," he said, "there's entirely too much talking going on. There are entirely too many press conferences and too many statements being issued. I'm going to put the lid on."

Recession Rears Its Head

I recall another Cabinet meeting a few weeks later. After routine business we discussed the economic recession. The President called for suggestions.

"I think you ought to issue a statement comparing business conditions of today with what they were in the early days of your Administration," said Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau. "Business is moaning that the capital gains and undistributed profits taxes are retarding recovery. I think it would be heartening for you to show how far better off we are today."

"Oh, for God's sake, Henry, do you want me to read the record again?" the President said, with no attempt to conceal his irritation.

Morgenthau reddened. The President glowered. The silence became as awkward as it was cold and heavy. Finally I spoke up.

"Boss, I think Henry is right," I said. Henry looked surprised and pleased; the President merely looked surprised. "I think the situation would be helped materially if you did say something that would alleviate the fears which exist in the business world today. Frankly, according to my contacts around the country, business people feel you have taken a stubborn attitude. I think you should make a quieting statement."

"There are altogether too many statements being issued now," the President said. "The Department of Agriculture issued a statement saying

that the national income will be less than it was a year ago and the Department of Commerce issued a statement saying it will be greater."

Henry Wallace answered: "Since my father's time the Department of Agriculture has been getting out such a statement. It was thoroughly checked and we feel it is correct."

"I am satisfied the Agriculture estimate is correct," said Miss Perkins. "We have checked its figures and are in agreement with the estimate."

The President looked at Roper with a what-have-you-got-to-say-for-yourself look. When the Secretary of Commerce launched into rosy predictions, the President cut him short. It was evident to everyone but Dan that the Boss was most annoyed with him.

"I get all kinds of criticism and complaints about the economic situation," he said. "But very few people have any concrete suggestions for improvement. It's easy enough to criticize, but it's another thing to help.

"I want all of you—everyone—when offering criticism, to make suggestions which are constructive."

The next day Morgenthau called me to express his gratitude for the way I had backed him up. He said he felt the President was annoyed at his persistency and added that he would not have had the courage to go on had I not stepped in as I did.

This recalled something White House Secretary Steve Early had told me. On the day Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Ethel du Pont were married in Wilmington, Steve said, Morgenthau called during the height of the festivities and excitedly demanded that the President be put on the phone to approve the American government's position on the French franc—a matter of much concern at the time. The President was relaxing at the reception in the Du Pont home when Henry called. Steve found the Boss sipping champagne. When he relayed the Morgenthau message the President frowned at the interruption and said, "Tell Henry I don't give a damn what the government's position is on the French franc."

Steve carried the message back to Henry word for word, because the White House staff was finding Henry's worries tiresome.

A few weeks later I went to the White House to see the President. I had had an appointment two days earlier, but he had been ill. When I was ushered into the President's bedroom, I was shocked by his appearance. His color was bad; his face was lined and he appeared to be worn out. His jaw was swollen as a result of a tooth infection. During the entire interview he kept an ice bag to his jaw to relieve the pain. In addition to the infection, he told me he had an intestinal disorder and a fever. But his spirits were excellent.

One Subject Avoided

We discussed various appointments. At this time I was being mentioned prominently as a Presidential possibility in 1940. But the President had never mentioned this.

Now he said, "Jim, I want you to give some thought to running for governor of New York."

"I'm not keen on living in Albany," I side-stepped.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "serious attention should be given to the New York situation. If you don't run, the only other person available would be Senator Wagner. Bob Jackson isn't well enough known. Or you could run for the Senate. At the same time you could hold a position in the business world, to take care of your private financial situation."

I told him that this would not relieve the deficit I incurred by service in Washington and there would be no chance of saving money for myself and my family.

"Frankly," I said, "I would love the place, but I do not see how in my present position I can give serious consideration to it."

"Well, think it over," he urged. "Think them both over—governor and Senate."

Three days later I repeated much of this conversation to Vice-President John N. Garner at luncheon in his office at the Capitol. He smiled at the Presidential insistence that I run for governor or senator in New York, saying that it looked as though Roosevelt were trying to get me out of the way in 1940.

Garner's suspicions were echoed by Basil O'Connor at a lunch in his home in New York City. "Doc," as the President's former law partner is known, told me Roosevelt had mentioned the prospect of my running for governor of New York in 1938. Doc told him I was not interested. The President then asked, "Is Jim anxious for 1940?" Doc said he didn't know about that.

Soon after that, the President took a fishing cruise. When he returned, much rested, he reported he was feeling fine. Then he brought the conversation to New York state politics.

"What do you think of La Guardia for senator and Wagner for governor?" he asked.

"I just can't believe the Democrats would turn over the party to La Guardia," I said. "He is an opportunist and would desert at a moment's notice if he thought it would be to his advantage."

"Yes, La Guardia has a swelled head," he said slowly, "and it's my guess he has Presidential aspirations."

Then we began to discuss the Cabinet. I told the President that Cordell Hull felt that he was not consulted enough. I told him Hull had much experience on the Hill in tax problems and his advice in that field might be invaluable.

"Why, I'm very fond of Hull," he disclaimed. "I see him at least twice a week. However, he's a free trader at heart, and for that reason his views can't be accepted in their entirety.

"What do you think of Homer Cummings?" he asked.

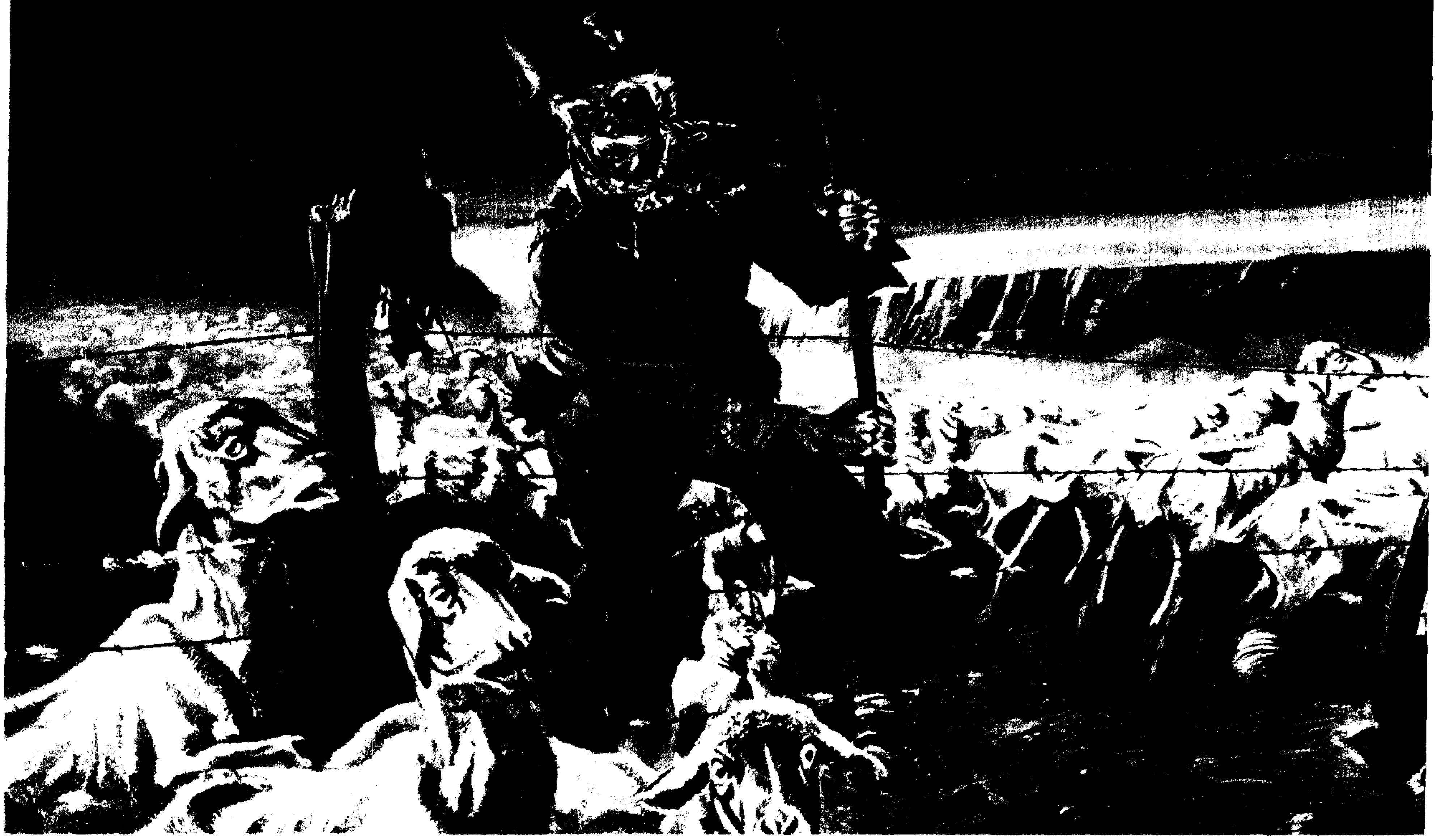
"I think Homer is all right," I said. "If he has any weakness it is due to the fact that instead of advising you about what you should do, he is always trying to find out what you want to do. I think you might have a chat with him and try to impress on him that he must make his own decisions."

I knew the President understood this reference. Many people blamed Cummings for the Court plan. The President said nothing, but from his

(Continued on page 87)

Every fence has two sides—especially one between a cattleman and a sheepherder. Such a fence can stand between life and death

BLUE



MEADOWS saw the horseman stop old Felipe Vargas, who was driving the camp wagon up the hill in front of the herd; and he saw Felipe wave a brown hand back over the thirsty, complaining sheep. He knew what Felipe was saying.

"No, señor—the two tall ones who walk at the swing are only Manuel and Tomás, the *pastores.* Do you see the little man in the dust? That is the *patrón*—the owner. That is Señor Meadows . . ."

The little man in the dust did not look like the owner of three thousand merinos, or of anything else. For three days he had not taken off his faded overalls, or the broken shoes that were tied with rawhide. His flopped hat was spattered with sheep-dip, and that morning he had pinned a tear in his blue flannel shirt with a mesquite thorn. He needed a shave. Alkali dust whitened his whiskers, making him look old; it had burned the lids of his bloodshot eyes, and cracked his lips.

He looked like a sheepherder, and he was one, and more: He was a shepherd. A character analyst could have read things in his face: an infinite patience, a plodding, dogged determination, and a gentleness which could only be described as maternal. All these attributes either had to be inherent or acquired to make the difference between sheepherder and shepherd when a man was handling nearly three thousand head of God's dumbest, most helpless creatures.

This was the fortieth day of the drive, which had averaged eight miles a day, and three sheep had died that morning.

Many more would die, Meadows knew, unless the herd reached water soon . . .

The stranger turned wide around the sheep, coming down the windward side, out of the dust. He was large and big-boned, with a hat that mocked the one Meadows wore, and spurs making music at his stirrups. He sat his saddle in that proud and arrogant way handed down from the cavaliers. Men on horseback often feel consciously superior to those who walk.

One of Meadows' dogs trotted out and turned a wayward ewe back into the herd without paying any attention to the newcomer as he rode up and drew rein.

"Meadows," he said, nodding curtly, "my name's Jeff Howard. I reckon you're the damn' fool who leased the Big Divide range from that syndicate, and you're taking these stink-hoofs there. That right?"

Meadows' mouth tightened a little as he leaned on his staff and listened to the bleated suffering of his herd. It ranged from hoarseness to a thin, fluted quaver; it rose and fell like the heat waves shimmering on the rocky horizon.

"I'm taking my sheep there—yes."

"Then let's get off to the right start," Howard went on. "I've got an eighty-section cattle ranch south of your lease, and maybe they didn't tell you I've fenced the north side. It happens I don't like sheep even a little bit."

"It happens," Meadows said softly, "that I love sheep. But in spite of that difference, I reckon we can get along. I hope so."

Howard stared at him curiously. "I'm not trying to keep you off the range you leased. But when you come to the top of this hill, you'll be on the Big Divide. A couple of miles up there, and you'll see my fence—this wagon road runs right along it. About three miles farther, and you pass my divide tank. What I'm getting at is this—just don't let any of your damned sheep stray south of that barbed wire!"

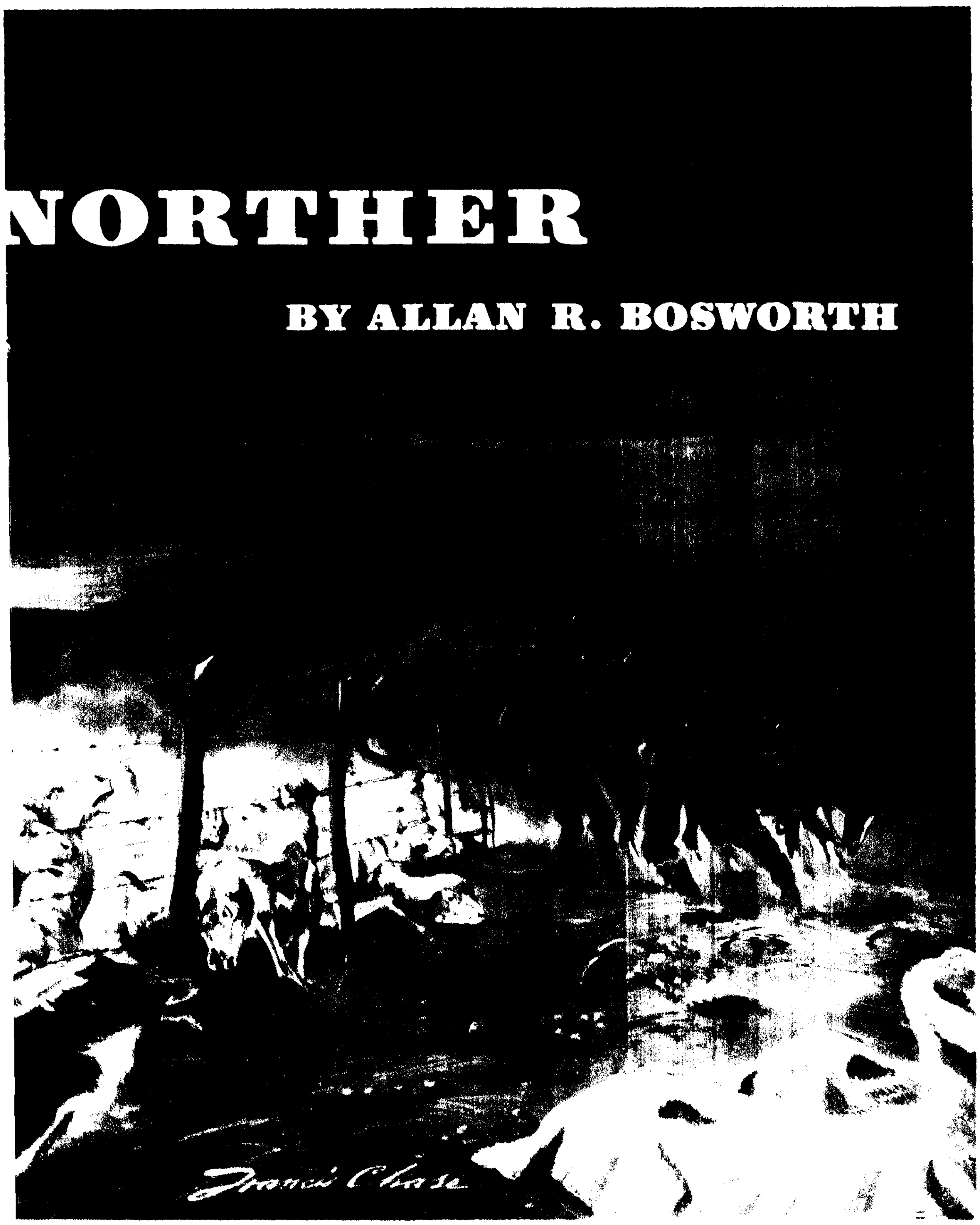
"Tank," Meadows repeated, almost to himself. He licked his lips over the word, and shook the canteen that hung from his shoulder. It made only a slight sloshing sound. He said, pleadingly, "I'll pay you to let me water the sheep. This is the third dry day. We drove all night last night, and the night before, and now they're beginning to play out."

"That's too bad," Howard said coldly. "But that tank is inside my

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

NORTHER

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH



"Manuel! Tomás!" Meadows called and didn't wait for them to answer. The fence must be destroyed quickly

wire, and I don't want it stunk up by these woollies. You've got one on your range, at the head of Escondido Canyon. You've only got about twenty miles to go."

"But twenty miles—" Meadows began, and saw that argument would do no good. The cattleman was already turning his horse.

He looked curiously over his shoulder, and shook his head. "You own this outfit, and you walk in the drag!" he said. "A man crazy enough to do that is crazy enough to do anything. There'll be a couple of my hands riding that fence line, just to make sure you don't let down any of the wire!"

Meadows gave his attention to the ewe the dog had brought back to the herd. He could have explained why he trudged here in the dust, but Jeff Howard wouldn't have understood. On a cattle drive, the tail-end position was naturally given to the newest and greenest hand, whose life was made miserable by the scalawag steers that incessantly tried individual escapes into the brush. Sheep were not like that—no healthy sheep ever did anything singly, of its own volition. Any one of the flock which lost the herd instinct and dropped behind by itself was a sick sheep, often too far gone to save. Meadows had revived several laggards that morning by pouring a few swallows of water down their fevered throats. And he had not eased his own thirst from the canteen.

WHAT he could not have explained fully, even to himself, was his statement that he loved them. They smelled; their fleece was crusted with dirt and matted with cockleburs; they were shapeless, unlovely; they sniffled and coughed and sneezed; they were ravaged by scabies; in warm weather, the slightest scratch in their skins soon became turbulently alive with maggots that ate to the bone or brain unless man checked them.

Worst of all, the only will possessed by the sheep was a purely negative one—*the will to die*, to huddle and suffocate, the head of each under his neighbor's body. Any danger found them entirely defenseless; they could only turn their tails toward an enemy as if pretending that a menace unseen did not exist . . .

They were helpless, almost completely dependent on the creatures who had domesticated them in the beginning. And therein, although he didn't know it, lay the roots of Meadows' affection. He was a born shepherd because he needed to be needed, because his almost maternal protective instincts had to find an outlet.

It must be remembered that he was a little man, rather ugly, and more than often lonely. The sheep distinguished between him and other men as they distinguished between all things—by their sense of smell. But if they could have thought of him at all, it would have been as something no less than a god, protecting them, nursing their hurts, seeing that they had food and water. . . .

Water. There was plenty of it yonder where a big dirt tank caught the drainage of a little draw when it rained; at one time the tank had been on state land, which was free range, but now the land, enclosed by a four-strand fence, belonged to Jeff Howard.

The dust made a bitter taste in Meadows' mouth. He respected fences; he knew the truth of the saying that good fences made good neighbors. But another ewe had died as they came up the hill, and the whole herd was fevered. Another nearly twenty miles—another moonlit night, with coyotes howling and the sheep neither feeding nor trailing—and the herd would be decimated.

And he had to contend with a more immediate threat of trouble. The wind was in the southwest; the sheep had not yet caught the water scent. Perhaps they were too fevered to catch it at all. If not, they would try to bunch against the wire, cutting themselves, perhaps breaking the fence by sheer weight.

HERE was Felipe Vargas waiting, the wagon halted near the barbed wire, to ask the *patrón* if it would not be possible to water at the tank. For answer, Meadows pointed to a rider who walked his horse slowly along the line of fence, and to another in the distance. Howard, he supposed, had gone on to his ranch house.

"But, señor," Felipe protested in his musical voice, "if it is so far to the water at the head of Escondido Canyon, we will lose many sheep! What kind of man is this one?"

"A cattleman," Meadows said bitterly. He trudged on. A little farther, and they would have to stop and try to make the animals rest through the hottest hours; they would have to wait until moonrise, and what coolness came with the night. The sheep would huddle, putting their heads under each other for shade, and more of them would die . . .

"Señor," Felipe said softly, "they will smell the water soon. It would be such a little thing to cut that wire which is near the ground, and then—"

"We won't touch Howard's wire!" Meadows said sharply.

Felipe Vargas nodded, and sighed. That was a part of the *patrón's* gentleness, and the patience which bore him through adversity. Not yet had Felipe seen him take anything which belonged to somebody else. It was true that few men knew sheep as the *patrón* knew them. No one, perhaps, except Felipe Vargas himself, who had been a *pastor* for all of his life, and loved sheep just as much as Señor Meadows.

"Manuel!" Felipe called. "Do you drive this wagon for a while, and let me walk with the sheep?"

The dust swirled back on Meadows, and he did not see Felipe seize one of the smaller yearling ewes and roll her under the fence wire. There were cedar bushes growing close against the fence line, and the cowboys who rode guard there did not see Felipe, either, when he lifted several more sheep and dropped them gently over the top wire. The herd had ambled forward perhaps two-hundred yards when one of the ranch riders made the sudden discovery that a score of Meadows' sheep had somehow broken into Jeff Howard's pasture.

He came up angrily, his horse in a fast trot. The sheep were frightened

(Continued on page 77)

MAC ARTHUR'S DEMOCRACY

BY WELDON JAMES

After nearly two years of ruling Japan, General MacArthur has a nearly perfect record for keeping order, has placed many a democratic law on the books. But he's fighting ages of Japanese culture

THE lights were burning late in the great marble-and-granite Dai Ichi building that night. General of the Army Douglas MacArthur put down his famous corncob pipe and turned one of his coldest stares on the worried little man facing him. The little man, whose shoulders seemed permanently ready to shrug with resignation, and whose striped trousers accentuated his stocky rotundity, was the Foreign Minister (later Prime Minister) of defeated Japan, Shigeru Yoshida. He was on a tough mission, and he knew it.

This was in January, 1946, a few days after MacArthur's first great purge directive had hit the thunderstruck Japanese. The Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP) had ordered that all ultranationalists and militarists, those who had brought on the war and helped to fight it, from Cabinet members on down, must disappear from public life and public influence; he would hold the Japanese government itself responsible for executing the purge.

The worried little man was substituting for his boss, the Prime Minister, Baron Shidehara, taken with illness almost the moment the directive was issued. The sick statesman knew that some members of his Cabinet and many members of his party would be hit by the purge; so did most of Japan and so did the Americans who had drawn up the order. The Cabinet, Mr. Yoshida explained nervously, had decided to resign en bloc. It had already informed the Emperor of its decision, and the Emperor was prepared to accept it—and then to instruct Baron Shidehara to form a new government.

"Mr. Minister," said General MacArthur, speaking with the frigid dignity he employs best on such occasions, "I have great respect for Baron Shidehara. As much as anyone I know, he is capable of carrying out my directive—but if Baron Shidehara resigns with his Cabinet tomorrow, it can only be construed as meaning that he is unable or unwilling to comply with the terms of that directive.

"He may then," concluded MacArthur coldly, "be acceptable to the Emperor as the new Prime Minister—but he will not be acceptable to me."

MacArthur had spoken. The Cabinet crisis passed as he spoke, and Shidehara remained on the job until the April elections. The purge began.

This incident sheds considerable light on how MacArthur has been running Japan—and, to a degree, on how the Japanese fight back. More, it illustrates the standing paradox of the occupation to date: the necessity of the use of force, or the threat of force, to "democratize" the Japanese. SCAP has the final word, whenever it wants to speak.

Political scientists question whether it is possible to achieve a social revolution—to which the Potsdam Declaration commits us—"within an imposed framework of stability." But no one, except a few extremists, has questioned the advisability or the

The Japanese equivalent of our Bill of Rights guarantees the right of free speech and the people have taken advantage of it effectively by engaging in mass public demonstrations. Here a large crowd has assembled to listen to speakers attacking the government, demanding that the Yoshida cabinet resign

necessity of our maintaining stability in Japan while moving at the same time to reform it, and this requires force. Whether such forced reforms will stick or not is the pay-off question of the occupation.

None of SCAP's democratic achievements has been easy. The Japanese are still confused and groping; few can give even a first-grader's definition of democracy, and fewer still understand what has been happening in their country since they lost the war. This is not surprising, since our linguistic experts estimate that less than 15 per cent of Japan's 74,000,000 could understand even the arguments of their own political campaigners this spring—and those who could, for the most part, do not have minds exactly wide open to ideas of reform. The Japanese were spiritually shaken all right when their wartime gods went with the atom, but lip service to the new gods of democracy does not necessarily mean the spiritual revolution has arrived.

The Japanese old guard is still clever and it naturally tends, from intent or inertia or both, to buck change. The degree of Japanese co-operation frequently has been exaggerated—sometimes even by SCAP—with the idea of encouraging more co-operation. The Japanese version of the new constitution, for instance, was so full of lingual sabotage that it had to be retranslated. And when the Economic and Scientific Section finally had agreed with Japanese Cabinet labor experts on a bill establishing a Ministry of Labor, the Cabinet rewrote the bill to its own taste, omitting every agreed-upon provision—and then submitted it for approval to SCAP's Government Section only. Our liaison was good enough to stop this play, but such incidents prove the necessity of continuous vigilance on the part of SCAP—or its successors.

SCAP pins its faith for the future on a major Jeffersonian concept: If enough of the voting millions have a vested interest in their blueprinted democracy, they will fight to retain it long after SCAP has vanished. With this aim SCAP has gone far toward creating three new-type classes in Japan—small business, organized labor, and the landowning small farmer. The only hope these millions have to retain their new rights and privileges is to fight for the "New Japan."

But these new groups will have to triumph over Japan's ancient traditions and culture: In Tokyo today there is a cynical young man, educated for years in England, France and America, whose biting private comments on the occupation tell a great deal.

"The occupation," he says suavely, "has been very beneficial to the Japanese. We are a proud people, but true pride is impossible until one has known humility—and the Americans are teaching us humility.

"Until the occupation, millions of my countrymen, unlike myself, had never been able to observe the American way of life. Now they have been privileged to do so—and they have learned, first-hand, far better than books could teach them, how superior is their own."

General MacArthur (and some of the men around him) is keenly aware of the paradoxes involved in achieving democracy by decree. In March he suggested that his bayonet-rule of Japan end, that a civilian commission, under the United Nations, take over the job of tutoring the Japanese as soon as the peace treaty could be written.

But his policy since the beginning of the occupation has not been one of bayonet-rule alone. It has been to guide, to lead, to suggest—and to use a gloved fist only when necessary. Nobody knows, despite MacArthur's own recommendation, how long the United States or the United Nations will insist that he stay on the job. MacArthur himself has declared emphatically that he will stay until the treaty is signed and delivered, and so great is his enthusiasm for the job that it is quite possible he will remain even after that, possibly in a civilian capacity.

But the writing of peace treaties is a notoriously slow business, and it seems certain that MacArthur and his occupation machine will be on the job for another 18 to 24 months. This is a good moment to take a look at what they have done to date, what they are trying to do, and what kind of skeleton organization they may will to the United Nations.

The great aims of the occupation, stemming from the Potsdam Declaration, the surrender terms and the Washington pronouncement of September, 1945, were twofold: To destroy Japan's ability to make war, and to reconstruct her as a democratic nation capable of standing on her own feet.

Accomplishing a Lightning Occupation

The first—and the easiest—of these objectives was achieved with almost lightninglike rapidity. MacArthur landed at Atsugi airport on August 30, 1945, to take over a nation with 3,876,085 potentially hostile troops still under arms in its home islands.

MacArthur converted the Japanese War and Navy ministries into demobilization ministries, used them to disarm and civilianize the 2,576,085 Japanese soldiers and 1,300,000 sailors then in Japan *within less than four months.* The American forces systematically took over and began destroying the inanimate body of the Japanese war machine.

Another 6,554,053 Japanese were overseas, scattered from Manchuria and China to the islands of the Pacific. This number included 1,730,030 civilians. Borrowing 100 Liberty ships and 85 LSTs from the U.S., SCAP turned these over to Japanese crews, supplemented them with 178 vessels salvaged from the Japanese navy and merchant fleet, put them to work throughout the Orient under the surveillance of the U.S. Navy. By May, 1946, the fleet could boast a record of 990,000 Japanese repatriated within a single month.

By March, 1947, SCAP could quietly report that almost 6,000,000 overseas Japanese had been repatriated.

The second objective—converting Japan into a democracy—has moved more slowly. We have made a beginning, with local reverses here and there, but Japan today is neither democratic nor capable of standing on her own feet. She is on the way; as MacArthur says, "From here on out, the job is a process of reducing blueprints to actuality."

In driving toward these two great objectives MacArthur has welded a civil-military superstate to disarm, demobilize, guide, encourage, prod, and if necessary force the Japanese toward their blueprinted future. The skeleton of this machine, minus the troops, undoubtedly will provide the backbone of the United Nations Commission.

The civil-military brains of the machine consist of SCAP, with barely 8,000 planners, brain-trusters and policy makers in Tokyo, aided by a scant 2,000 men in the 53 military-government teams scattered from one end of Japan to the other. Both credit and blame for our achievements or lack of them to date can be attributed in part to the astonishing smallness of this organization, which, presumably, will be even smaller under U.N.

The superstate of SCAP is overwhelmingly American, because the Americans were the only ones who could take over Japan the moment the war ended, because MacArthur, shuddering at the four-power split in Germany, has fought until now to keep it so, and because Washington, at one green-baize conference after another, has backed him up. Technically the 13-power Far Eastern Commission sitting in Washington has considerable power over the occupation; actually, because of MacArthur's need for and determination to make decisions on the spot, it has done little more than approve his actions.

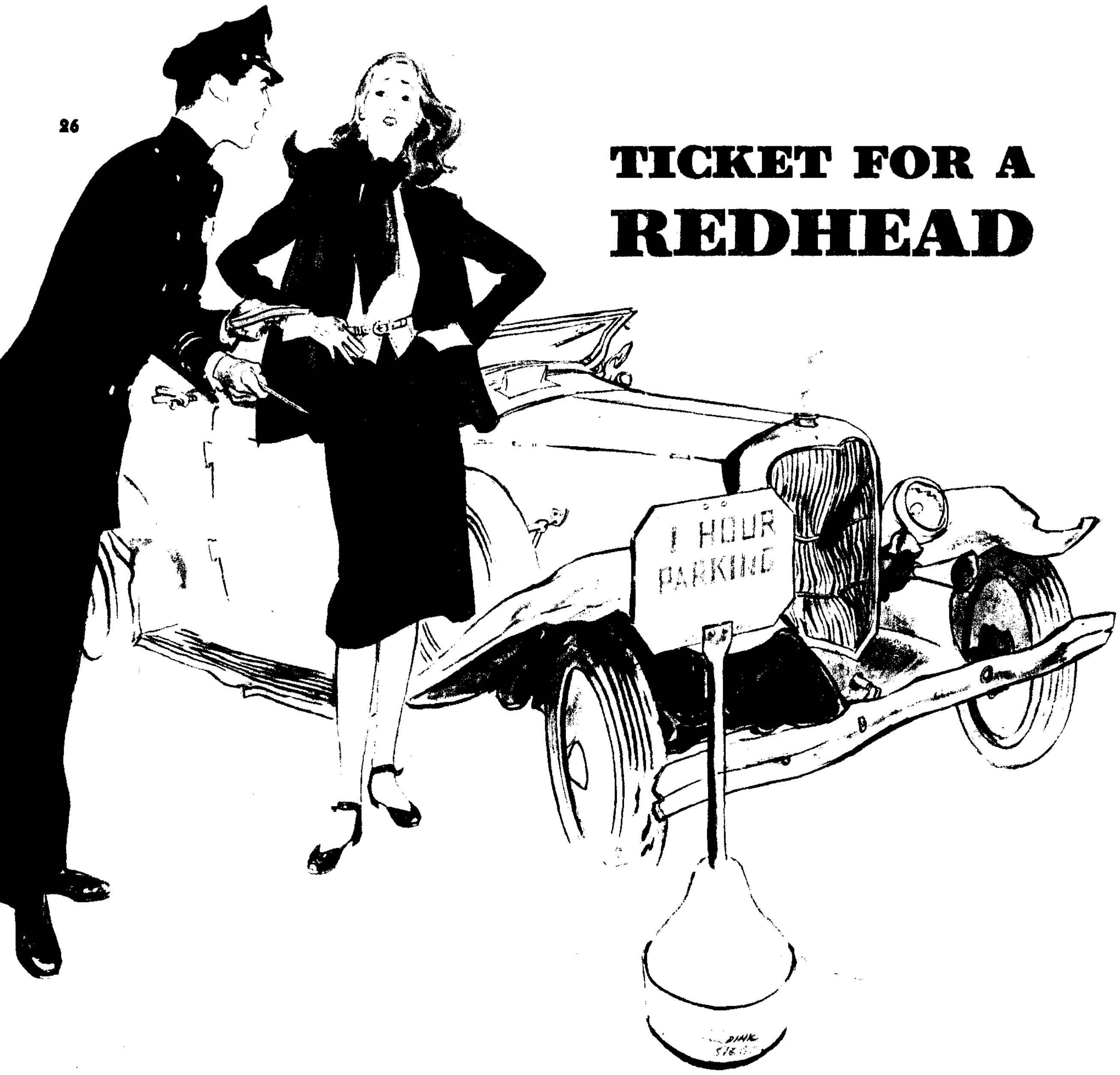
(Continued on page 65)

In contrast to the city dweller, who must rely on the black market for food, the Japanese farmer is hearty and well fed. The old tradition has not changed; men and women still work side by side on the farm

American-born occupation soldiers of Japanese descent play their part as ambassadors of the United States by joining in a three-legged race at a picnic sponsored to acquaint the children with Americans

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JOHN F. DOMINIS

TICKET FOR A REDHEAD



The redhead stops when she sees me and she looks disgusted. "Again?" says she. "Again," says I

BY MIKE DETZER

I'VE got out my blue pad, and I'm sharpening my pencil on the back of my neck, looking at the old jalopy and thinking back to eight months ago. . . .

It was the same then. I was standing in this same spot, looking at this same wreck when this redhead herself comes tripping along in the warm sunshine. She's all the way to her car before she sees me, then she stops dead in her tracks.

Her pretty head goes over to one side, like a cocker spaniel's, and she looks disgusted.

"Again?" says she.

"Again," says I, "for as far as I know, this street is still in the books as one-hour parking. You've been here an hour and a half."

"It couldn't be. I'm not going to pay the fine."

"Then you'll have to go to traffic court," I tell her, "and plead 'Not guilty,' and I'll have to go down there too, and testify that you *are* guilty. And it's the last time, too. The judge'll suspend your license."

"He wouldn't!" she says.

"Sure and he would," I tell her as I hand her the ticket, "and I don't blame the long-suffering man at all. Three times in one week."

"What'll I do if they take away my license?"

"You'll use your fine legs to walk with."

"You're impertinent," says she.

"And you should be ashamed—a pretty girl riding around in a beat-up coupé that was manufactured back when Coolidge was President."

"You're insulting," says she.

"Indeed I'm not," I say, "unless things have changed since the days of my youth and it's a misfortune to be a handsome girl."

"You're insufferable, O'Reilly."

"And it's my name you know now?" I demand.

"It's just the third time in six days," she yelps, "that you've handed me a ticket with your full Gaelic moniker on it. You're not so disreputable-looking that you wouldn't go far on the force if only you had a few brains and a decent politeness in your tongue." She climbs into her fugitive from a junk yard, and with a toss of her lovely head she drives away.

THREE days afterward, late in the afternoon, I'm down at the traffic court. The redhead walks up the aisle brave and proud, and hands her ticket to the judge. That gentleman scowls at her.

"Miss Ann Morley," he says reflectively. "A familiar name. Overparking, and I see it's the third time. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," she says in a small voice, and the judge is as surprised as I am.

"Then what did you come down here for?" he thunders. "Why didn't you pay your fine at police headquarters?"

"I made a mistake," she says.

"Ten dollars for the mistake, Miss Morley, and your driver's license for thirty days. Next case."

Miss Morley pays up like the lady she is, surrenders her license, and turns away. She sees me as she goes down the aisle, but she doesn't speak to me and her nose seems to go up a little. After a decent interval I follow her, and she is waiting for me outside.

"Wasn't I silly?" she asks.

"You were that."

"O'Reilly," she says, "you're a lug, but I think you might have a heart in you. What am I going to do now? No license."

"Well now. You'll probably be taking the bus."

"What bus?" she demands scornfully. "I live in Belleville, nine miles out of town, and I'm not going to walk, and the next bus is at eight o'clock."

"Then," say I, "maybe you'll go to a show."

"And what do I do with my car?" says she, pointing to that heap where it sits beside the curb.

"Store it," I tell her, "but not in a one-hour-parking zone."

"You're a brute," she says.

"I'm not that, nor the other things that you've called me. I'm just a struggling young cop, doing my duty as I see it."

"Prove it," she says.

That stops me, but after a second an idea comes into my head.

"I'll take you to dinner!"

"I don't let men take me to dinner when they think it's a duty," she says, "and I was referring to the fact that you could drive me home."

"And how would I get back? Walk? But to get back to the other, I'd not consider it a duty to take you to dinner. It would be an honor."

For the first time, she smiles at me. The smile doesn't last long, but it's a good start.

"Since you put it so gallantly, I'll accept," she says, and she makes a mock curtsy.

All of a sudden I see that the sun is shining and it's a beautiful day.

"I'll meet you," I tell her, "wherever you say, in half an hour, and I'll protect you from all danger until the eight-o'clock bus."

"Make it the Gable House," she says, "and half an hour sharp."

The Gable House is a restaurant and cocktail lounge, and on most days of the week it's a bit too steep for an ordinary cop. But this makes it a special day. In half an hour I show up, all dressed up in civvies, and a moment later she walks in. Seldom in all my life have I seen a face so sweet or a figure so neat.

We have a couple of drinks, and we order our meal, and I find out that Miss Ann Morley is as charming to talk to as she is to look at, even though she constantly insults me. Insults from redheads like her don't count. And after the Gable House, we wander down the street to dance in a little place where the lights are dim and the music is soft.

IT IS a wonderful thing to have Miss Ann Morley floating in your arms. We dance silently at first.

Then she says, "My, but you're heavy on your feet."

There's no answer to a thing like that, so I say nothing. We just drift around the floor until she brings me back into this world by asking what time it is. I'm horrified to see that my watch says 8:15.

"You made me miss my bus," she accuses.

"'Twas your own delightful smile that was to blame," I tell her. "What are you going to do now?"

"I get in my car," she says, "and you drive me home, and then you come back to town on the nine-o'clock bus." She is very firm, and I cannot argue.

Her jalopy is hard to drive, so I take it easy on the way out of town, just crawling along in the bright, cool moonlight.

Finally I turn and look at her. And probably because I'm bewitched by the moon making flame of her hair, I stop the car, take her in my arms and kiss her.

She gasps.

"I'm sorry," I say, and I pull back. "I knew that I shouldn't, but it was beyond my powers to resist. I promise not to do it again."

"O'Reilly," she says dreamily, looking up at me with a strange gleam in her eyes, "you're a sweet guy, but you're dumb. Why do you think I kept overparking right smack in the middle of your beat?"

"You did it on purpose?"

"Not the first time," she admits. "But the last two, after I got a look at you . . ."

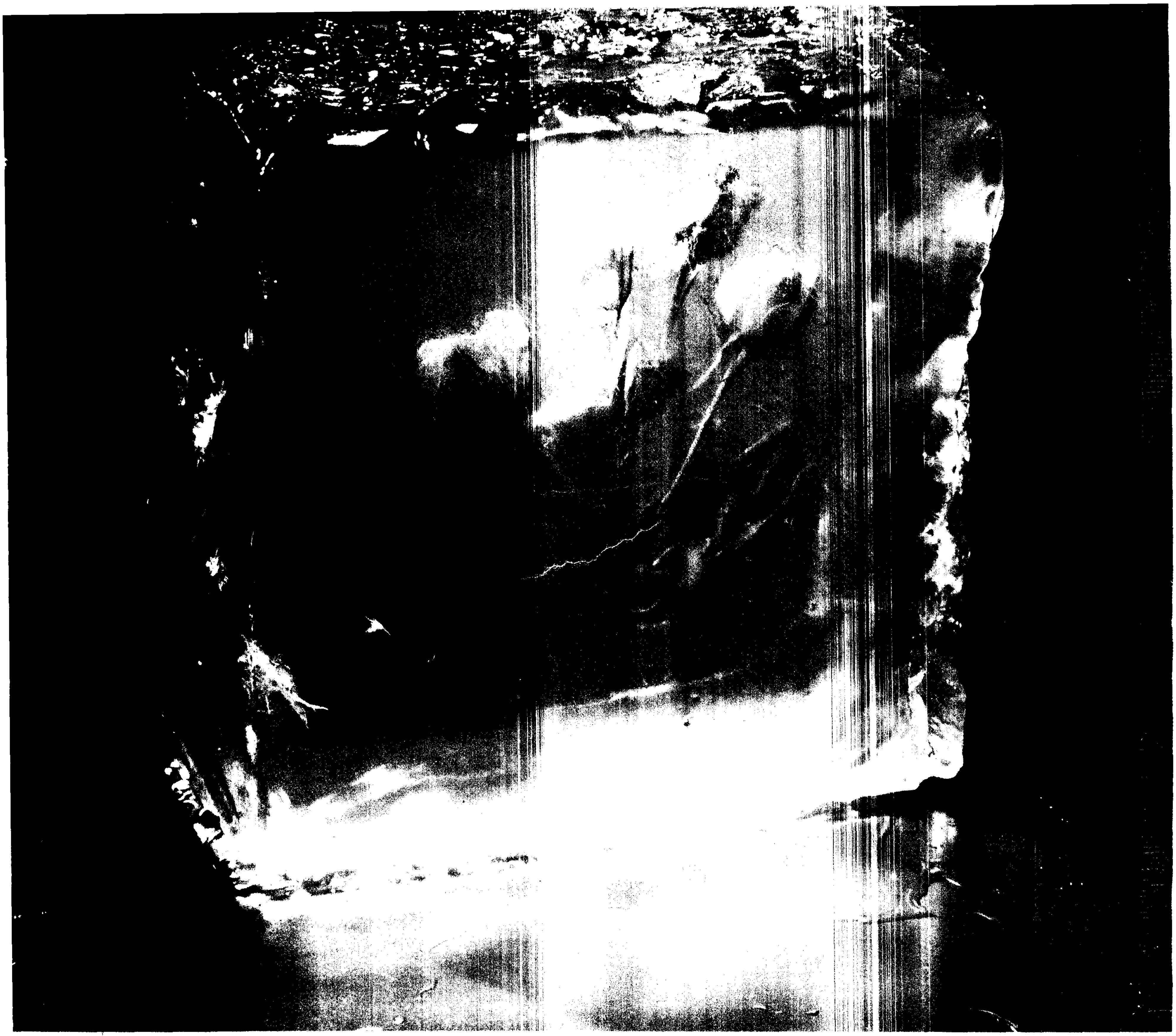
"Miss Morley," I tell her, pulling her close to me with one hand as I turn off the ignition with the other, "it's a strange coincidence, but we just ran out of gas."

SO HERE I am with my pad and pencil, and here's the jalopy. Redheads have fiery tempers, but on the other hand duty is duty, and no matter how hard I argue with myself, duty wins. I put a ticket under the windshield wiper of the jalopy.

It seems like a wife is even harder to cure of bad habits than a bachelor woman. But, like I said, putting a ticket on the automobile of Mrs. Ann O'Reilly takes me back. Indeed it does.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SIEGEL



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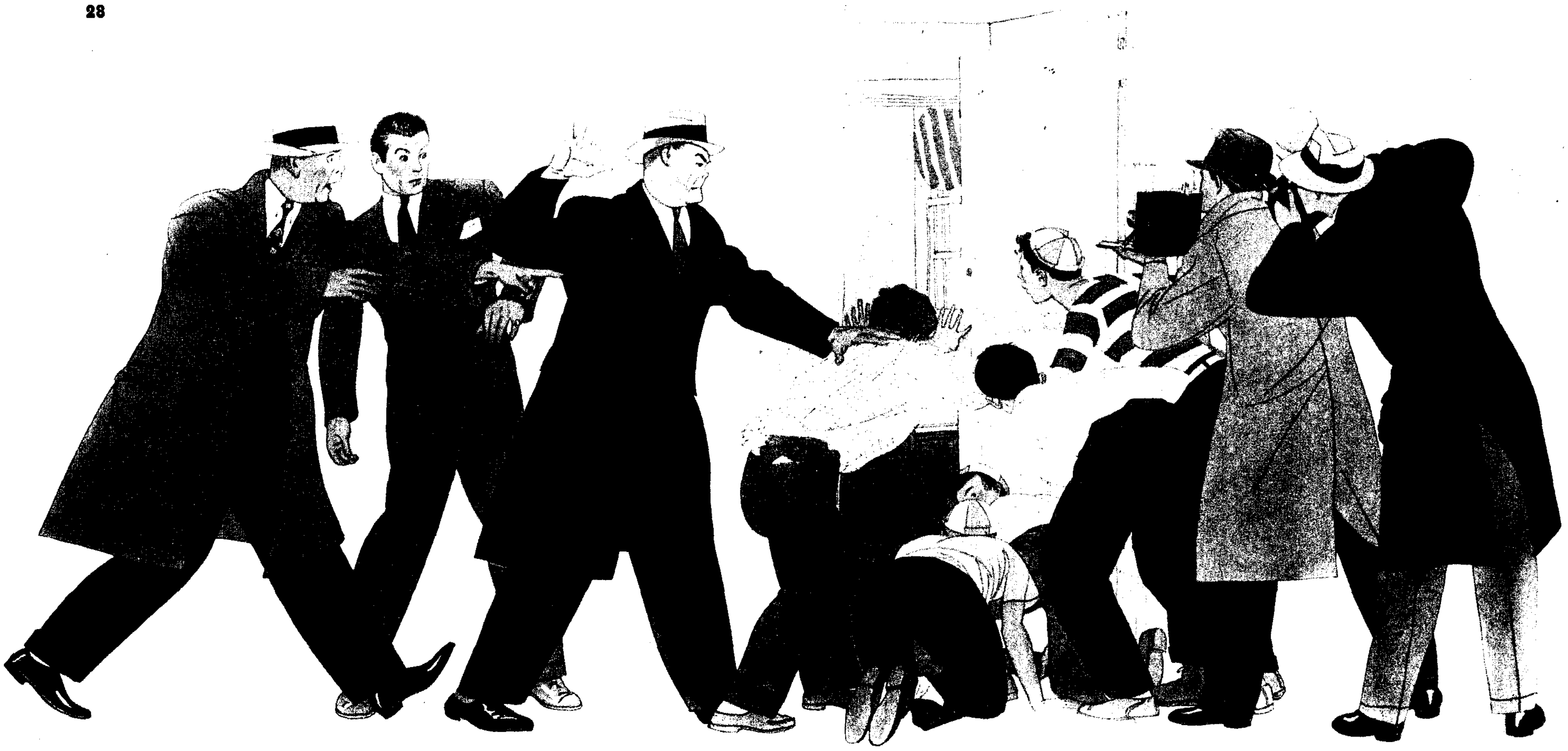

The boys crowded in the doorway and gaped at the two councilmen inside. "Hi, dopes," the redhead said as the flash bulbs flared. McCabe took a swing at him

POLITICS IS MURDER

BY EDWIN LANHAM

The Story:

Councilman Jeff Stover has been murdered in his office at City Hall. George Wright, reporter, summoned to the office by a note delivered by Tracy, another newspaperman, finds Barbara Padgett, Stover's ex-fiancée, with the body. When Lieutenant Madigan, investigator, points a finger of suspicion at Barbara, George helps her because he knows she is trying to cover up for her uncle, Dobbs Padgett, a lawyer powerful in the City Council, against whom Stover made threats just before his death. Barbara hides from the police. Stover's proposal to change the name of McKeever Place, which had angered Joe Myles, acting majority leader, and Ed Leary, district leader, has prompted George to investigate and discover that the place was named for a former custodian of City Hall, who was mysteriously murdered in 1932, time of the city investigation. Joey, youngest son of McKeever, leads George to Stover's room where Barbara is hiding. There they find a letter dated 1932, written by Dobbs, asking Myles and Leary to meet with him to discuss the "handling" of McKeever. Before George has a chance to give the letter to the police, he loses it because Marcia Blaine gives him a Mickey Finn. She is the daughter of Ed Leary and was with Stover the night before his death. Madigan questions Marcia, Leary, Myles and Dobbs, but all deny knowing of the letter, though Dobbs suggests that George's curiosity proves that he was the murderer. And then Barbara tells Madigan she has never seen the letter either. George and Madigan, convinced that the person who killed McKeever is the murderer of Stover, get Joey to confess that at Stover's suggestion he has searched for and found evidence hidden by McKeever before he died—a safe-deposit key which he gave to Stover. The two men find that the key opened a box—now destroyed—containing a notebook filled with names and numbers, put in the bank shortly after the city investigation. The notary who read the book for the bank claims he can remember no exact names. Depressed, George and Madigan leave. Then, angrily, George tells Barbara, who refuses to explain why she lied about the letter, that she has given him the run-around. Barbara tells George that Dobbs has been trying to solve the murder. She adds that if George doesn't stop poking into the case, she, too, is going to think he is guilty.

Conclusion

IT WAS his *post diem* drink that finally made George feel better though he remained uneasy. He stood at the bar in Drake's, trying to think quietly, logically.

The moves Dobbs Padgett made had been subtle. First he had charged George with killing Jeff Stover and thereby obtaining possession of the letter; then at the conference in Madigan's office he had slipped in the suggestion that George's alibi was valueless; and finally, he had somehow planted a doubt in Barbara's mind. George could not imagine what Dobbs had told her, and it was the unknown element that troubled him, the unknown element that supplied the motive in this case. One thing was clear: Dobbs Padgett knew what had been in the notebook; therefore, Dobbs Padgett knew what the motive was.

George told himself that he was not worried. Yet he could not forget the powerful forces operating against him. A district leader, an inspector of police, a high-pressure attorney, and the acting majority leader of the City Council. If they wanted to frame him, they could do a pretty convincing job.

Definitely George's alibi was vulnerable. He could have received the note from Stover, gone down to the minority room and murdered Stover, then left the note on his own desk later and attended the meeting of the City Council, waiting until someone found the note and brought it up to him.

Suddenly, then, George went to the telephone booth and called Lieutenant Madigan. He said, "Bill, I'm worried."

"*You're* worried!" Madigan said. "You got a job, haven't you? Nobody's going to send you to Canarsie."

"They're trying to frame me."

Madigan chuckled. "You didn't kill him, did you?"

"Of course not."

"Then quit worrying. Nobody's going to frame you."

"Dobbs Padgett is going to try, Bill. He's already convinced Barbara that I had something to do with it."

"I'm looking for Padgett," Madigan said. "I'm going to sweat that mouthpiece, George. I got to know who belonged to that notebook. If I find out who owned it, I may find out what was in it. That's our only hope. And you quit worrying, kiddo. You were only sixteen years old in 1932."

George hung up and then wandered aimlessly out to the street. As he walked he thought that the people who knew the name of the owner of the notebook were Ed Leary and Dobbs Padgett certainly, and possibly Joe Myles. Possibly Barbara, and more definitely Marcia Blaine. He turned on Forty-sixth Street toward the Club Pigalle.

From a table he sent a note to Marcia Blaine by his waiter. She came to him almost immediately, wearing the same mauve evening gown she had worn the first night he saw her, in Jeff Stover's room at the Hotel Westbrook. She did not sit down. "What are you doing here?"

"You said once you wanted to be friends," George said. "That's why I'm here. Sit down."

She slipped into the chair opposite his. "What do you want?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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This Vacation's Really on the Rocks!
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SUE, BAD BREATH CRAMPS ANY GIRL'S STYLE! SO — HOW ABOUT SEEING YOUR DENTIST, HONEY?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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"I can tell you what I don't want," George said. "No more chloral hydrate, please, or whatever it was in that Mickey Finn."

Marcia's eyes opened wide and her mouth rounded prettily in affected protest. "But it's a felony to serve a Mickey Finn, sweetie. Don't you know that? If you don't like the liquor here, go somewhere else."

"A fellow never knows what to expect from you." George smiled. "Sometimes you're a cross between a *femme fatale* in a high-school play and a completely dizzy blonde. Sometimes you've got complete amnesia. Sometimes you give me the come-on in neon lights, and now you're trying to think of an excuse to have me thrown out."

Marcia smiled. "I'm not as bad as that. And I'll say this, George. You're a good sport." Her eyes mocked him. "But you're awfully easy, sweetie."

"I guess so," George said. "I forgot one category. There was the simple little West Side girl, too, who never had a drink of champagne until just last year."

"It's change of pace," Marcia said, "that's all it is. I asked Joe about you. He told me change of pace would mix you up." She leaned forward and laid her hand on his. "Now, suppose you run along, George."

"So we're not friends?"

"Now you get it." Marcia stood up. "It's time for my number."

SHE moved quickly away toward the microphone, and George leaned back thoughtfully in his chair. He had learned something, at least. Marcia had asked Joe Myles the best way to approach him, yet Joe had sworn all along that he did not know what was going on. So Joe Myles had probably told her about the letter. Joe Myles must have known what everyone was looking for and Joe had no alibi for the time of Jeff Stover's murder.

The waiter pulled the table out and said, "I have a reservation for this table, sir."

George frowned. He heard the throaty notes of Marcia's song and glanced up. The night club had settled to listen, but there was movement far across the room, where three people were taking seats at a table. Two men and a girl. George sat up straight. The men were Ed Leary and Dobbs Padgett and the girl was Barbara.

Now he understood Marcia's eagerness to get him out of the Pigalle. This little conference was not for him to see.

Barbara's eyes strayed about the night club. Across the room her eyes met his. Then she turned her head away.

The waiter said, "I'm afraid you'll have to leave, sir."

Slowly George got to his feet. Barbara seemed subdued. He remembered her flash of temper in Room 9; even at the time he had thought it defensive, until she had made her preposterous accusation. He had recognized the symptom, but he had not thought about the cause. His hands clenched. Had she been drawn into this conspiracy by threats?

He started across the room. Before he reached the group, Dobbs Padgett looked up and said something to Ed Leary, but Barbara still did not turn her head. George approached the table. "Hello, Mr. Padgett. Hello, Mr. Leary."

"What's on your mind?" Ed Leary asked aggressively.

For the first time, Barbara glanced up. Her gray eyes met George's in a steady gaze that told him nothing. The orchestra began to play again and he said, "Will you dance with me?"

She hesitated, then rose to her feet. They moved to the dance floor, and she came into his arms, with her head bent. They were being watched from the table and George did not speak until he had maneuvered to the other side of the dance floor. Then he whispered, "Have they threatened you?"

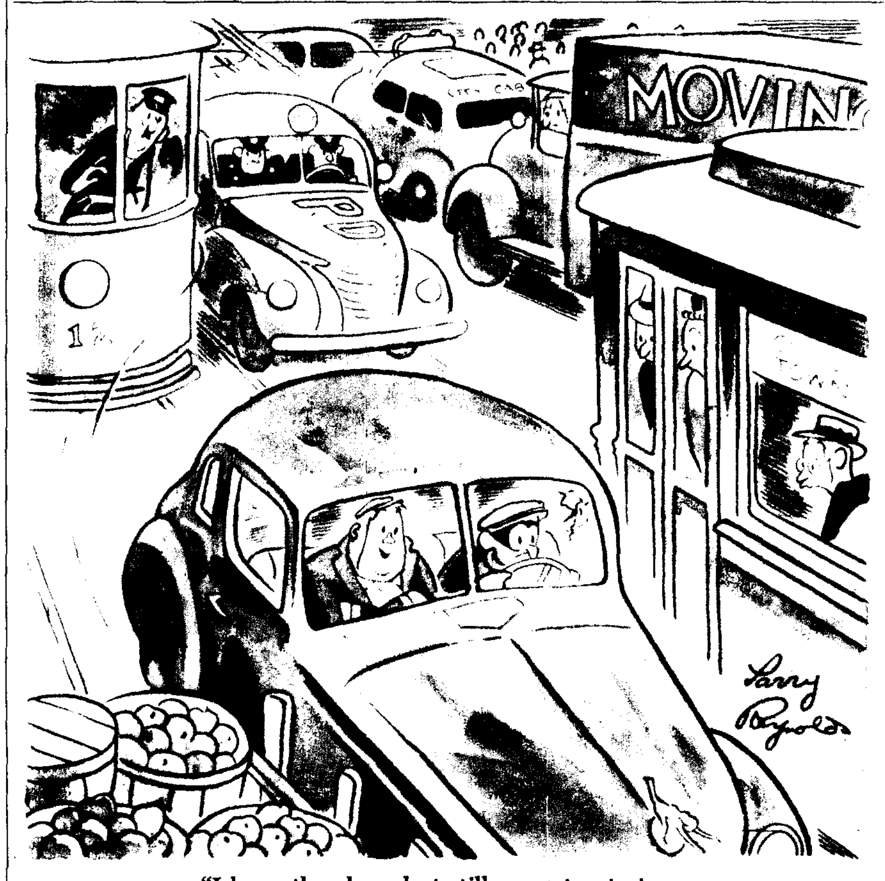
"Threatened?" Barbara looked up. "Oh, good heavens!" She laughed. "More theatricals? Who in the world would threaten me, and with what?"

"With arrest for the murder of Jeff Stover," George said. "Naturally."

She was frowning again. "George, what's the point of all the wild statements you make?"

"*You* were making the wild statements," George said. "Do you honestly believe *I* could have killed Jeff Stover?"

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**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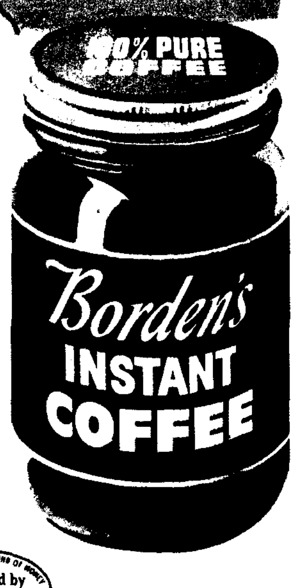

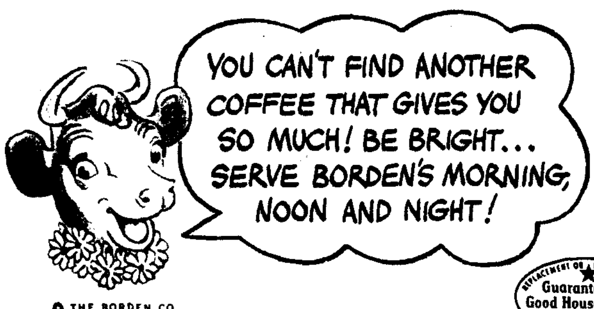
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Barbara glanced over her shoulder. "Maybe we'd better go back to the table."

He held her. "Wait a minute. Let's straighten this out. You think your uncle is trying to solve this case. But how? Is he going to solve it with a little black notebook?"

Barbara's lips were drawn in tightly like the mouth of a purse. "So you *do* know about that?"

They danced on in silence. Blood pounded angrily in George's temples, and his arm around Barbara's waist was rigid. Then he whispered, "Of course you know that notebook has been destroyed."

"That's ridiculous!"

George stopped dancing. "I see," he said. "So they didn't tell you that. What they told you was that I was named in that notebook in some way, didn't they? They told you I was under suspicion, but they held it out that the notebook had been destroyed. They were trying to force your silence, Barbara, don't you see that?"

She shook her head. "That doesn't work."

"All right, ask your uncle."

"I'll ask nobody," Barbara said, and broke away from him. "I wanted to dance, not argue." She walked away so fast that George did not catch her until she reached the table where her uncle sat with Ed Leary. Marcia Blaine was there, too.

Barbara slipped into her chair and George saw that her face was flushed and angry. She said quietly, "Go away!"

"No, I'm not going away. Ask your uncle. Ask Ed Leary. Go ahead."

There was a tense silence. Ed Leary got slowly to his feet and said, "You've outworn your welcome here, Wright."

"Miss Padgett has a question to ask you," George said.

"I have no question to ask," said Barbara.

"Then I'll ask it," George said. "Mr. Padgett, your niece wants to know what happened to that notebook."

"Get out," Ed Leary shouted. "Outside!"

George saw a motion of Marcia Blaine's hand, and an instant later two waiters were beside him and hands gripped his shoulders.

Barbara sat perfectly still, looking at the tablecloth, as the waiters wrestled George toward the door.

AS GEORGE entered Madigan's office, the lieutenant was sipping coffee from a container and smoking a fully lighted cigar. He said, "You, huh? You have a peculiar way of turning up, George. What's on your mind? Have some coffee."

"I can tell you where Dobbs Padgett is."

Madigan said, "He hasn't been in his office all day, and he hasn't been home. There's been a little conference going on somewhere."

"That's right," George said. "At the Club Pigalle. Dobbs is there with Ed Leary."

"I'm not surprised," Madigan said. "You see, George, I had a telephone call from Mr. Padgett and he'll be here any minute. He wants to explain a few things, he said. I guess he found out I know about that notebook."

George told Madigan about the scene in the Club Pigalle, and he had hardly finished when there were footsteps in the corridor and Madigan got to his feet. Dobbs Padgett stood in the doorway. Behind him was Barbara.

The lawyer paused and said in an even, stilted voice, "I expected to see you alone, Lieutenant."

"Sit down," Madigan said. "I think Mr. Wright is entitled to hear this explanation, too."

"No," the lawyer said. "Mr. Wright is the principal suspect in this case, and I must insist that he leave the room."

And then Madigan lost his temper. "Sit down, damn you! *You* must insist? The principal suspect in this case is not Mr. Wright, it's you! You suppressed a letter to your nephew from the Municipal Safe & Lock Company while you tried to get your hands on the contents of that safe-deposit box." He glared at the lawyer. "You suppressed important evidence in this case. You obstructed the police department at every turn. I could hold you as an accessory in two murders, at the very least!"

Barbara's face was pale and her eyes were fixed on the lieutenant's face. Dobbs Padgett gave Madigan a long, speculative glance, then shrugged his shoulders. "I can explain all that, Lieutenant."

"Your explanation better be damned good," Madigan said, "and true. I've had nothing but lies from the Padgett family and I'm fed up. Now sit down!"

PERCHING himself on the edge of his chair, the lawyer began in a careful voice, "I will give you the facts as I know them, Lieutenant. It is my duty. I feel that I have gone as far as I can in protecting the confidences of a client, and I have so informed my client."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "Now that I got the facts."

"As a matter of fact," the lawyer said in a tight, strained tone, "I was attempting to prevent your making false accusations, Lieutenant."

"You're pretty quick with your own accusations."

Padgett ignored the remark. "Actually, I have had high hopes of finding the murderer and turning him over to you."

The lawyer looked at George then, and so did Madigan. The lieutenant said, "How do you like that?"

"Let me give you the facts," Dobbs Padgett went on. "Early in January, 1932, Peter Niebach approached me, as his counsel, and told me an involved story, never fully explained to me, I might say, of the loss of certain material at City Hall."

"You mean the notebook," Madigan said.

"It was a brief case," the lawyer said. "The only information ever given me was that it was a brief case which someone lost at City Hall. The custodian o the building opened it, to ascertain the identity of the owner, and examined the material he found inside. He found matter of a highly confidential nature, Mr Niebach informed me."

"Let's call it a notebook." Madiga sipped his coffee.

"I was not informed what it was," the lawyer said. "I was merely instructed, a counsel, to regain possession of the brie case and its contents and to negotiat with Mr. McKeever to that end. I calle McKeever into my office, but he wa adamant, and I referred the matter bac to Mr. Niebach and to Mr. Leary, who, learned, was also involved in the matter After McKeever was found dead, washed my hands of the affair."

"You washed your hands?" Madiga asked. "Or you closed your eyes?"

"I think I stated it correctly. Unde the circumstances it was impossible fo either Mr. Niebach or Mr. Leary to hav killed McKeever. As a matter of fact Mr. Niebach dined with me that night and we conferred until well past mid night, and Mr. Leary was at his club th entire evening."

"I see," Madigan said. "It didn't oc cur to you that it might be the polic function to pass on those *alibis*?"

"It occurred to me that my client were important figures politically an should be kept out of the case," the law yer said, and pressed his lips togethe angrily. "Let's be reasonable, Lieuten ant. The notebook McKeever ha would have supplied a motive for hi murder which, in those excitable days o the city investigation, might well hav

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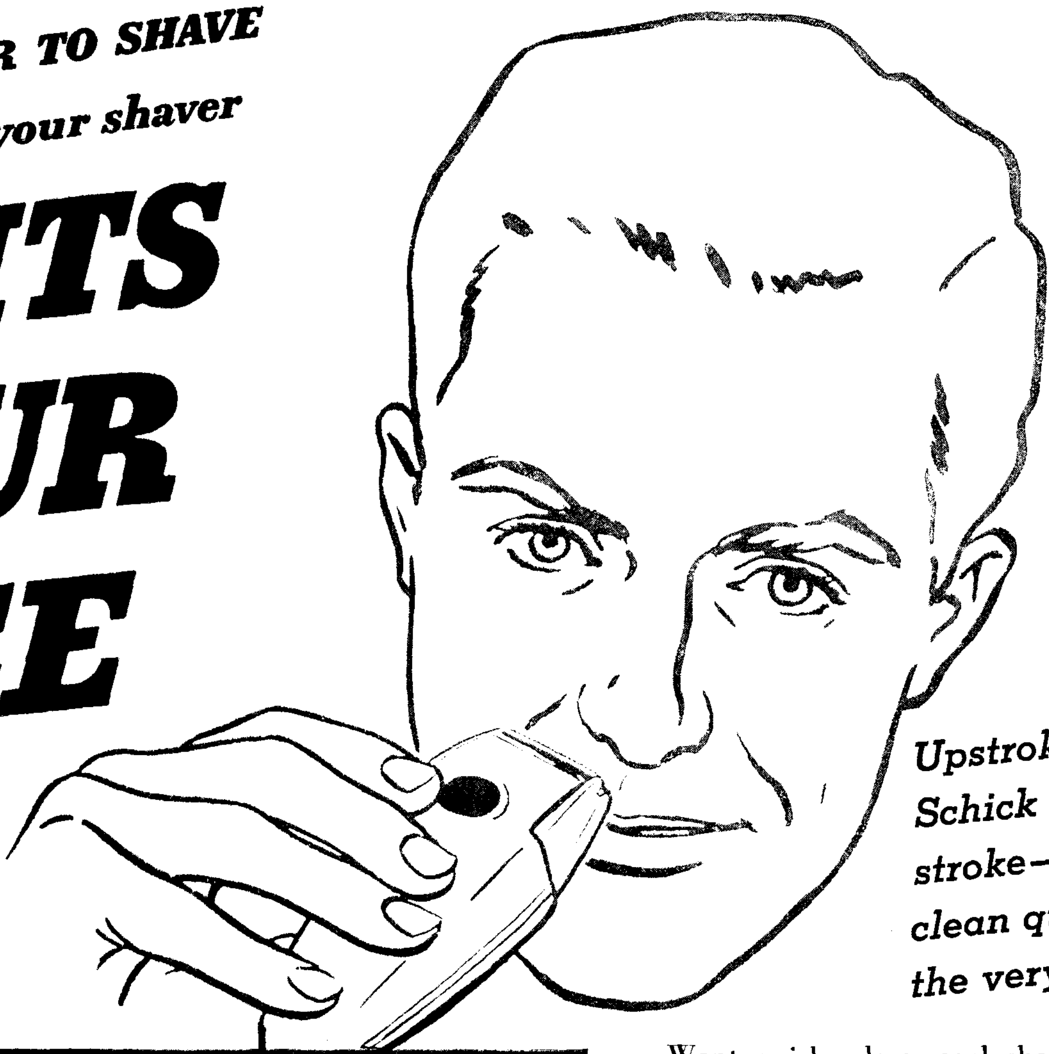

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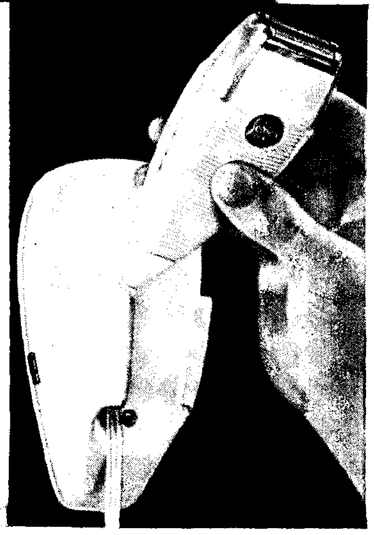

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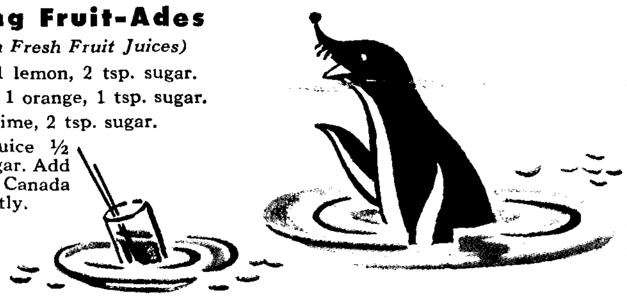

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railroaded someone to jail, possibly to the electric chair. I knew both Mr. Leary and Mr. Niebach to be innocent, whatever they thought about each other."

The lieutenant's eyes lighted. "What do you mean by that?"

"Mr. Niebach was my client, and Mr. Leary thought that I was protecting him in my statement that he had dined with me that evening," Dobbs said. "Mr. Niebach suspected Mr. Leary, but was forced to admit that his alibi was impregnable. When they finally got together and talked it over, I believe they were mutually convinced of each other's innocence, and each of them had in mind the idea of obtaining the material McKeever had, in the belief that it might supply a clue to the murderer."

MADIGAN grinned. "So with that high-minded purpose, you bribed the McKeever boys, Arnie and Leo."

"I had nothing to do with that. Many years ago Mr. Niebach told me that he might at some time receive a confidential communication at my office, through the name of Oscar Halliday, and any communication for Halliday was to be referred to him. I knew nothing of any negotiations that were carried on with the McKeevers. Lieutenant, I wonder if you entirely appreciate the complexities of the situation?"

"I wonder," Lieutenant Madigan said.

"These two men," the lawyer went on, "each retained a certain amount of suspicion against the other. In spite of apparent alibis, they wondered, I suppose, whether the other might not have brought about McKeever's death through a hired thug. But if you will examine the situation, you'll see that was out of the question. Neither man could have commissioned McKeever's death unless he had the assurance that the notebook McKeever had would come into his hands. I therefore was convinced at the time that McKeever had been shot by a holdup man."

"Don't give me that," Madigan said. "How did you know the notebook hadn't come into their hands, either one or both? The notebook never turned up."

"Their actions convinced me that neither had the notebook, Lieutenant. They were both very worried men."

"All right," Madigan said. "So you were convinced. But the murder of your nephew shed a slightly different light, didn't it?"

The lawyer's face had a pinched look. "I think if my nephew had come directly to me with his suspicions, we might have saved his life. By fully explaining the whole situation, I mean. But I did not know until too late about the letter he had found in Mr. Niebach's strongbox. Mr. Niebach retained that letter, I suppose, as a sort of insurance in case he was ever charged. At any rate, the letter did come into Jeff's hands and he began an investigation because he suspected that I was implicated in some way."

Dobbs Padgett hesitated, looking down at the floor. "I'm afraid I was a little overbearing in my relations with my nephew, Lieutenant, but I never suspected he *disliked* me until the night before his death, when he finally showed me the letter. I explained it to him, but it was too late. The murderer had already marked him."

"And of course you never suspected Ed Leary," Madigan said sarcastically.

Dobbs Padgett raised his head. "I was with Mr. Leary at Andrew's Restaurant at the time of my nephew's murder, Lieutenant."

"And it never occurred to you that Leary might have had the job done?"

Dobbs Padgett shook his head. "I think you are missing the point altogether, Lieutenant. The point is that Mr. Leary and Mr. Niebach were not the only persons implicated in the material McKeever had."

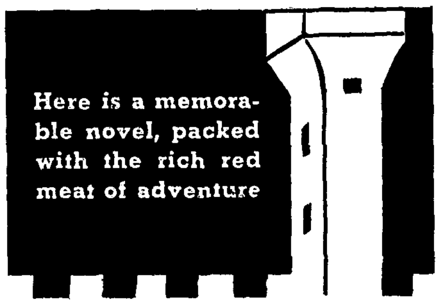
George broke in angrily, "And so you told Barbara that I was one of them."

"Keep out of it, George," Madigan said. "And let's call it a notebook, Mr. Padgett. Go on."

"Very well. The notebook. There were many names in the notebook, in addition to Mr. Leary's and Mr. Niebach's, but obviously, as I knew and as Mr. Leary knew, the production of that notebook would seriously involve Mr. Leary in two murders. Consider how many years both Mr. Niebach and Mr. Leary stewed in their own juice over the disappearance of that notebook. If it ever turned up, they were in trouble, and if it turned up after my nephew's death, Mr. Leary practically stood convicted. The problem, then, was to obtain the notebook and study the names of the other persons mentioned in it. One of them would be the name of the murderer."

"So you went to the bank and found that the notebook had been destroyed. And you covered up."

Dobbs Padgett shook his head. "I talked it over with Ed Leary this evening," he said. "I told him that I felt it my duty to answer any questions you might ask, and I persuaded him that it was best for us to lay our cards on the table."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"Sure," Madigan said. "*After* you knew I had the dope. After Mr. Wright told your niece tonight that we had traced that notebook!"

Madigan slapped the container of coffee down on his desk so hard that some of it sloshed over on his hand. "But aren't you leaving something out, Mr. Padgett?"

"I don't think so."

"Damn it!" Madigan jumped to his feet. "It's a pretty story. Maybe I even believe it. But there's just one thing more. Who the hell owned that notebook?"

Dobbs Padgett exchanged glances with Barbara; he seemed to squirm under her steady gaze. He looked again at the lieutenant and said, "Bummy Parker."

"Bummy Parker?" Madigan asked. "The policy racketeer? So that's it. I get it. He was the pay-off man, is that it?"

"I never saw the notebook," the lawyer said. "The only man who did was Mr. Niebach, and he was secretive about it. He did not hint in even a general way as to its contents, other than that it would be embarrassing to Mr. Leary and himself, among others."

George cried, "You never saw the notebook? But you told Barbara my name was in it!"

Madigan said, "How about that?"

"I told my niece I was suspicious of Mr. Wright's actions and I *assumed* his name was in it."

George looked at Barbara. "Is that right?"

She avoided his eyes. "Yes."

"Then you were pretty damned quick in taking that assumption as the gospel," George said. "You—"

"Settle it outside." Madigan sat down on the edge of his desk. "The policy ring paid plenty for protection, and it had plenty of dough to pay. Yeah, that explains a lot." He looked suddenly stricken. "Hey, Bummy Parker is dead!"

"I think so," the lawyer said.

"You know damned well so! That's it. You picked Bummy's name out of the hat because he hasn't said a word since 1937."

"I assure you, Lieutenant, that Bummy Parker was the owner of the notebook, according to Mr. Niebach."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "But I don't know that it helps you or your client any, Mr. Padgett."

"The fact that we have given you this information is testimonial of our innocence, Lieutenant." Dobbs added slowly, "I want the murderer of my nephew brought to justice."

"That sentiment is as belated as it is credible." Madigan glanced at his watch. "Okay, you can go. But I want your word that neither you nor Mr. Leary will leave this jurisdiction."

"Now, surely, Lieutenant—"

"If I don't have it," Madigan said, "I'll take steps to keep you here."

The lawyer shrugged. "Very well. You have my word." He stood up. "Ready, Barbara?"

Madigan went with Dobbs Padgett toward the door, but George intercepted Barbara. "So you think I was a runner for the policy racket," he said, "at the age of sixteen!"

"George, I don't want to talk about it. Not now, please."

"Coming, Barbara?" Dobbs Padgett called from the door.

"Good night," Barbara said. She turned and walked quickly to the door.

Madigan returned, shrugged his shoulders heavily, and said, "You think he was telling the truth, George?"

"I don't know. Bill, you suppose Bummy Parker, or one of that mob, knocked off McKeever?"

"So why should they knock off Stover, too?" Madigan sighed. "Only thing to do is to pick up what's left of Bummy's boys and run 'em through the hopper. We know one thing. In the notebook was the list of guys Bummy paid protection to, and how much he paid 'em. Maybe one of those boys can tell us those names."

"Dobbs *did* tell her my name was in that book," George said. "That's plain. But still, how could she believe it? I was sixteen. How could I have been mixed up in the policy racket?"

Madigan gave him a keen glance. "There was a way," he said. "Of course you were pretty young." He grinned at George. "Why did you let her walk out? Why didn't you run after her? She expected you to."

CURIOUSLY enough, George spent a quiet week end—until Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. He opened the door and saw Lieutenant Madigan puffing up the stairs.

Madigan entered and dropped to the sofa in the living room. "I've been busy," he said. "I been talking to what you newspaper guys call the underworld, one cop-hating cockroach after another. And what did I find out? Three guesses."

"I guess you need a drink," George said.

"Right the first guess."

George went to the kitchen for ice and

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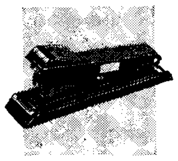
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glasses. When he returned he found Madigan bending over the typewriter by the window, reading the most recent page of George's opus. The lieutenant grinned and said, "Been making hay, I see."

"It's just about finished," George said. "So you didn't find out anything?"

"Nothing. Go easy on that rye. I'm working." The lieutenant sat down again, the glass in his hand. "Nobody knew a damned thing. Maybe the only guy who knew about that notebook was Bummy Parker. He was a thick-witted gorilla. Probably they set up the organization and gave Bummy the job as pay-off man. He was just stupid enough to write down who he had to pay and how much. I'm surprised he didn't ask for receipts." Madigan shrugged. "Anyhow, we're at a dead end. What would you do?"

George shook his head.

"Would you throw the book at Ed Leary and try to make it stick?"

"Do you think Leary is guilty, Bill?"

"George, I don't know. I'm afraid I believe Dobbs Padgett was telling the truth. Of course I *want* to believe he's telling the truth. Am I believing it because Ed Leary can throw a lot of weight around, or am I believing it because I'm believing it? That's what I want to know."

"About that notebook," George said, "I think Joe Myles' name is in it." He told of his encounter Friday night with Marcia Blaine.

LIEUTENANT MADIGAN listened thoughtfully. "It's a fact that Joe's alibi is no good. He could have slipped over and stabbed Jeff Stover, but we couldn't prove it, George. The only way we could hang it on him now would be if we had a witness."

"And that," said George, "is asking for a lot." He paused a moment. "I'm wondering what Walter Tannenberg and Oliver Nathan were doing back in those days."

"Nathan was in the state assembly," Madigan said. "Tannenberg was practicing law. George, we've been all over their past records, and we didn't find a thing."

"Anyhow, they've got alibis," George said. "They were up in the Council meeting. I saw them myself. When I went up at seven minutes to two they were at their desks. They didn't leave the room, and since Stover left the note on my desk after 1:53, that lets them out."

"*If* he left it there," Madigan said.

"I don't think Tracy lied about it," George said. "I checked up on him. He was over at the Municipal Bar from half past one to eight minutes past two."

"What do you know about Tracy?"

"Tracy?" George said. "You mean you actually suspect Tracy?"

"I suspect everybody, George."

"He's a broken-down old guy," George said. "That's all."

"How old?"

"About sixty."

"I can name offhand a dozen of the biggest men in the world," Madigan said, "who are past sixty and they're not decrepit."

George chuckled. "Well, you can count Tracy out. All he thinks about is his next meal, and between meals he just sleeps, Bill." George shook his head. "Besides, aren't you wandering a bit? That notebook proves that the murderer was tied up somehow with the policy racket. Tracy has been a newspaperman for over forty years. How could a reporter's name get in that notebook?"

Madigan grinned. "Don't pull that on me. It could get in the same way yours could. There was plenty of the old fix by reporters back in those days, and you know it. Why, they couldn't pick a better fixer than a reporter. He's close to the magistrates. He's in court every day, legitimately. George, the policy ring could buy up a reporter assigned to magistrates court, and when one of their boys was brought in on charges they'd notify the reporter. Then, you see, the reporter tips the magistrate the wink and the magistrate gives the defendant one hell of a tongue-lashing, then suspends sentence and takes his cut from the reporter later. It would make a nice little setup, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," George said. "If they could get a reporter to do it."

"*If* they could get a reporter!" Madigan snorted. "What's the matter with you, got ideals?"

"Maybe."

"Well, I got ideals about my profession, too," Madigan said. "How do you like that? We cops don't have any picnic, George. We face the elements day in and day out while most people are snug in their beds, and we never know when some mugg is gonna take a shot at us. And we don't get much thanks for it, either. Some cops are too handy with a gun or a club, and some cops are in it to get theirs. You think some reporters ain't in it to get theirs, too?"

"Maybe."

"If a reporter had his name in that book it would make him plenty of trouble," Madigan went on. "He'd lose his job, anyhow, if it came out, and he'd never get another in this town. Yeah, there was plenty of motive for Tracy if his name was in that book."

COLLIER'S "Aren't you having any fun?" VIRGIL PARTCH

George felt uneasy. He had no deep regard for Tracy—but what about Ray Martin? George and Ray worked together, drank together, were real friends. He finished his drink and said, "Bill, Ray Martin told me he was drinking his lunch over at the Municipal Bar on Tuesday. He wasn't there."

"Did he say where he was?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Well, I can tell you," Madigan said. "He took a run uptown to pay a loan shark. I checked up and the money was paid, all right, at about the time he said he was there, and by a guy who answered his description. He told you he was drinking his lunch because he figured it wasn't anybody's business that he owed a few hundred bucks, and as a matter of fact, he did drink his lunch, in that newspaperman's hangout over on Third Avenue. he was there, and by a guy who answered one."

George nodded, relieved. "He was pretty tight, but he sobered up fast after the news of Stover's murder broke. I can't think Ray did it—but it's not much of an alibi—"

"He's about forty," Madigan said. "He would have been old enough in 1932 to have been mixed up in a racket." He shrugged. "Yeah, I been thinking plenty about him, too, I can tell you. And I checked all the other reporters in the Hall that day. They're in the clear. None of 'em was working in this town in 1932. It leaves just Ray Martin and Tracy and you."

"Yes," George said. "Except I was sixteen years old."

"But you worked in a district. So did the other two. And let me tell you this, I'm not paying too much attention to who's got an alibi and who hasn't." He grinned. "I don't expect to pin it on you, George, but that's the thought for today."

"Let me give you a thought for today," George said. "Where was Inspector Stranahan on Tuesday?"

"You kidding?"

"No, I'm not kidding. All you said about reporters goes for cops, too. And he's been holding Ed Leary's hand all through this thing. Maybe it's the other way around. Maybe Ed is holding *his* hand."

Madigan shrugged. "You can forget the inspector."

"Oh, no," George said. "What was the whole setup for? It was protection, wasn't it? They bought Ed Leary and Pete Niebach for protection. Principally, I suppose, to put the heat on the cops and the courts. You think they didn't buy a few cops, too, at retail?"

"You can forget it because Inspector Stranahan is present and accounted for, George, for every minute of the day."

"It would be a pleasure to pin it on the inspector."

"It would, at that," Madigan said unexpectedly. "Well, George, you played along with me, and I appreciate it. I told you the story was all yours when a break came. But I'll have to ask you not to print a damned thing."

"What!"

"I told you when I started this case that reporters got in my hair," Madigan said. "So did you, George, for a while, but not any more. You've been a big help, and I hope you'll drop in on me sometime out in Canarsie."

"You think it's as bad as that?"

"Not yet. They'll wait a couple of months until things have cooled off, George, and then it will come. But I'm gonna fight. I'm gonna fight like hell. Will you be with me?"

"You're damned right I'll be with you."

"That's when I want you to print that story, kiddo," Madigan said, grinned, and went out the door. . . .

The next day at City Hall, Barbara Padgett telephoned George, a little after eleven o'clock. Her quiet voice said, "Has anything happened?"

"You know," George said, "I'd like to know where I stand with you. A week ago we made a date for dinner. I'm still waiting to buy it. How about tonight?"

There was a moment's hesitation, then she said, "All right." She paused a moment before she asked, tonelessly, "Is there anything new?"

"Well, they haven't arrested me yet."

"George, I'm sorry about that. I'll talk about that when I see you tonight."

"Let's forget it," George said. "I'll meet you at eight, at Drake's. And there's nothing new. Everybody has an alibi. No evidence. No witnesses. No . . ." He broke off. Crowded at the door of Room 9 was a group of children enjoying the customary guided tour of the city's most enchanting two-story building. A teacher was explaining the function of a press room, and behind the children, in the corridor, George saw Marcus, the City Hall patrolman.

"Hello!" Barbara said. "Hello. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Excuse me, I have to ring off."

George hung up and quickly crossed the room, pushed through the group of children to the corridor and said to Marcus, "You usually shepherd the kids around when they come to look over City Hall, don't you?"

"That's right," Marcus said. "These kids are from P.S. 141."

"There was a tour last Tuesday," George said. "Remember that one?"

Marcus squinted at George. "Sure, I remember that one."

"What school were they from?"

"Let's see," Marcus said. "The Village Schoolhouse, I think it was."

"Thanks." George hurried back to his desk. He telephoned Lieutenant Madigan and said excitedly, "Bill, a guided tour of school kids is just now going through City Hall."

"Yeah?" Madigan said. "Is that unusual?"

"It's extremely usual," George said. "It happens all the time. But I just remembered that a tour went through last Tuesday and attended the meeting of the Council. There's just an outside chance that they might have seen somebody down in the basement who swore he was somewhere else."

"An outside chance!" Madigan cried. "George, don't go betting long shots like that out at the track."

"I'm not betting on it. The age group was, I'd say, nine to twelve. Maybe those kids heard the case discussed around the home. Maybe they didn't. But see, it's not like adults. An adult who saw anything important would come forward. But a kid? No. He might see something and not know whether it was important or not. He probably wouldn't mention it at home. If one of those kids saw somebody, *anybody*, with Jeff Stover that day it would be important."

"This is clutching at straws, all right. What school did the kids come from?"

"The Village Schoolhouse."

"Oh, Lord," Madigan said. "A progressive school!"

"Okay," George said. "Go on out to Canarsie."

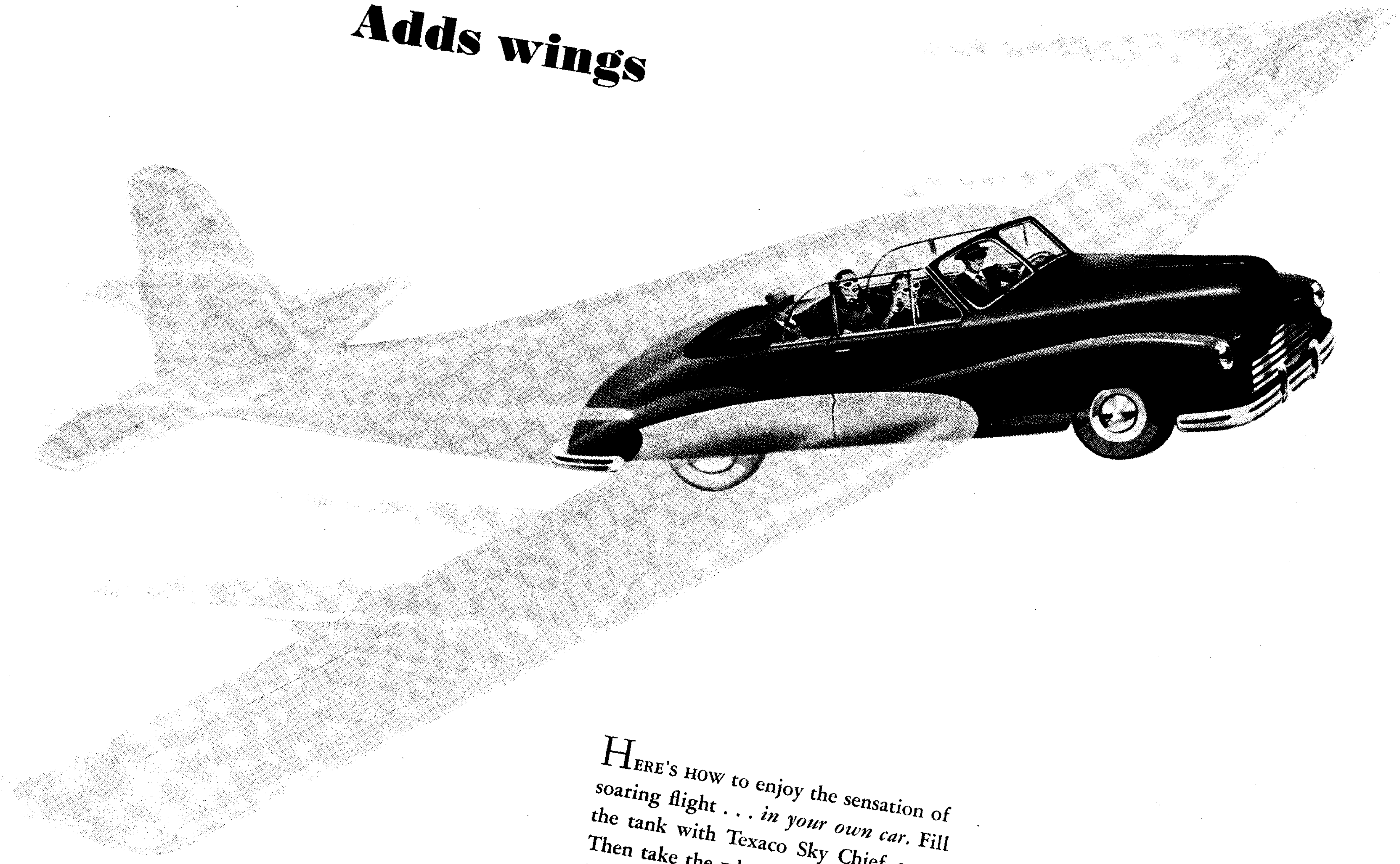
Madigan chuckled. "Oh, I'll try it. I'll take a picture of Stover around there and let the kiddies look at it. I'll try anything, George. And thanks, I'll let you know how I make out."

THROUGHOUT the afternoon George expected a call from Madigan at any minute, but his telephone did not ring. Somehow the day crept slowly by—and finally it was eight o'clock.

George waited for Barbara at Drake's, and was drinking his second Scotch when a hand clapped his shoulder and a hearty voice said, "I'm buying that drink."

He turned his head and met Lieuten-

Adds wings



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ant Madigan's bright eyes. "Kiddo," Madigan said, "you hit the nail on the head."

"You mean those kids saw something?"

"Our horse came in, George." Madigan tapped grandly on the bar. "Bourbon for me, and give Mr. Wright another Scotch."

In his big hand, Madigan clutched his glass. "It's like this, George. Those kids went through the basement, and the door of the minority room was ajar. You know how kids are. Always sticking their noses in where they don't belong, and in every group you got a bunch of ringleaders. In this case there were five of 'em. They pushed the door open a little wider and took a gander inside."

George was excited. "Who did they see?"

"Jeff Stover was sitting at his desk, facing the door. They had a good look at his face and they identified his picture."

"But who else did they see?"

"There was a guy with him, George." Madigan's voice broke off and George turned his head. Barbara Padgett stood beside him, her eyes wide, her face pale.

"Hello," George said.

She moved up to the bar, quietly.

GEORGE ordered her a cocktail, and Madigan said, "Hear what I was telling George, Miss Padgett?" She did not answer, and he said, "It's okay if you heard. It looks like we broke the case."

Barbara turned her head slowly. "Yes? Who did it?"

"I got witnesses," Madigan said. "They saw the killer with Jeff Stover Tuesday, talking pretty loud, having one hell of an argument. I got a description of the killer."

"Who, for heaven's sake?" George demanded.

"I figured it out," Madigan said. "I didn't need those kids to tell me. George, there's a great big signpost saying This Way to the Murderer. It's been right under your nose all along."

"I don't see it," George said. "Who *is* the murderer?"

"I'm going to play my cards close to my chest," Madigan said. "I'm going to make this identification stick, because it's the only proof I've got. I'm bringing those kids on a little personally conducted tour of City Hall about one-fifteen tomorrow, just a week after they saw what they saw, and I'll let them pick the killer out of the crowd that will be there. By God, that ought to make it stick, even if they are kids."

"Listen, Bill, you've got to tell me," George said. "Who is he?"

"Tomorrow," Madigan said. "This is the pitch. I'm going to stake everybody out at the Hall tomorrow. I'll have Tannenberg and Nathan in the minority room. I'll have Ed Leary and his daughter in the rotunda, and Joe Myles in his office. Miss Padgett, I'll ask you and your uncle to join George and the rest of the boys in Room 9."

Barbara lifted her chin. "I think it's only fair to tell my uncle why you want him there."

"Nothing doing," Madigan said. "You keep it to yourself. I mean that." He dropped money on the bar. "Well, kids, I'll see you tomorrow."

As Madigan went out the door George noticed Barbara's pale face. He asked softly, "Barbara, are you still hiding something?"

Her eyes widened. "Heavens, no!"

"Then what's worrying you?"

She shrugged. "The whole thing gives me the creeps, that's all. It's like German hunting—turning a poor animal loose in front of the guns."

"The animal in this case is the murderer of your cousin, Barbara. You want to see him caught, don't you?"

She sipped her Manhattan, said after a pause, "I suppose so."

"Even if he's your uncle?"

Without conviction she said, "It won't be my uncle, George."

George said, "And it won't be me, either."

Barbara put her hand lightly on his. "George, I know you think I've behaved pretty badly. I'm sorry. In the beginning, I was afraid my uncle was involved in Jeff's murder, and I had to find out. Naturally I couldn't tell you about it, or anyone else, certainly not the police, unless I was sure. Remember, Jeff had told me there was some evidence linking Uncle Dobbs to an old murder, and I wanted to find it before the police did. Then, after I found it, I thought that I could talk to Uncle Dobbs about it and decide for myself whether he was innocent."

"Yes, I understand that," George said.

"Then, after you found the letter, I did go to Uncle Dobbs. He told me he was innocent and he said he was sure he could solve the murder. He told me about the notebook, and said it would show who the murderer was. He said your name was in it, and that you were pretty seriously involved. George, I didn't know what to believe. Anyhow, I'm ashamed of myself for losing my temper and saying what I did to you. It was only self-defense, because I couldn't explain the whole thing."

"That's all right," George said.

"And I was scared." Her eyes met his. "The bottom was falling out of everything. Uncle Dobbs did make the case awfully strong against you, and he asked me why had you come out to talk to Jeff in the first place, out on the park bench, and why had you been so curious about McKeever Place and what Jeff was doing, and why had you asked me so many questions, and followed me, and tried to find out what I knew, and why had you taken that letter away, and . . ."

"That's enough," George said. "There's only one answer to all those questions. It was because I love you, Barbara."

Her voice dropped to a whisper: "Well, for heaven's sake, why didn't you ever say so? It was all I needed to know."

A waiter touched George's shoulder. "Telephone, Mr. Wright."

Barbara's fingers pressed George's hand. "I think I began falling in love with you that day you walked in on me in court and upset me so much. . . ."

THE waiter had remained at George's shoulder, an unabashed audience. He grinned and said, "It's Lieutenant Madigan on the phone, Mr. Wright."

Barbara smiled. "Go on. Take your call."

Dreamily George moved toward the telephone booth, and his voice was breathless when he said, "Hello."

"George," Madigan's cheery voice said. "One more thing I wanted to tell you. Just between us."

"Yes?"

"Get down to Room 9 early tomorrow, will you, and let the boys there know what's coming."

"Hey," George said, "this was supposed to be my story when the break came. Remember?"

"You've got the background. I guess you can spare a crumb or two. You got to."

"All right."

"This is what I want," said Madigan. "I want the boys to inform their city editors what's going on, *in strictest confidence*, and on the promise that not more than one photographer and one reporter be assigned by each paper."

"You want to have a circus?" George said.

"Why not? I been walking the high wire long enough. I want to hear the band play."

"Okay," George said. "Don't fall off that high wire, though."

"If I do, George," said Madigan, "they'll hear the crash clear out in Canarsie."

"Bill," George said, "I ought to warn

you. Barbara is bound to tell her uncle about it."

"That's right," Madigan said. "And Dobbs Padgett will tell Ed Leary and Ed will tell Joe Myles and Joe will tell Walter Tannenberg and Walter will tell Oliver Nathan. Okay, let's let the guy sweat a little. It's in the bag now."

George hung up, thinking that it was a little out of character for Madigan to make a grandstand play. He must be very sure of himself, indeed.

George stepped out of the booth and went toward the bar. The place where he had been standing was filled by someone else, and there was a blonde where Barbara had been. The bartender caught his eye and said, "Got a message for you, Mr. Wright. The lady said please excuse her. She's got a headache."

THE next day George reached Room 9 earlier than he had since the first day he was assigned to City Hall. The big clock in the press room said ten—and Ray Martin had not yet arrived. Not even Tracy was around.

Nervously George went to the door and looked along the empty corridor. He paced up and down Room 9. He telephoned Padgett & Padgett and asked for Barbara, but she was in court, her secretary informed him. Finally at ten-thirty Ray Martin and Tracy arrived together, and Ray stopped in the doorway and gaped. He looked at the clock, then looked again at George. "So Brickell put on a little heat, huh?"

George shook his head. "There's plenty of heat today, Ray, but Brickell didn't generate it. Lieutenant Madigan is going to arrest the murderer of Jeff Stover today."

Ray stared at George, and Tracy blinked his sad eyes.

George asked, "First, will you promise to do exactly as I tell you?" Both men nodded and he said, "The arrest will be made here at City Hall."

Ray said, "Who?"

"Now listen, both of you," George went on. "You can call your city desks, but don't talk to anyone but the city editor himself, and swear him to secrecy. Then tell him that he can send one photographer here for the big show."

"You know who the murderer is all right," Ray said. "Who?"

"Madigan has witnesses," George said. "Five kids who were in a guided school tour that went through the basement last Tuesday and took a peek into the minority room."

Tracy's big brown eyes were fixed on George's face. Ray whistled softly.

"Madigan will have here in City Hall everybody who was here last Tuesday, so far as he can, and he'll bring the kids through on another tour," George explained. "He knows who did it, but he'll put it in the deep freeze by having the kids point him out."

"My God," Ray said. "What a setup!"

Tracy shook his head. "George, does Madigan think he can prove it on the identification of some little kids? How old are they?"

"There's other evidence to go on, Trace," George said. "Evidence that goes way back to the city investigation. Madigan's got his man, all right."

"He'd better have." Ray grinned. "They'll laugh him out of town if he doesn't. It's corny, but it's beautiful." He reached for his telephone and asked for the city editor.

George looked at Tracy. "Going to notify the Appeal, aren't you?"

"Yeah." Tracy pushed himself to his feet.

George returned to his desk, and as each reporter assigned to City Hall arrived he exacted an agreement, told the story and watched the rush to the telephones. By eleven o'clock all had reported, and at eleven-fifteen Barbara telephoned.

"Hello," George said. "What happened to you last night?"

"I left a message. Didn't you get it?"

"I don't care what your story is," he said, and grinned into the telephone, "so long as you remember what you said last night."

"I remember."

"And so long as you meant it."

"I meant it."

"I meant it, too," George said.

Barbara's tone changed. "George, Uncle Dobbs is trying a case today. He's in court. I don't see how he can possibly . . ."

"He'll have to be here," George broke in. "Besides, court will adjourn at one o'clock, won't it? Your uncle had better talk to Madigan. Leave me out of it. I'm just the stage manager. And you keep out of it, too. You've done enough of his dirty work."

"George, I . . . Well, do you think I have to be there?"

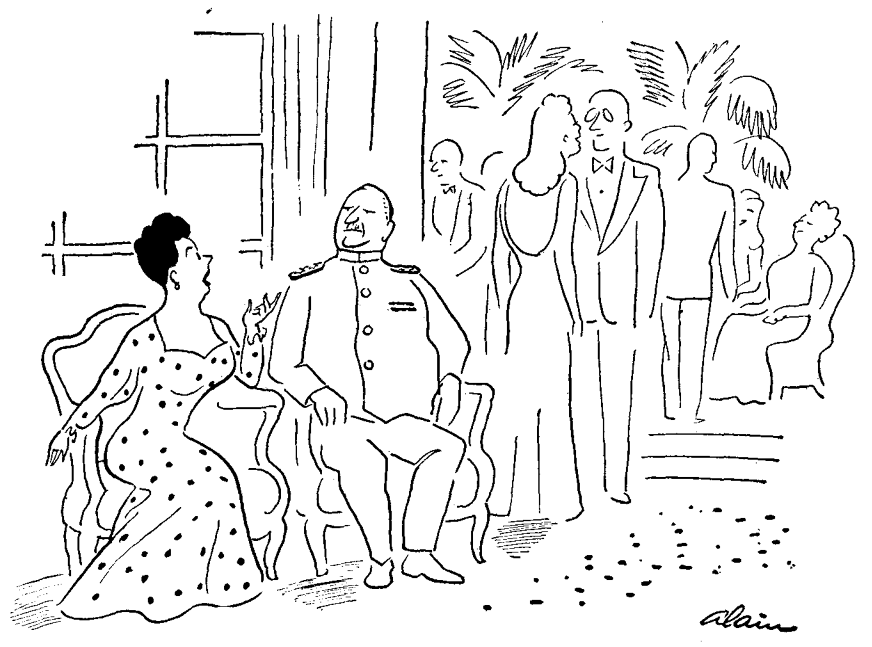
His fingers tightened on the receiver. "Don't you want to be here?"

"I told you, darling, it gives me the creeps."

"I'll hold your hand," George said. "You be here."

"All right." She hung up.

The photographers were arriving now, and telephones were ringing constantly. George noticed Tracy sitting on the edge of his desk. He had a cigarette in his mouth and was fumbling with a match. George saw that his fingers were shaking. "What's the matter, Trace?"



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When Tracy spoke his voice trembled a little, "My city editor is sending another man down, George."

There was nothing for George to say. Tracy went on, "I've covered bigger stories than this, in the old days."

George nodded and turned away. Room 9 was crowded now. Photographers had their cameras set up and were carrying on casually profane conversations, as if their mission were no more important than photographing a current motion-picture queen selling the mayor a ticket to a benefit.

From noon on, everyone watched the clock. At quarter past twelve Joe Myles paused at the doorway and looked in. He had a worried expression, George thought. He walked on again without responding to the greetings from the men in the press room.

A FEW minutes before one, George left Room 9 and toured the building. Oliver Nathan and Walter Tannenberg were in the minority room, each in his office, and looking as self-conscious as if he were posted in Macy's window. On the floor above, Joe Myles sat at his desk, running his typewriter with an air of unconcern. George turned away from the majority leader's room and circled the rotunda. Ed Leary and Marcia Blaine had not yet arrived.

Returning to Room 9, George met Ray Martin in the corridor. He had his hat on, and seemed uneasy when George called to him, "Where are you going?"

"I thought I had time for a quick one, George."

George took Ray's elbow. "Madigan will be here any minute now. Let's go back."

For an instant Ray drew away. Then he said quietly, "Okay," and walked beside George to Room 9.

The room was very crowded. George pushed his way through to his desk, and found Barbara Padgett sitting in his chair, her uncle standing in the corner behind her. Barbara seemed as remote to George as she had the first day he saw her—until she smiled. For a moment neither spoke; then George let his fingers touch her arm caressingly and said, "We'll get away when this is over."

Dobbs Padgett scowled. "I hadn't expected a demonstration such as this. I wonder if the police commissioner knows about this," he added savagely.

"George, do you have a cigarette?" Barbara's voice was nervous.

He gave her a cigarette, lighted a match. As he bent over her she whispered, "George, did Madigan tell you?"

"No."

"It's cruel," she said. "It makes me feel actually guilty myself. If I were the one, I don't think I could stand it."

"Ed Leary hasn't shown up yet," George said.

Barbara said nothing more.

There was a sudden rush toward the door; George looked up and saw Lieutenant Madigan there. Madigan held up his hand. "Quiet everybody." His eyes strayed around the room until they met George's; then he grinned. "Now we're ready to go. I want you guys to get this picture clear. You know why you're here. You photographers may follow along, and there will be a couple of cops to see that you *follow*. The reporters will wait here in Room 9."

Facing a burst of anguished protests, Madigan said savagely, "You'll do as I say or I'll have you thrown the hell out of City Hall. You got that?"

In the silence that followed, the lieutenant said more quietly, "One reporter will accompany me, and that reporter will be Mr. Wright. Come on, George."

"This is it," George said, and pressed Barbara's hand. He crossed the room to Madigan's side. After they had gone through the door a uniformed patrolman moved forward to bar it.

In the corridor Madigan squeezed George's arm and said, "Kiddo, this has got to go over! This way." They turned right and went down to the basement. Madigan said, "The stake-out is all set, and everybody's here. The minority room will be the first stop."

Through the east door they went, and up the steps to the park. The photographers clattered behind them. Three detectives were waiting outside, and one of them was McCabe. They stood in a line in front of a bench on which five boys were sitting.

Madigan said, "All right, photographers, you bring up the rear. Fall in behind. You can take all the pictures you want, but stay in place."

Two of the detectives shepherded the photographers into position and McCabe lined up the five boys. Madigan said, "Okay, sprouts, we're set."

"Gosh," one of the boys said. "It's about time."

"Pipe down," said Madigan. "You know what you're here for. Now do as you're told."

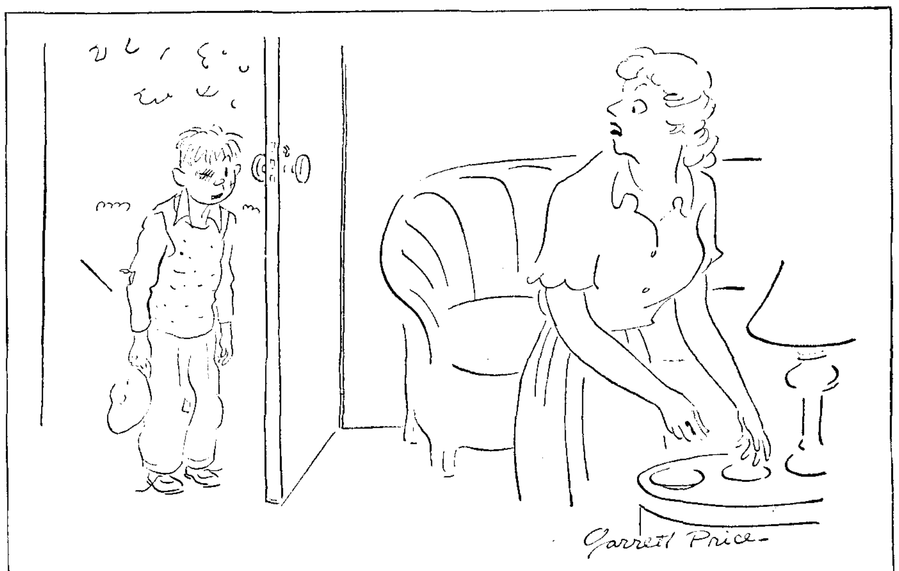
A redheaded boy with freckles as large as BB shot and the aggressive, skeptical eyes of New York youth looked at Madigan, pursed his lips and saluted him in Bronx style.

McCabe said, "You little punks get in line and do like the lieutenant told you. The first one gets out of line will get a clip he won't forget in a hurry."

"Ya bumya," the redhead said. "You clip me and I'll . . ."

McCabe clipped him, and jumped back, rubbing his shin where the boy had kicked him.

"Cut it out," Madigan said. "You, too, McCabe. Be your age. In line, kids. Here we go." He hooked his arm through George's. "Come on, kiddo. Keep your



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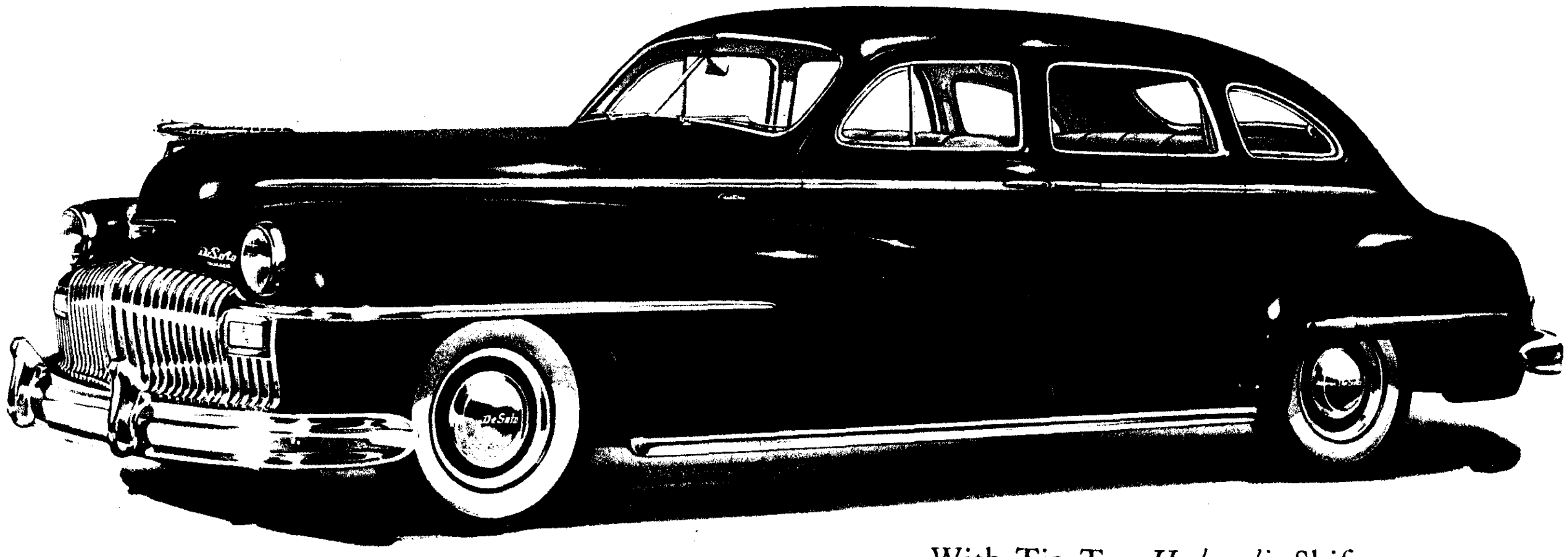

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eyes open and your mouth shut and say a little prayer."

They led the file of boys and photographers down the steps to the basement, and moved on to the door of the minority room. The boys crowded to the doorway and gaped at Nathan and Tannenberg. The two councilmen gazed calmly back at them, and flash bulbs flared in the basement corridor.

The redhead said, "What a coupla dopes! Hi, dopes."

McCabe took a swing at the redhead with his open palm, and the boy ducked.

A PHOTOGRAPHER bumped into George; another stepped on his foot. Oliver Nathan called out, "I'd rather face a machine-gun squad, Lieutenant."

Madigan grinned and led the way up the stairs and along the corridor past Room 9. George glanced in the door. He saw Ray Martin's tense face amid the group of reporters. Barbara and her uncle were hidden from sight.

Madigan and his group went to the rotunda. Across the way George saw Ed Leary standing rigidly with his daughter. Marcia was smoking a cigarette, leaning against one of the big square pillars.

Turning his file to the right, Madigan made for the office of the acting majority leader. The boys followed him inside, and photographers elbowed George at the doorway. Madigan's powerful shoulders rose above the five juvenile heads.

Joe Myles was at his desk; he turned a drawn and sallow face to Madigan. George could see the nervous twitching of his lips. Suddenly the redhead shouted, "That looks like him!"

Flash bulbs shot light through the room, and Joe Myles' face glared starkly white as he jumped to his feet. "Dammit, Lieutenant," he shouted, "I won't stand for this! I never saw that little brat before in my life and he never saw me! I was nowhere near the minority room Tuesday!"

"Mr. Myles, we're just looking for the facts," Madigan said. "We're not framing anybody." He put his hand on the redhead's shoulder. "Are you *sure* he's the man, sonny?"

"Naw, he ain't the one," the redhead said. "It got a rise outa him, didn't it?"

McCabe was too far away to clip the boy. Madigan asked, "Anybody else got any ideas about it?"

The other boys remained silent. Madigan shrugged, and said, "Sorry we upset you, Mr. Myles. I guess the boy made a mistake."

"You make too damn' many mistakes, Lieutenant."

Madigan led the way out of the office, straight across the rotunda toward Ed Leary. A few steps behind Leary stood Marcus, the cop. Ed Leary had an anxious look, George thought, but so did Marcus. Marcia Blaine was smiling.

George whispered hurriedly to Madigan, "Where is Inspector Stranahan?"

"I had to leave Stranahan out," Madigan said. "I had my reasons, George."

"Bill, *do* you know who your man is?"

"You bet I do. Watch and see."

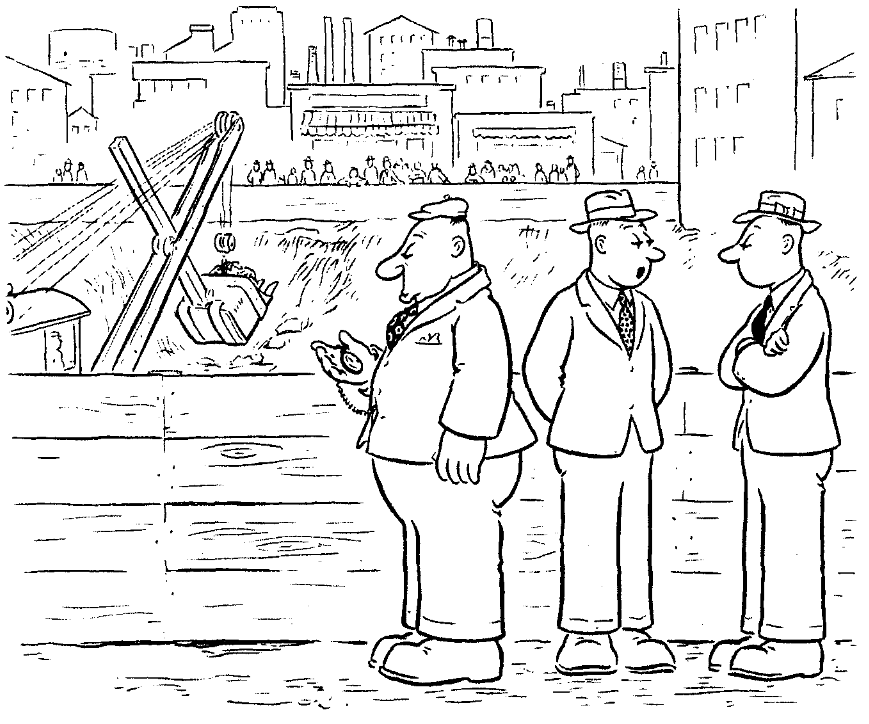
They crossed the rotunda, the photographers streaming out behind. There was a crowd pressing in—people who had come to attend the council meeting—but there was an aisle leading through to Ed Leary. It was a circus, all right, George thought, an incredible, impossible performance. In the center ring, Mr. Edward W. Leary, district leader omnipotent municipal puppeteer.

The five boys stared at the district leader. The redhead looked bored but whistled when he looked at Marcia.

Madigan said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Leary."

George turned away. Room 9 was next, where Dobbs Padgett waited with Barbara. Quickly he started toward the press room. He wanted to be with Barbara when the five kids turned in the door.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred's keeping an eye on the time. At five-thirty he has to watch a man in a restaurant window flip pancakes"

COLLIER'S

The policeman at the gate let him through, and as he pushed his way across the room toward Barbara excited voices called, "Anything happened?"

"Not yet," George said. "They're on the way here."

"Here?" Ray Martin said, and looked at Dobbs Padgett. Everyone in Room 9 was looking at Dobbs Padgett. The lawyer's forehead was moist, and glistened in the light from the window. He smoothed his mustache nervously with thumb and forefinger.

Barbara jumped to her feet. "I'm getting out of here!"

George caught her hand and held it tightly. Barbara whispered, "It's awful. I just can't stand it."

Dobbs Padgett put his hand on her shoulder. His hoarse voice said, "Steady, Barbara. There's nothing to fear."

Flashes of light came from the corridor, and the policeman at the door stood aside. Barbara bent her head.

Madigan strode into the room ahead of the boys, calling, "Stand back, everybody. Back against the wall, please." He stopped at the barrier, looking keenly about him. His voice rose suddenly in a tremendous shout. "Where's Tracy?"

George started. Tracy's chair was empty. He heard Ray Martin say, "He went down the stairs, Lieutenant, just before you came in."

Madigan raced toward the door in the corner, and George released Barbara's hand and followed. McCabe was there ahead of him, and let him through, but held the other reporters back. With amazing speed, Madigan dashed down the steep stairway and had turned into the room below before George reached the foot of the stairs. When George rushed through the doorway, Madigan was standing with his feet wide apart, staring down at Tracy, who was sitting at the long table with his head in his hands.

"So you couldn't take it, Tracy," Madigan said. "You couldn't face those kids."

Slowly, incredulously, George moved forward into the room. "It's all up, Tracy," Madigan's deep voice said. "Want me to bring the kids down?"

Tracy did not raise his head, did not move. George saw that the uncovered portion of his forehead was streaming with sweat.

"You see, Tracy, we got the goods on you," Madigan said. "We got you right. You didn't find that note on George's desk. Jeff Stover gave you that note himself a little after one o'clock. Before you went to the Advocates Club you went down there to find what he was really getting at, and you killed him, then you went on to the Advocates Club. That's when you saw the out that note might give you, and you pulled that gag about a bad clam as an excuse to leave the Advocates Club. You were too far away from City Hall, weren't you? You had to alibi yourself for the time *before* you took that note up to the Council, so you went to the Municipal Bar, right across the street, and you sewed it up tight."

Madigan put his hand on Tracy's shoulder. The old man did not raise his head. Madigan went on, "You want to tell me about it, or shall I tell you?" He jerked Tracy's shoulder hard, and for a moment Tracy sat almost erect, and his face showed yellow and ghastly. Then he slumped back to the table.

"You see, we found that notebook McKeever had," Madigan said. "That pay-off book. He had it in a safe-deposit box and we found the key in that stuffed cat. Your name was in that book, Tracy. You were fixing policy cases in the Magistrates Court, weren't you? But times were pretty tough when McKeever turned up that notebook and told you he was going to appear before the city investigation. So you shot him."

Tracy's face was still hidden by his arms, and George saw how he was trembling. His faint voice said, "I never meant to kill him. We had a fight."

"Yeah, you had a fight," Madigan said. "But you had a gun handy. You knew you'd be broken out of the newspaper business if you didn't kill him."

Tracy was silent.

"For a while you were plenty scared," Madigan said. "You thought the stuff would turn up and burn you. You just got along from day to day, filling your belly and trying to forget what was on your mind. The old Appetite. That was the tip-off on you, Tracy. You always had a little too much appetite, didn't you?"

At last Tracy moved. His arms drew back, slid over the edge of the table. He raised his head a few inches.

"So when Stover started digging and kept on digging you got panicky," Madigan said. "You went down and killed him."

Tracy's head came up a few more inches and he whispered, "I never meant to kill him. I went down there to talk to him and—and . . ."

"I believe you," Madigan said. "It was a crime of panic. They were both crimes of panic. You blew your top both times, didn't you? Well, the chips are down now. Why don't you tell me the whole story?"

Tracy stared at the floor. He had quit sweating now and seemed more relaxed. "I went down to the minority room Tuesday and Stover saw me and called me in. He asked me to take a note up to George in Room 9. I guess that was when the kids first saw me, because after that I shut the door and asked him what it was about. He wouldn't tell me."

Tracy was silent for a long time, until Madigan prodded his shoulder, then he looked up again from haunted eyes. "I was scared. I told him I knew what he was looking for and I asked him if he'd found it. He said he had a lead he was following up, and he asked me how I happened to know about it. He kept looking at me in a funny way. I started out, and he began typing something. I took the sword off the wall in the office next to his, and I held it behind my back and I . . . I . . . and he looked up and swiveled his chair around and I . . . I . . ."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "We know."

Tracy slumped forward and buried his face in his hands again. Madigan shook his shoulder. "So you stabbed him, didn't you?"

Tracy's strangled voice said, "Yes."

MADIGAN straightened. From the doorway above there came shouts and George heard McCabe calling, "Hey, Loot, how about these kids? You want 'em down there?"

Madigan turned his head, grinning broadly. "Nope," he shouted, and put his hand in his pocket. He took out his wallet and counted out five one-dollar bills. Leading George out into the corridor, Madigan pushed the money into his hand and whispered, "Will you go up and pay them off?"

"*Pay* them?"

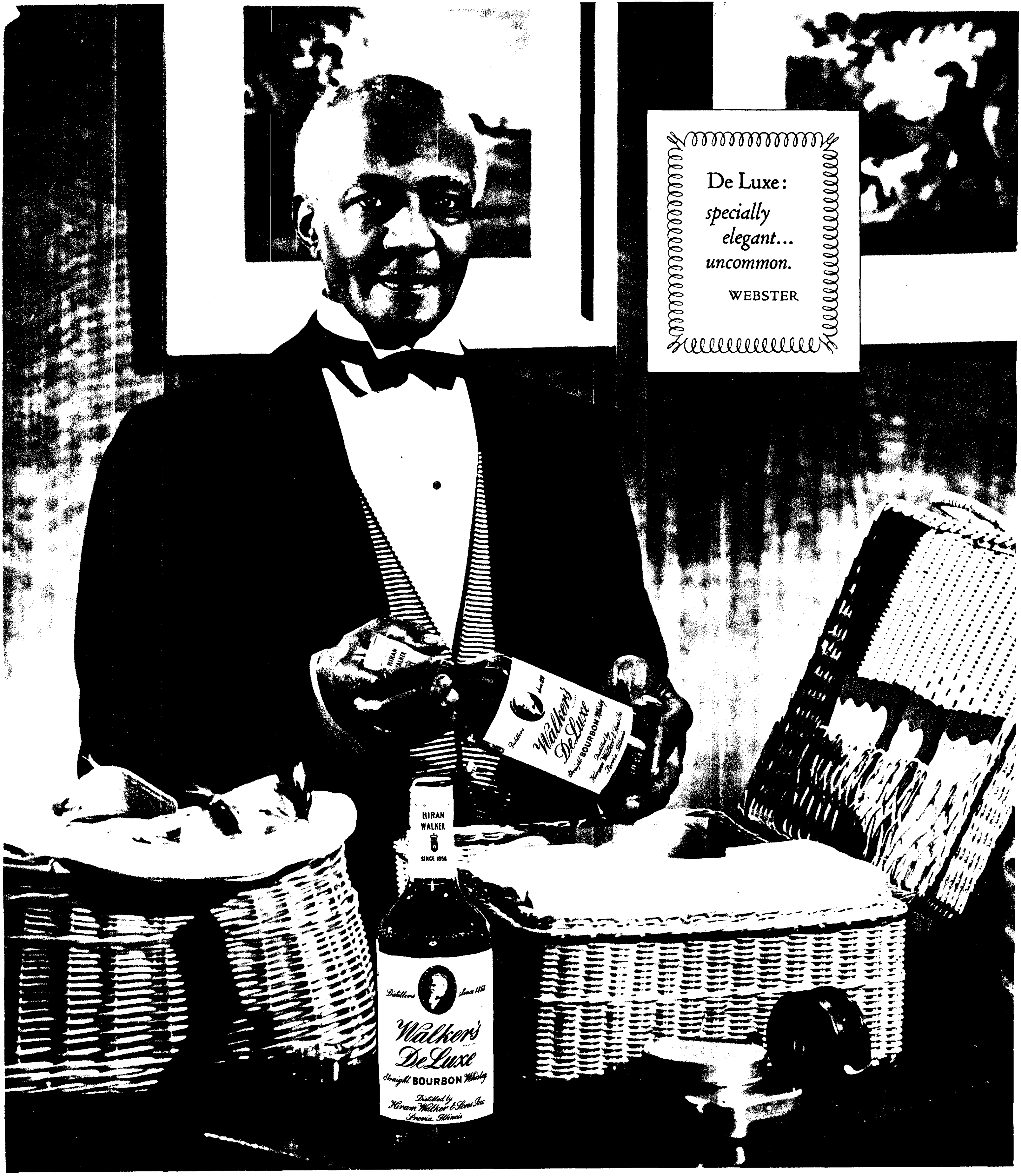
"Why, sure," said Madigan. "You think those brats ever saw the inside of a progressive school? I picked those kids up on Twentieth Street and promised 'em a buck apiece. Go pay 'em, George." He slapped George's shoulder. "How do you like that? Hell, those school kids never saw a damned thing."

George said, "You were walking a high wire, all right."

"I'll say I was." Madigan grinned. "But I told you there was a signpost pointing the way to the murderer. Look, didn't you ever wonder why Stover passed up the Council meeting that day, his second session of the Council? Why didn't he wait and talk to you *after* the meeting? The reason was he never intended to miss that meeting. He wrote that note to you some time before it showed up on your desk, and he didn't go to the Council meeting because he was dead. So how did the note get on your desk after seven minutes to two? The murderer put it there, of course. That had to be it. But as a matter of fact it never was put on your desk. Tracy had it in his pocket."

"So that's why you weren't interested in alibis," George said.

"That's why I was interested in the guy with the *best* alibi," said Madigan. "Everything Tracy did showed he went out and manufactured an alibi, and he was the only one of my suspects who could pull that hocus-pocus with the note without attracting attention, except for you and Ray Martin. Dobbs Padgett or Ed Leary couldn't drop into Room 9 and leave that note; it would be too big a chance. Joe Myles could have, but he had a hole in his alibi, anyway; what good would it do him? Tannenberg and Nathan were up in the Council from the time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86 Proof

you left Room 9, and they were ruled out. So it left you and Ray and Tracy, the only guys with business in Room 9. But Ray didn't cook up an alibi at all, and you were too young."

"You took a terrific chance," George said.

"I don't think so, George," Madigan said. "You see, Tracy didn't know that notebook had been destroyed. I couldn't have sweated it out of the other guys, because they *knew*. But I could sweat Tracy, and I did. Look at him. He's still sweating!"

But George could not look at Tracy. He turned slowly toward the stairs. Madigan called after him, "And send McCabe down here, will you, George?"

George found McCabe barring the door, the five juveniles clustered around him. George gave the detective the five dollars and said, "Give 'em each a buck, and Madigan wants you."

The room was jammed with frantic reporters and photographers. Ray Martin shouted, "George, give out."

"Tracy confessed," George said. "He killed Rudolph McKeever on January 11, 1932, and he killed Jeff Stover last Tuesday. For further details see Lieutenant Madigan." He grinned. "Or tomorrow's Record-Star."

No one had time to think of a name to call him. They dived for telephones. George saw Barbara at his desk, holding a handkerchief to her eyes. He crossed quickly and sat beside her. She sobbed and said, "It's just relief, George. I can't help it."

George glanced up at Dobbs Padgett. "I suppose you know you have a very loyal niece."

"Yes," the lawyer said. He frowned at George. "Exactly how much are you going to print in your paper, young man?"

George hesitated. "Why do you ask that?"

"I'm still trying to protect a client," the lawyer said. "You understand, I'm sure, that you haven't a shred of evidence. If you print anything linking Mr. Leary to the policy racket we'll sue the presses right out of the Record-Star's basement."

"You can tell your client that I have a proper regard for the laws of libel," George said. "You can also tell him that if ever any trouble is made for Lieutenant Madigan I'll print a story that will blow Ed Leary out of his district."

Dobbs Padgett smiled. "If any trouble is made for Lieutenant Madigan you will have my full co-operation on that, Mr. Wright." He picked up his hat. "Barbara, are you coming?"

She shook her head. "I'll stay here with George, Uncle Dobbs."

The lawyer's smile was slow in coming. "It seems to me the fine loyalty you spoke of in my niece has been divided," he said. He turned on his heel and walked away.

GEORGE took Barbara's hand. "It was just two weeks ago that I looked out the window and saw you on that bench. I saw that red hair out there in the sunlight and I went out to investigate and I found it sprouting from the hardest-headed, cockiest lawyer at the New York bar. That was just this time, two weeks ago. And you still haven't kept that date for dinner."

"I'll keep it tonight, George."

Lieutenant Madigan emerged from the door at the head of the stairs and held up both hands as reporters rushed toward him.

"Give me fifteen minutes more," he said. He approached George's desk and grinned happily. "Well, we pulled it off," he said. "George, I didn't dare let you in. I was afraid you couldn't stand the altitude." He slapped George's shoulder lightly. "May I borrow your typewriter and carry it down below? I want to type out a confession for Tracy to sign."

"Sure."

"And I'll want you to come down as a witness," Madigan said. He leaned over to pick up the typewriter. "Okay?"

"All right," George said, and turned to Barbara. "Listen, will you go out there in the park and sit on that same bench?"

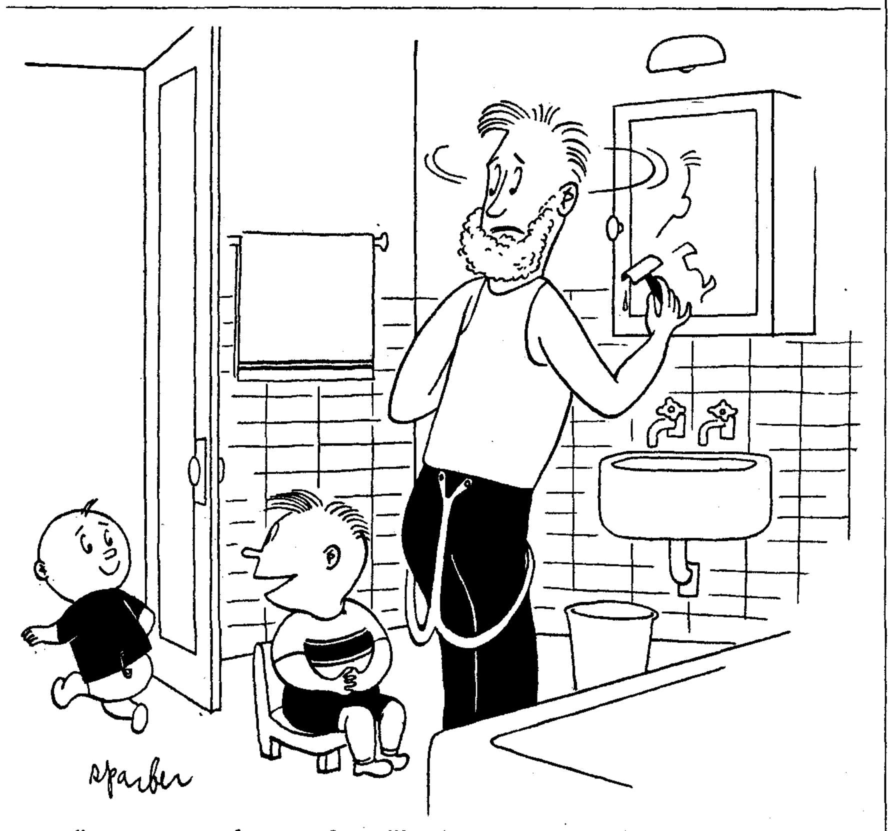
"Yes. Why?"

"I'll come out there as soon as I can," George said, "and we'll get started all over again. But I don't want to find any stuffy lawyer on that bench. What I want to find is a redheaded gal sitting in the sunlight with nothing on her mind but thoughts of a quiet drink at a table for two and the knowledge that spring is here and love is in bloom."

"All right," Barbara said. "You'll find her."

THE END

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**

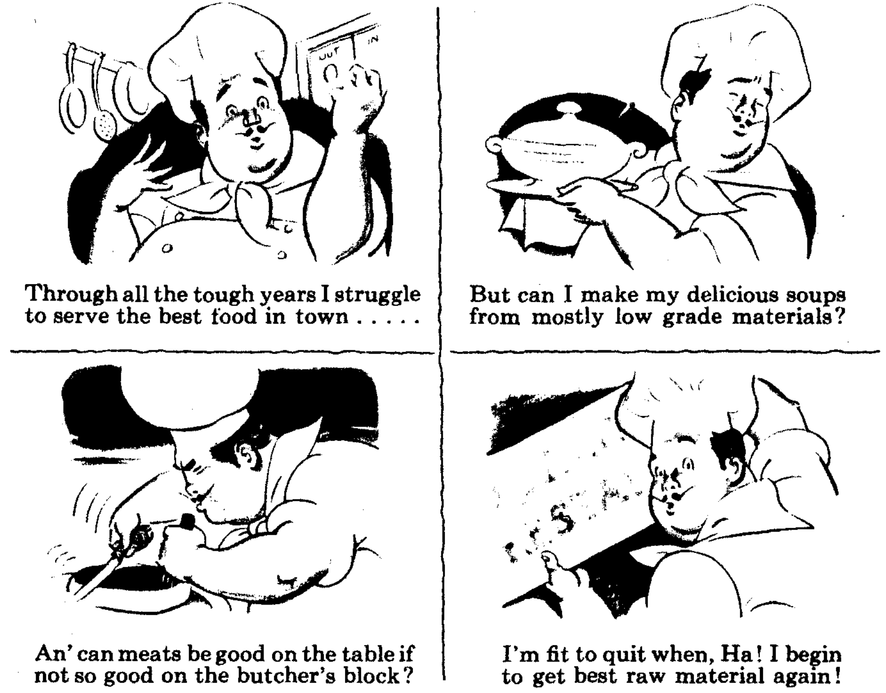


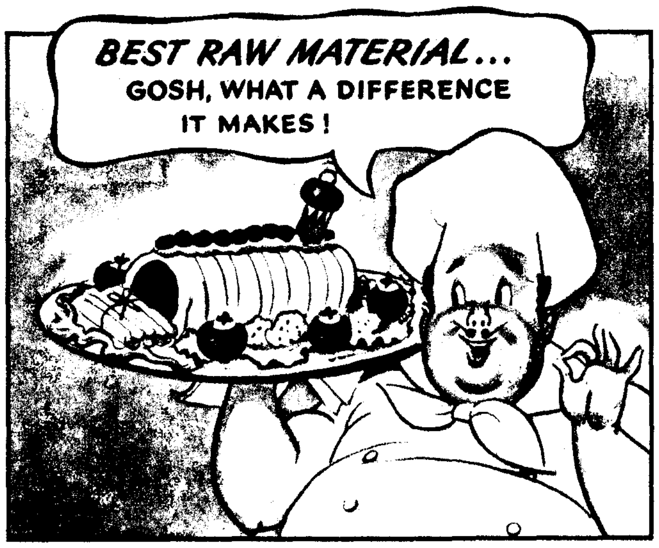
"You can go play, Hanky. I'll call you when Daddy cuts himself"

COLLIER'S

GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry


OUT
IN
Through all the tough years I struggle to serve the best food in town . . . . .
But can I make my delicious soups from mostly low grade materials?
An' can meats be good on the table if not so good on the butcher's block?
I'm fit to quit when, Ha! I begin to get best raw material again!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GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE
IT MAKES!

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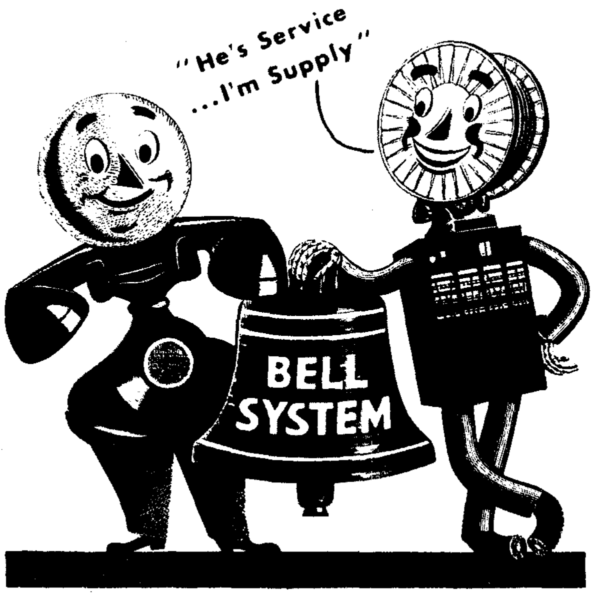
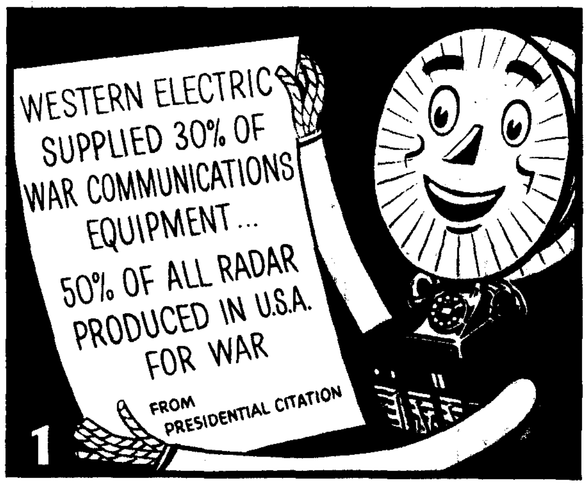
News for YOU about Telephones

. . . from Western Electric *— supply unit of the Bell System*

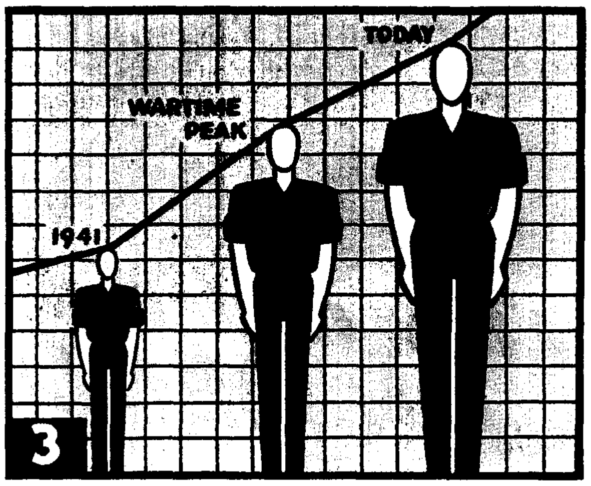

"He's Service ...I'm Supply"
BELL SYSTEM


WESTERN ELECTRIC SUPPLIED 30% OF WAR COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT...
50% OF ALL RADAR PRODUCED IN U.S.A. FOR WAR
FROM PRESIDENTIAL CITATION
1

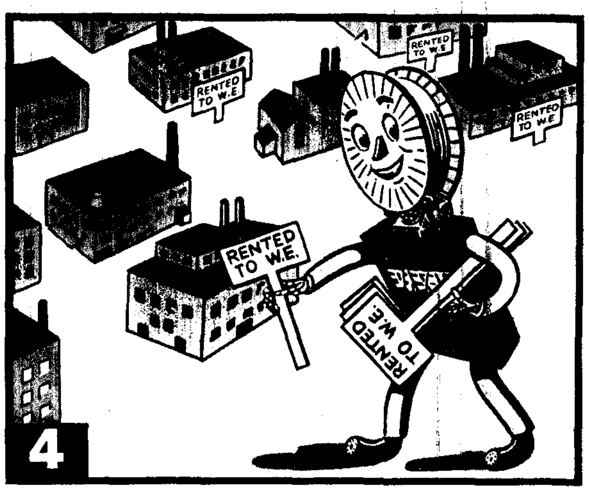
THROUGHOUT WAR Western Electric poured out military communications equipment and radar—could make little civilian telephone equipment. V-J Day found plans set to get back *fast* to Bell System job.

MILLIONS WANT TELEPHONES!
TELEPHONE SYSTEM MUST BE EXPANDED!
2

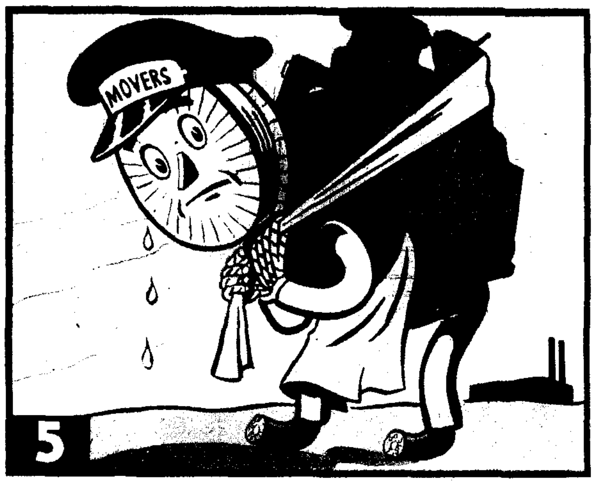
HUGE JOB AHEAD! At war's end, 2,200,000 people waiting for telephones—central offices and circuits loaded by record use of telephone. Here's how Western Electric converted to biggest peacetime job.


TODAY
WARTIME PEAK
1941
3

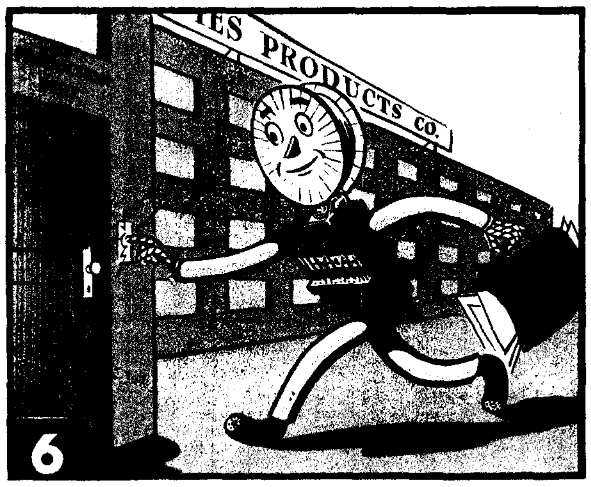
ARMY OF PEOPLE HIRED as the telephone job got rolling. Thousands of others were trained for new work. Over 120,000 on the job today—far above *wartime peak* of 97,416—*nearly double* 1941 total of 63,720.


RENTED TO W.E.
RENTED TO W.E.
RENTED TO W.E.
RENTED TO W.E.
RENTED TO W.E.
4

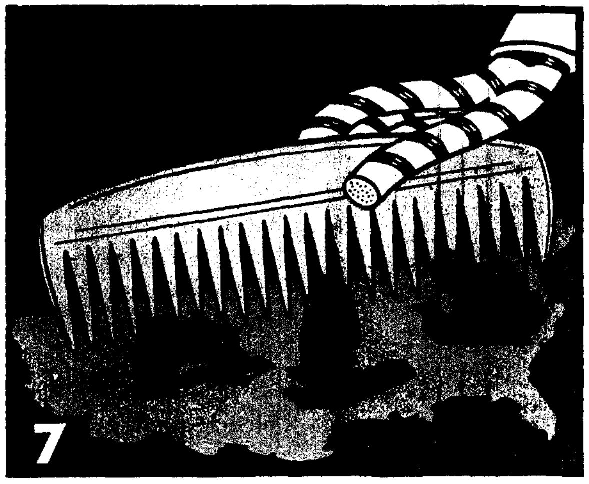
26 FACTORIES RENTED to get space *quickly*. 19 plants originally rented for war were kept, 7 more leased. Total production space now owned and rented is more than 14,000,000 square feet — or 341 acres.



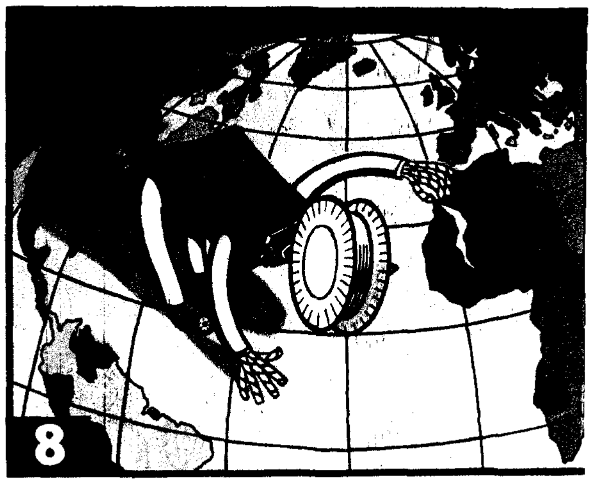
PRODUCTION LINES MOVED without disrupting work! To boost output *fast*, many operations moved to new quarters. One telephone shop closed Saturday—reopened Monday miles away with 3000 people at work.


IES PRODUCTS CO.
6

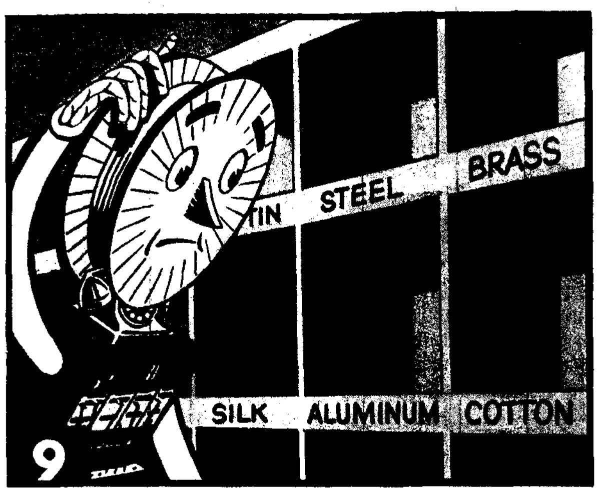
SUB-CONTRACTORS WERE CALLED ON TO HELP. More than 800 made urgently needed tools, parts, component equipment and cable. War surplus telephone materials also were purchased to help meet enormous needs.



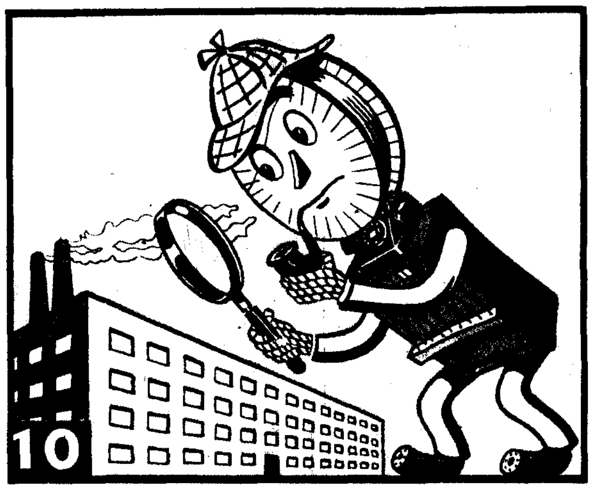
THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS COMBED for hard-to-get tools and machinery to put the manufacturing program into high gear. The success of this search helped make possible production breaking all records.



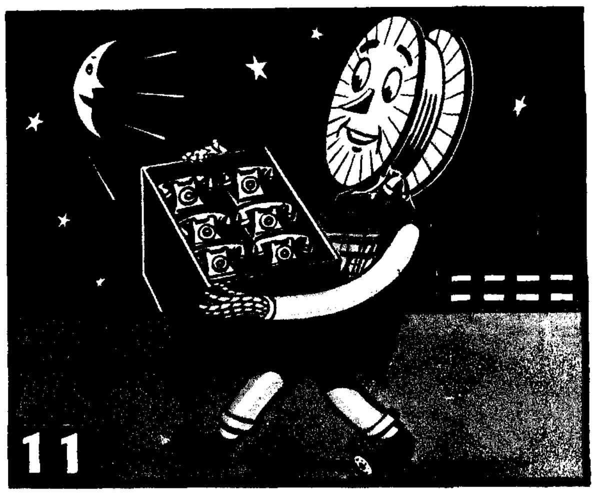
THE WORLD WAS SEARCHED to overcome shortages of many critical materials needed in great quantities for making telephones, switchboards, cable, to speed Bell Telephone System's huge expansion program



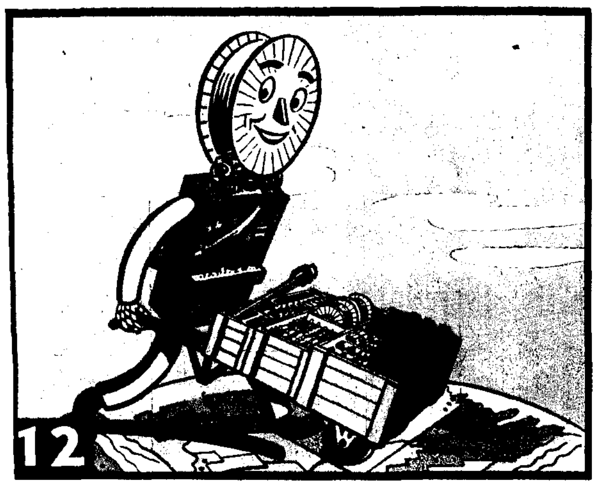
SUBSTITUTES GALORE were found for unobtainable materials. In one shop using 1340 different items of raw material, 950 substitutions were made in 9 months—as many as 4 for one item. Production mounted fast!



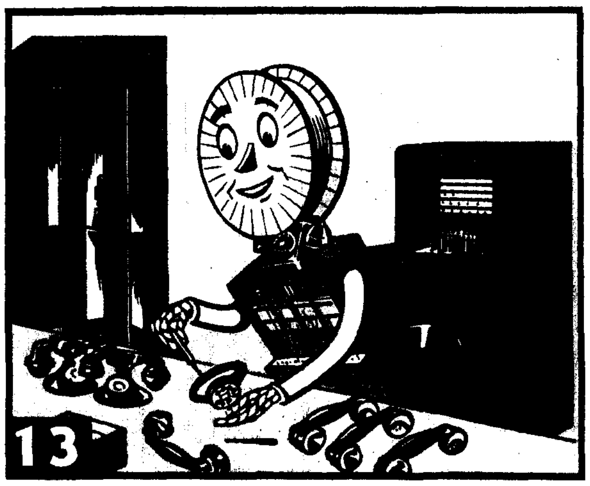
ENDLESS SLEUTHING FOUND SUPPLIES for Bell System. 1946 purchases, including raw materials, from 15,000 suppliers, ranged from pencils to telephone poles, precious metals to wood pulp, exceeded $250,000,000.



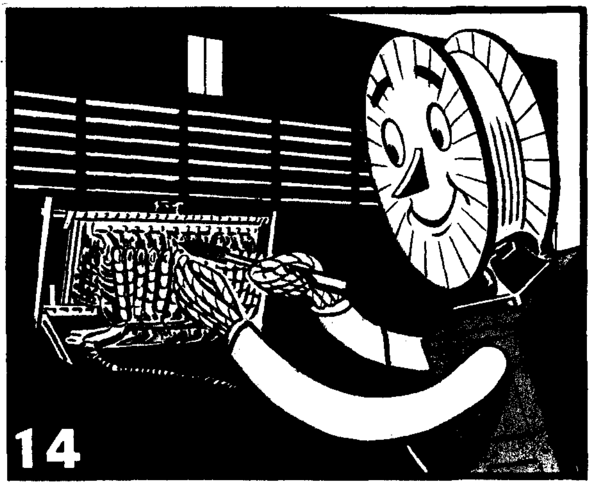
WORKING 'ROUND THE CLOCK got the most out of plant. In 1946 Western Electric delivered to the Bell Telephone Companies more apparatus, equipment and supplies than in any other year in its 77-year history.



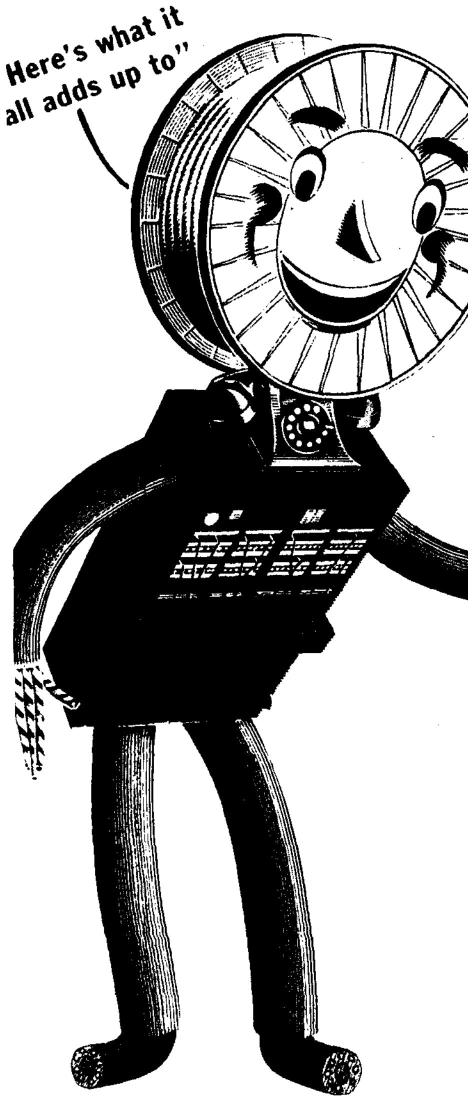
FROM COAST TO COAST, Western Electric's distributing force rushed to deliver equipment and supplies to the Bell System. Each of 29 distributing houses, across the nation, stocks some 10,000 different items.



REPAIRING WORN TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT has long been another job of the 29 distributing houses. The speed with which they put equipment back on its feet helped in meeting record telephone demands—*faster!*



INSTALLING CENTRAL OFFICE SWITCHBOARDS and equipment in some 1200 localities monthly kept Western Electric's installation crews busy in '46. Thousands trained in this specialized work. Force is now 25,000.


"Here's what it all adds up to"

Results in '46

Western Electric furnished the Bell Telephone Companies with equipment and supplies which helped them provide 3,264,000 additional telephones to subscribers—more than twice the increase in any previous year.

Western Electric's record-breaking production helped the Bell Telephone Companies handle 7 *billion more* telephone calls in '46 than in any previous year.

Outlook for '47

Western Electric schedules call for far greater production in '47 — for such enormous amounts of equipment as:

Dial exchange equipment to handle, when installed, 2,222,000 additional lines;

8410 manual switchboard positions;

Nearly 4,000,000 telephones;

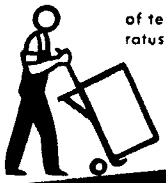
Telephone cable of all types containing over 49 billion feet of wire.

This tremendous output in '47 will go a long way to help the Bell Telephone Companies meet the nation's unprecedented demands for telephone service.

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

THE BRIDE WORE TEARS

Continued from page 11

"Well," I said, "I got to buy some things."

"What things, Ernie?" she said. "Come over and tell me."

"It's like a surprise," I said. I was sweating blood. "I can't tell you," I said. "It's a secret. I won't be long."

So I closed the door and went downstairs and outside, and thought that this was a fine thing—here I was a bridegroom and worrying about family responsibilities before I'd been married twenty-four hours.

I went down to Falls Street, caught a bus and rode out Buffalo Avenue where a lot of the factories are located. I knew which one I was going to first and when I saw the sign I got off the bus.

I got in all right but I had to wait to see the employment manager and I was nervous. I had to think up some story to tell Susan when I got back. I was trying to think up a story to tell Susan and also trying to think up a story to tell the employment manager so he would realize I'm a dynamic, aggressive young man with plenty of red blood in my veins.

THE employment manager came in finally, a tall man with gray hair and eyes that went right through me.

"Have a chair," he said, after we shook hands, and I sat down and crossed my legs and that was when the trouble started. Some of the jerks at the wedding had thrown rice and confetti at us, and when I crossed my legs about half a pound of confetti and rice sprayed out of my trouser cuffs and spilled on the floor. The employment manager and I looked down at the rice and confetti and I tried to think of something to say but my tongue got stuck. I sat there like a dope.

"Well," he said, "been married recently?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I was married yesterday. We came to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon."

The employment manager stared at me for a long time. "You got married yesterday afternoon," he said, "and at ten o'clock on the morning of the following day you are out looking for a position."

"Yes, sir," I said.

He looked at me some more in a peculiar sort of way. Then after a while he said, "Well, well, tell me about yourself, young man."

So I told him how I went to work in the chemical factory at home right after high school. I told him how I began as a laborer and was a foreman by the time I was twenty, and then was made an assistant to the production boss at twenty-two, one year before. I told him how I'd gone to night school in the city, taking courses in chemistry.

"What made you come to us?" he said.

I knew the answer to that because I had gone to the public library back home the night before getting married and I knew a lot about the company and its products.

What they made were mostly chemicals for general industry and not any products that the public ever heard of like solvents, and I rattled them off to him, and told him just why I thought I could be an asset to the company.

"Besides," I said, "I was working for a very small concern before. I'd rather work for a bigger company; I think there's more opportunity. In the company where I worked, everyone over me was a relative of the boss."

"Yes," he said. "Well, here's an application for you to fill out. After you've done that I'll have you talk to a few of our men. Would you like to see them this morning?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I'd like that very much."

"You would?" he said, and he stared at me again in that peculiar way he had. "Your wife's in town?" he said. "She came with you on the honeymoon?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "She's in bed—she's back at the hotel."

He looked at me for a long time. Then finally he shook his head and said, "Well, all right."

After I had finished filling out the application, he had a girl take me across the street to another office for an interview. I saw a second man but the third one was out, and I went back to the employment office. The man was in conference, but his secretary asked me what hotel I was staying at as he might want to get in touch with me. There was another girl, a blonde, standing there in the office.

I walked out to Buffalo Avenue to wait for the bus, and after a few minutes the blonde who had been talking to the receptionist drove up in a car and stopped beside me.

"Were you the man who had business with Mr. Calhoun?" she said. "Are you going downtown? I'll be glad to drop you off."

I got in the front seat with her and she told me the employment manager was her father. I asked her to drop me off a block from the hotel, and I went in a florist shop and bought a dozen roses and took them up to the hotel room.

Susan was dressed, sitting in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. It was swell to see her like that. I went over and kissed her and she ducked her head.

"Here's the surprise," I said, and I put the box in her lap.

She didn't say anything, and she wouldn't look at me or the box on her lap. I undid the string and took off the box top.

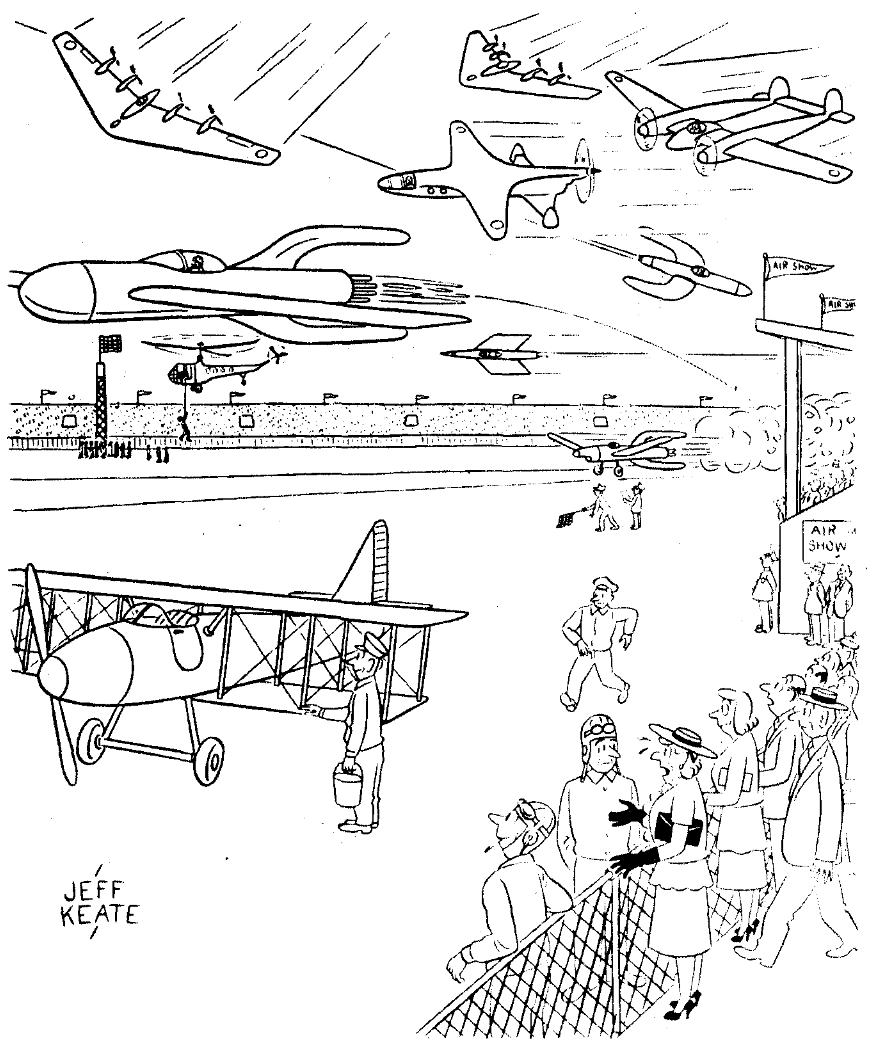
"You like them?" I said, and after a while she said in a choked voice, "Yes, I think they're lovely."

"Come on," I said, "let's get you some breakfast and go down and look at the Falls."

"I've had breakfast," she said, and she sounded subdued, but I thought it was just being married and all, or maybe she was always subdued in the mornings. I never saw her in the morning before.

We walked down to the Falls and leaned against the railing and looked at the water rushing over the brink. "You want to take the Cave of the Winds trip?" I said. "You want to go on the Maid of the Mist? You want to walk around Goat Island?"

"Not now," Susan said. She still wouldn't look at me.



"You don't mean you're going to fly in that weird-looking contraption?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"Well," I said, "that's a lot of water, isn't it? That's quite a sight."

"Yes," said Susan, but she looked like it wasn't so much.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Aren't you feeling well? Something upset you? Something—"

Suddenly she looked at me and her eyes were blazing. "Ernie Keegin," she screamed, "I never want you to speak to me again!"

And she took off her ring and threw it on the ground and ran off up the walk.

I picked up the ring and started running after her. More confetti and rice spilled out of my trouser cuffs and some of the people around started to laugh. "Stop, Susan," I yelled, and caught up with her in the park.

"Listen," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Ernest Keegin," she said, "you were gone for an hour and forty-five minutes. To buy a dozen roses. What did you do, grow them?"

"I walked around town," I said. "I didn't know I was going to get you roses. I thought I might buy you something else. I just decided on roses at the last minute."

"Oh, is that so?" she said. "You just walked around. Then how do you explain I saw you getting out of a car down at the corner? A car driven by a girl—a blonde. Instead of getting breakfast in the hotel I thought I'd save you money, and show you what an economical wife I am by eating breakfast at the drugstore. I was sitting on the stool when I saw you getting out of a car driven by some blonde. To think of it! The humiliation of it! On my very own honeymoon! Papa was right. He said you were unreliable. He told me I'd be sorry."

"Listen," I said, "your old man isn't so much. Sits around drinking beer all night and acts like Information Please. He doesn't know so much."

"Well," she said, "that's the last straw, Ernie Keegin. Insulting my very own father."

"Baby," I said, "you've got to have a little faith in me. I can explain everything. You're supposed to be in love with me. Don't you trust me?"

"How can I trust you?" she said. "Oh, Ernie, you broke my heart," and she burst out crying.

THERE were some people looking at us and one old lady especially. And the meddling old fool came up and said, "Young lady, is this man annoying you? I should be delighted to call a policeman."

"Beat it, lady," I said, "this is a private fight."

"You thug!" the old lady said. "You ruffian!"

"He is not," Susan said to the old lady. "Don't you dare call him names. You're just a nasty, interfering old woman."

"Well, I never," said the old lady and picked up her skirts and went away, insulted.

"Ah, Susan, baby," I said, "you're sweet. I can explain everything. That blonde picked me up. I was waiting for the bus out on Buffalo Avenue, and this girl stopped and offered me a ride."

"Think I believe that?" Susan sniffed.

"It's the truth," I said. "I was just standing there waiting for a bus and she came along and stopped her car and offered me a ride. Cross my heart. Take me back to the hotel room and I'll swear it on the Gideon Bible."

"You will?" Susan said. "Oh, Ernie."

"I swear it, baby," I said, and Susan dried her eyes, and everything was swell again. And she put her arm through mine and we started toward Falls Street to get our picture taken in one of those studios with a backdrop of Niagara Falls. I promised I'd never let a strange girl pick me up again and I even apologized for saying anything about her father.

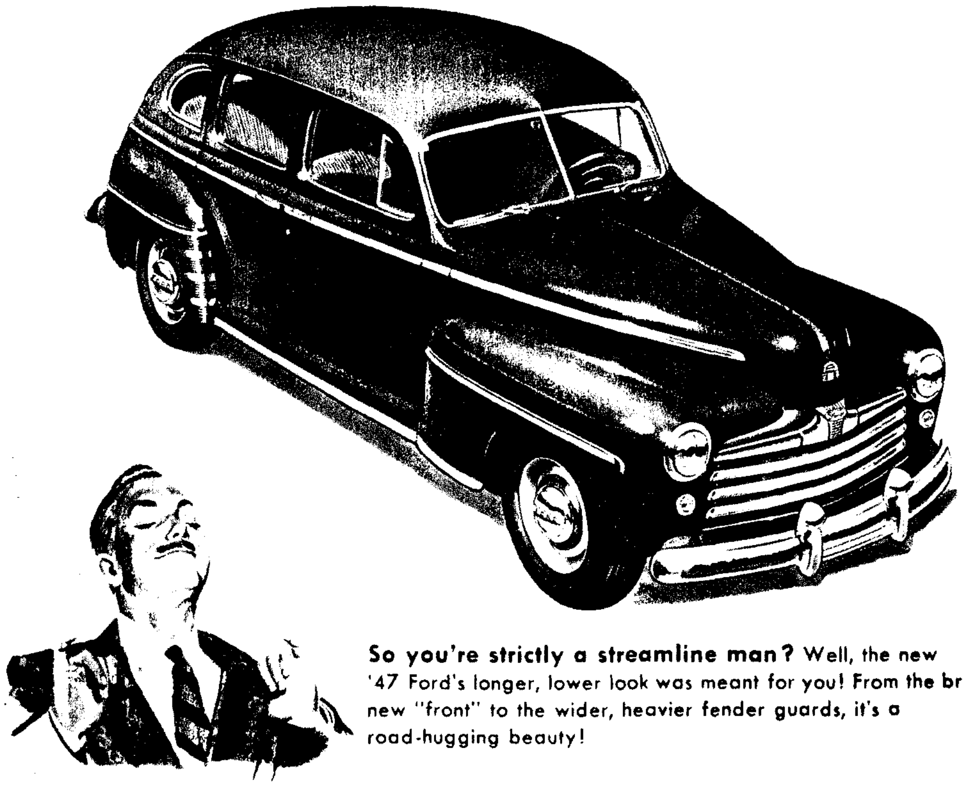
"Father's wrong about you, anyway," Susan said. "It's just that he didn't like my being married at twenty-one. He wanted me to wait a few years. But you've always been a steady worker. You have a good job."

"Yeah," I said, "sure," and kind of gulped, and we went in the photographer's and posed with the backdrop of the Falls behind us, and putting our feet up on a couple of big stones on the floor to look like we were standing right on the edge of the Falls. We waited for the prints, to send some to Susan's father and some of our friends back home, and as soon as we got out on the street again, Susan shrieked and said, "Well, I declare. Did you see that man getting on that bus? That was Joe Lauderneck. What a small world! Imagine!"

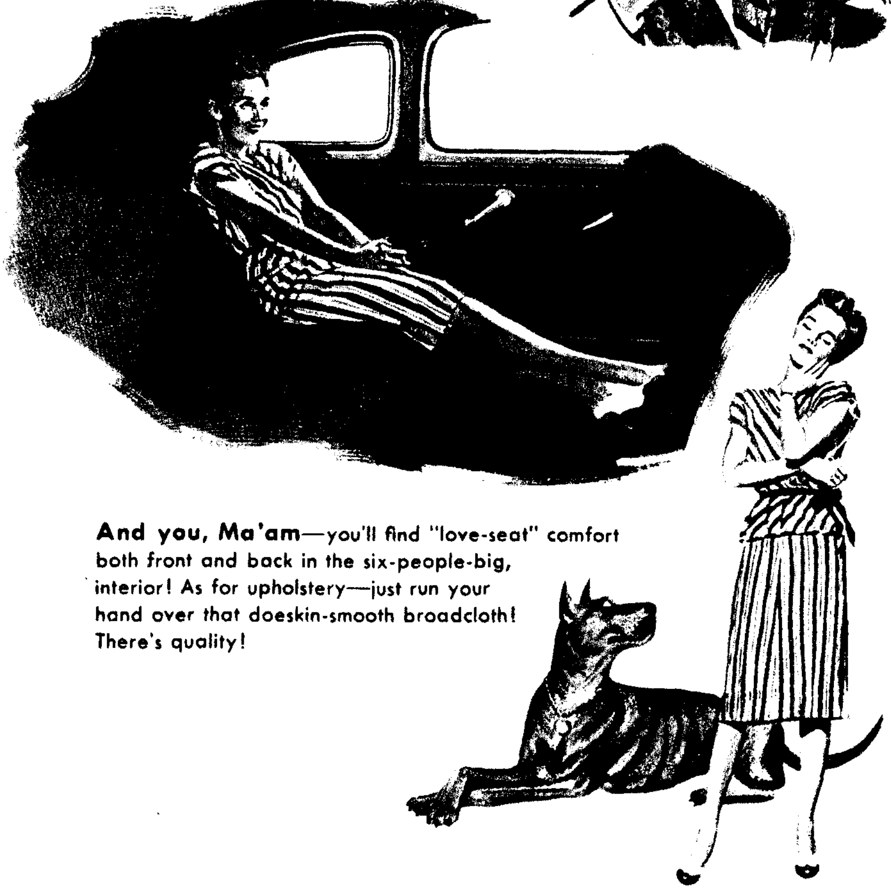
"You mean that bird with the mus-

Ford's out Front

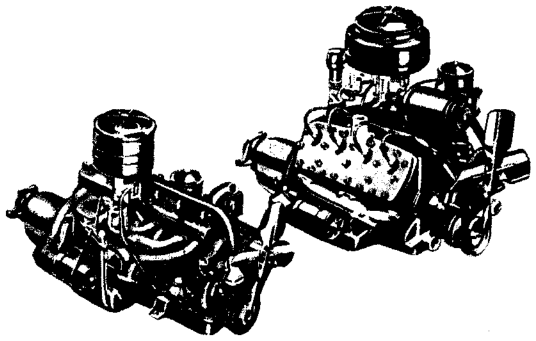
with the car you've been dreaming about!



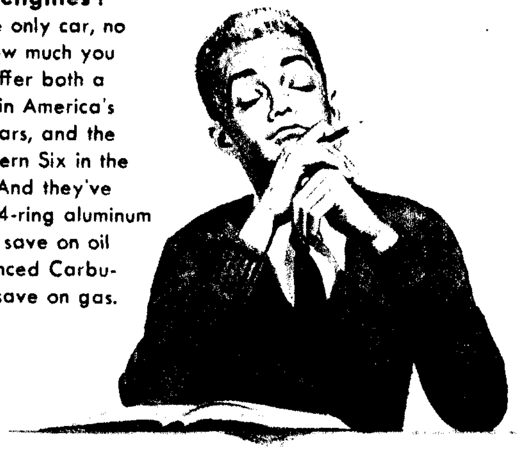
So you're strictly a streamline man? Well, the new '47 Ford's longer, lower look was meant for you! From the brand-new "front" to the wider, heavier fender guards, it's a road-hugging beauty!

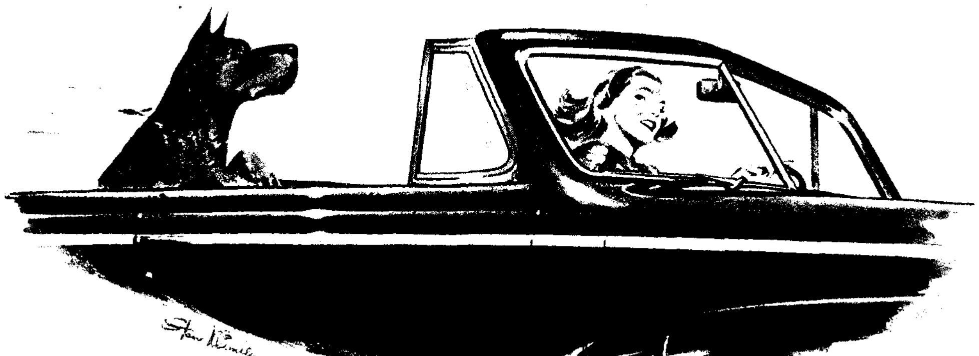


And you, Ma'am—you'll find "love-seat" comfort both front and back in the six-people-big, interior! As for upholstery—just run your hand over that doeskin-smooth broadcloth! There's quality!

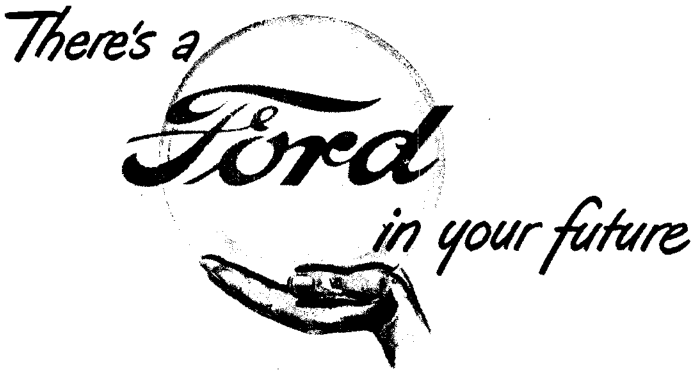


Bug on engines? Ford's the only car, no matter how much you pay, to offer both a V-8, like in America's costliest cars, and the most modern Six in the business. And they've both got 4-ring aluminum pistons to save on oil and Balanced Carburetion to save on gas.





100% dream-stuff come true is the '47 Ford Convertible! Touch a button and before you can say "Ford's Out Front" (well, almost before you can say it) this snappiest of all roadsters changes into a snug sedan. It's Ford magic!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"Gets you by the ear," because...

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Now hear your favorite programs completely free of harsh interference! Get greater frequency modulation range, too! The amazing Electric "Noise-Gate" is the latest, *greatest* triumph of Majestic sound technicians . . . available only in the Majestic line. The new Majestic models look as good as they sound . . . in handsome cabinets, both modern and traditional. The more you shop around, the more convinced you'll be that there are engineering reasons why it's always the Majestic that "gets you by the ear". See your Majestic dealer today.

Majestic 8FM776. Frequency modulation and A.M. radio-phonograph. New cabinet design. New Majestic "Noise-Gate" circuit. Automatic record changer.

Majestic MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

tache and the loving-cup ears?" I said. "Who's Joe Lauderneck? I never heard of Joe Lauderneck."

"Well," Susan said, "I guess it isn't surprising that he's here, at that. When I knew him he came from some town up around here. I remember that now."

"Remember to tell me where you knew *him*," I said.

I had seen him only for a second; he looked like the kind of guy I dislike. His eyes were too close together.

"I knew him when I went those two years to junior college," Susan said. "He was crazy about me. He wanted me to elope with him."

"Well," I said, "you were lucky. Think how you'd feel now to be saddled with a name like Lauderneck."

"I don't see anything wrong with the name," she said. "It isn't much worse than Keegin."

"Listen," I said, "Keegin is a good old name. Let's not argue about that. The thing I don't get is that I never heard about him before. You were writing me letters all the time you were in junior college. I thought you were missing me. Now it comes out that you were running around with a guy with loving-cup ears and a silly mustache named Lauderneck."

"There's nothing wrong with his ears," Susan said. "And his mustache is not silly. It gave him a dignified look."

"Yeah," I said. "Well, I grew a mustache once. You wouldn't go out with me until I shaved it off."

"You have the wrong type of upper lip for a mustache," Susan said.

"What's wrong with my upper lip?" I said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," she said, "there's nothing wrong with it. Just stop talking about Joe Lauderneck. I forgot all about him. I burned all his letters the night before we were married."

"You mean you kept them around until the night before we got married?" I said. "Listen, it was your idea we come to Niagara Falls, wasn't it? And you knew *he* was up here. I got a notion to look up that guy and bust him right in the nose."

"I wouldn't try it if I were you," she said. "He was on the boxing team at junior college. Oh, Ernie, you cute thing, you're jealous."

"Who, me?" I said. "Jealous of that lunkhead? Ha-ha." And I looked down at her and then I said, "Yeah, baby, I'm jealous."

"Why, darling," she said, "I never wanted to marry anyone but you. What are we arguing about, anyway?"

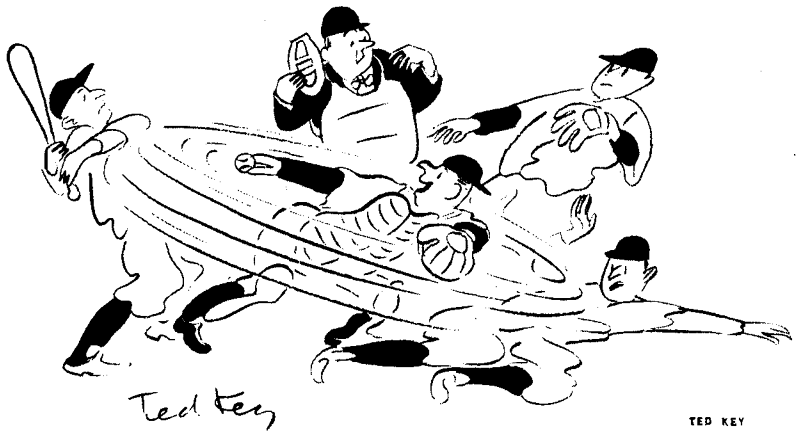
"Gosh, Susan, baby," I said, "I don't know. We never argued so much before we got married."

"Well," Susan said, "I think it's just because we're not used to being—well, we didn't see each other so much before we got married. We don't want to go through life nagging at each other the way some couples do. And these arguments are all so silly."

"It's just that we have to get accustomed to—well, get adjusted," I said. "Tell you what, baby. We'll count after this. We'll count up to ten before we start an argument, and then the humor of it will strike us, and there won't be any argument."

"That's a wonderful idea, Ernie," Susan said. "Let's get some lunch."

So we walked down the street and held hands and people smiled at us because



SPORTING ODDS

Larry McLean, old truck-horse catcher with the Cincinnati Reds and New York Giants, was once the victim of a mob scene at home plate. With a runner on third the lumbering receiver let a pitched ball trickle away from him. He grabbed it, looked up and saw the runner attempting to score. The pitcher had rushed in to cover the plate, the umpire was crouched down to see the play, the batter stood near by, and of course the runner was about to join the group. McLean took no chances. He tagged the runner, ground the ball into the batter's ribs and touched the pitcher and the umpire. "I don't know who it is," yelled Larry, "but one of you guys is out."

When Al Lopez was catching for Tampa, he worked one day with a green pitcher named Lacy. Late in the game the kid got in a jam with two runners on base. Lopez had drilled him in the signs before the game, and now signaled for a waste pitch, or pitchout, hoping to pick one of the runners off base. The kid threw the ball right over the middle and the hitter walloped it out of the park for a home run. Lopez walked out to the mound and said, "Didn't you see that waste-ball sign I gave you?" "Sure I did," replied the kid. "That's what I gave you—just about waist-high."

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tenn.

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Then Father liked Croquet's [illegible]
When followed by some Ballantine!

Great favorite since 1840...
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Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

But enough of history. Uncap a nice cold bottle of Ballantine Ale and test it yourself. Ballantine, you'll find, is agreeably light; but thoroughly satisfying . . . with a flavor found in no other ale. It's so downright delicious you'll want to enjoy it often. Look for the 3 rings.

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WHICH OF THE UNLUCKY
SEVEN SYMPTOMS
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THE UNLUCKY SEVEN
1. Digestive Upset
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ANY ONE MAY MEAN YOU NEED THIS PROMPT GENTLE LAXATIVE!

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WHY suffer with a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven Symptoms when caused by constipation? Do as thousands do — get *prompt*, but *gentle* relief with pure vegetable Saraka . . . so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure*.

NO "LAXATIVE SENSATION"

No psyllium seeds! No milk of magnesia! No mineral oil! Saraka combines two of the most effective pure vegetable ingredients. One acts like needed high-residue foods . . . in concentrated form. The other gives *gentle, thorough* action!

Usually works overnight! No three-day wait with Saraka! Results are so nearly natural, most people have no "laxative sensation" at all. *Your own* doctor can tell you all about Saraka's superiority.

TASTELESS! MORE ECONOMICAL!

The whole family likes Saraka, and it goes further. Get the original Saraka in the orange and yellow box! Caution: Use only as directed. At drug counters everywhere. Double your money back if not satisfied.

NO OTHER LAXATIVE GIVES YOU MORE GENTLE, MORE THOROUGH RELIEF!

SARAKA

49¢ for twenty helpings

The Original Pure Vegetable
SARAKA
SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

they could tell we were honeymooners but we didn't care, and everything was wonderful except I kept thinking about no job. . . .

We had lunch at the hotel and then went up to our room and there weren't any fights or anything, and everything was swell and then in the middle of the afternoon the telephone rang.

"For heaven's sake," Susan said, "I hope that isn't long-distance. Who could be calling us? I hope nothing happened to Papa."

"If he called up now," I said, "I'll hang up on him," and I picked up the telephone.

A voice said, "Is this Mr. Keegin? Mr. Ernest Keegin?"

It was a dame's voice. "Yes," I said, "Keegin speaking."

"One moment, Mr. Keegin," the girl said, and I waited and made signs to Susan to show her I didn't know who it was. She was looking at me kind of curiously. Then a man came on the telephone and it was Mr. Calhoun, the employment manager at the factory.

"Say, Keegin," he said, "I wonder if you could come out here right now. The man you were unable to see this morning is leaving town tonight. I'd like you to talk to him. Could you come right out?"

"Yes," I said, and as soon as he hung up I said, "You have the wrong number, lady," and I hung up.

I turned and looked at Susan. "Wrong number," I said. "Wanted somebody named Keebler. Probably another guest in the hotel. Got confused. Keegin and Keebler, see?"

Susan just looked at me. It seemed terribly quiet in the room.

"Ho, hum," I said, "kind of a long day, isn't it?"

I mean, the thing is I spoke without thinking, I just said anything that came into my head to cover up the silence and get over the telephone call.

Susan just stared at me. "You mean you're bored?" she said.

"Gosh, no, baby," I said. "I didn't mean that at all. On our honeymoon! Bored? Gosh, no, baby. I just—"

"Why don't you run out and take in a movie?" Susan said. "Or go bowling?"

"Without you, baby?" I said. "Don't be silly."

"Why don't you jump over the Falls in a barrel?" Susan said. "And if you never come up that's all right with me. It didn't take you that long to find out it was a wrong number. You didn't act like it was a wrong number."

"Baby," I said, "I can explain everything."

"Don't bother," she said.

She hit me in the eye with the ring.

"Susan," I said. "Remember our agreement. One—two—three—four—"

She threw a shoe at me.

"Baby," I said, "you're nervous. I'm going out for a little walk. You have to trust me. You'll feel better when I get back."

I ducked the other shoe and closed the door after me. I mopped the perspiration from my brow and went downstairs and got a cab out to the factory.

THE man I was to see was in Mr. Calhoun's office. I talked with him for about twenty minutes and then he sent me outside. When I was called back in, Mr. Calhoun was there alone.

"Keegin," he said, "you're a fortunate young man in one respect. You walked in here this morning precisely at the moment when we need a man of your qualifications and experience. You made a favorable impression on everyone who talked to you. After you'd left I telephoned your former concern and talked with a Mr. Ackwright with whom I've had some dealings in the past. He seems to think highly of you."

"He's a nice fellow," I said. "He's only a relative of the boss by marriage."

"He told me why you were released," Mr. Calhoun said. "He gave you an excellent recommendation. All in all, I'd hire you immediately. But there's one thing that holds me back. Would you like me to be frank?"

"Mr. Calhoun," I said, "I'd appreciate it, sir."

"Well, Keegin," he said, "I like a man to be interested in his business. But when a man is out looking for a job before he's been married twenty-four hours I think there must be something wrong with him. And that's why I'm reluctant to hire you."

"Oh, gosh," I said. "I can explain that." So I told him how I hadn't told Susan.

When I finished he laughed and said, "Well, that's understandable. A young man just becoming a breadwinner has his pride. Keegin, here's our offer."

It was ten bucks a week more than I'd been making at home. I stayed around for a physical exam and got the okay from the doctor and filled out more forms and finally they let me go and I took another cab back to the hotel. I bought more roses and a box of candy. I couldn't wait for the elevator. I ran up three flights of stairs and down the corridor to our room. I opened the door and dove in. "Susan," I yelled, "Susan, baby—"

And then I stopped. Susan wasn't there. There wasn't any note. But her suitcase and her clothes were there, she hadn't left town.

Then I saw the telephone directory lying on the bed. It was opened to the L page. I looked down and found Lauderneck. I rang the number but the louse didn't answer.

I went downstairs and up to the clerk and I said to him, "Where would a fellow be apt to take a girl in this town?"

There were quite a number of places and I wrote them all down on a list and went outside and I found them in the fourth place. They were dancing. I stood at their table where I recognized Susan's purse and then the music ended and they came over to the table.

Susan just stared at me. Lauderneck said, "You're Keegin, I take it?"

"What about it, banjo ears?" I said.

He got red in the face. "Just this," he said. "I'm an old friend of Susan's. She's told me everything and I think your conduct is disgraceful. You ought to be horsewhipped. I'm advising her to see my attorney immediately and—"

"Oh, is that so?" I said.

I hit him on the jaw with everything I had. He went down and pulled the tablecloth off the table with him. He lay there on the floor with lettuce and French dressing on his face.

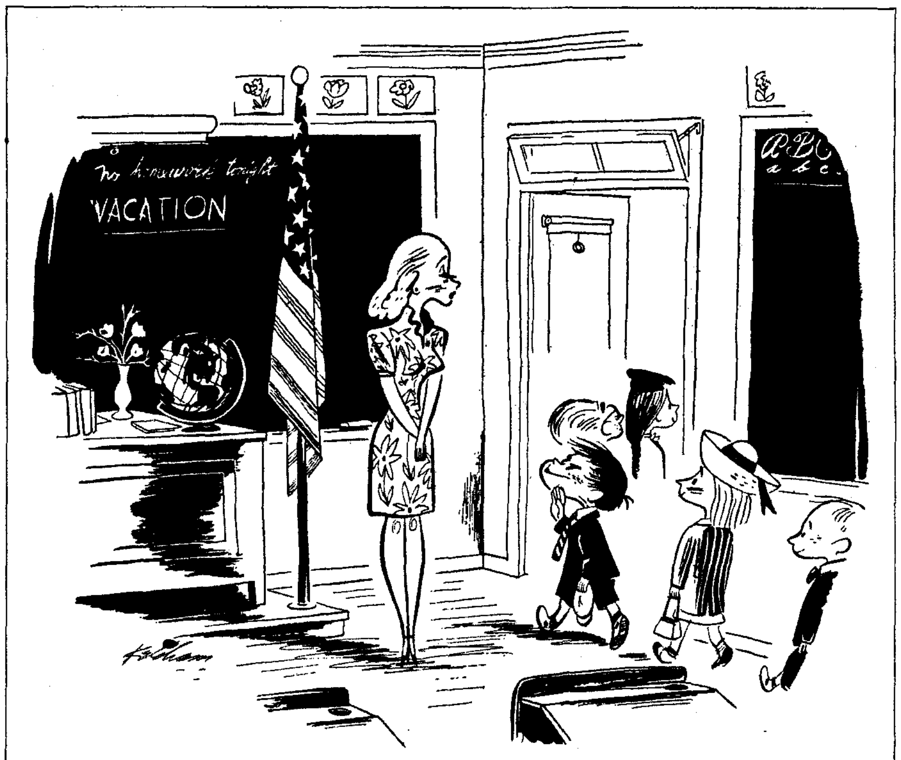
"Do you walk or do I carry you out?" I said to Susan.

I felt tough and looked tough. Susan stared at me and she walked out. The headwaiter came running over and I wadded up a ten-dollar bill and hit him in the nose with it.

HE STOPPED to pick it up and we got outside. I took Susan by the elbows. "You're hurting me," she said.

"Listen, baby," I said. "You're married to me. You're my wife. And as long as you're my wife you're not going jazz-band dancing with anybody else. Get that?"

"You can't dictate to me," she said, but she didn't sound so defiant. "I didn't want to go out with him," she sobbed. "I just did it because you deserted me. On our honeymoon! I've never been so unhappy."



"Watch out for the wolves on that summer cruise, Miss Almond!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

I leaned over and kissed her. I told her why I had walked out. I told her all about hitting Rupert, and getting fired, and about my new job and the raise. Her eyes got like stars. She was beautiful.

"Oh, Ernie," she said. "You should have told me. Do you think it would have mattered to me? Do you think I married you just because you had a job? Ernie, we've got to trust each other, we've got to tell each other everything. Do you promise?"

"Yes, honey," I said, "I promise."

"And we're going to live here?" she said. "In Niagara Falls? Why, Ernie, we'll be having a honeymoon all our lives. Won't it be wonderful?"

"Wonderful, baby," I said.

We walked along and it was dark and I put my arm around her waist, and she tilted her head over against my shoulder. We could hear the roar of the rapids and the water going over the Falls.

After a while she sighed dreamily. "Joe Lauderneck's going to be married," she said. "It'll be nice to know somebody in town, Ernie. We can play bridge with them."

"With him?" I said. "With that banjo-eared—"

"One," said Susan, laughing, "two—three—four—"

"Ah, gee, baby," I said, "I love you."

We had everything figured out.

THE END

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WHERE THE THIEF WAS TRAPPED

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You can get this oil test FREE—and in a jiffy—at any official AC Oil Filter Service Station. The attendant simply wipes the dipstick on the Pad, instead of a rag, and you can see for yourself whether your oil is safe to use.

Dirty oil is a power thief. It clogs piston rings and slots—makes valves stick—hastens engine wear—wastes fuel and oil—steals more and more power as the days go by. And slowly but surely, it builds up repair bills.

Every engine needs an oil filter. The AC oil test will show you why. And the AC Oil Filter Dealer will show you why the AC Oil Filter gives you tops in protection—and why the AC Replacement Element is the one you should use in your present filter, if you have one. AC makes quality Replacement Elements for nearly all filters.

So see your AC Official Oil Filter Dealer today and trap the thief that's stealing your power. Stop where you see the sign illustrated at the right.

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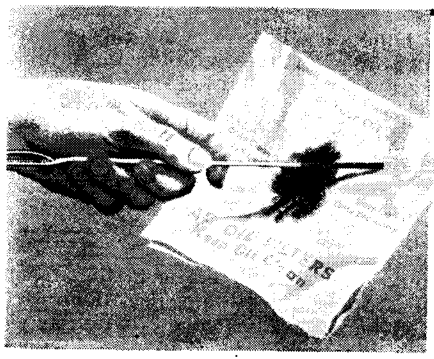
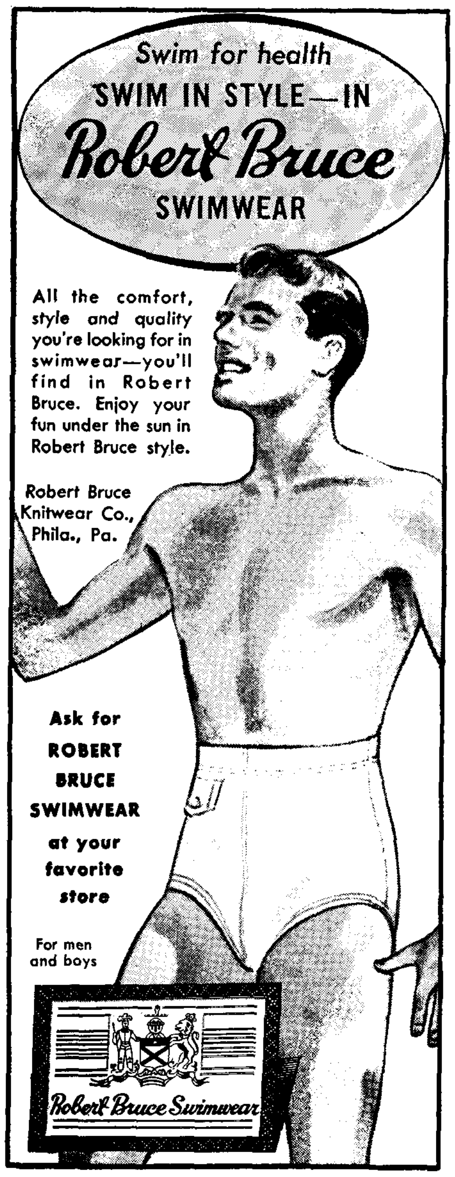
AC
SERVICE



Free oil tests, with AC Test Pads, are available wherever you see the official AC Oil Filter Service Station sign. AC Oil Filters and Replacement Elements are also available there.

Oil Filters

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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THE STICK'S THE TRICK THAT MAKES IT BALANCE

Full Size—
Holds 15 Clubs

Lightweight BALANCED GOLF BAG

Yes, you'll see the *real* golfers, on private and public courses alike, carrying a *lightweight* Balanced Golf Bag. They all prefer it because it's full-size and yet so light, so perfectly balanced for easy carrying . . . it never sags, never spills clubs. *Now available with all-purpose hood!*

BALANCED GOLF BAG

Standard Model $6.00
With Hood $7.00

AT YOUR CLUB OR STORE

BALANCED GOLF BAG, INC.
North & Noble, Chicago 22, Ill.

DREAMS, UNLIMITED

Continued from page 15

scheme of tomorrow is Harley J. Earl, whose 230 pounds draped on a six-foot four-inch frame make him as spectacular, if not as streamlined, as the models he promotes. Earl left a lucrative business of making custom-built car bodies for movie stars in Hollywood 20 years ago and stormed into Detroit to blow the lid off the conservative black-and-white paint pot from which the one conception of automobile styling in that staid era was being poured.

Earl had been called upon to design the first LaSalle because Larry Fisher, one of the famed brothers who founded Fisher Body, and then president at Cadillac, had seen some Earl-tailored car bodies in an automobile show.

Aside from possessing the physical propensities of a professional football tackle, Earl had the dramatic flair of a Barrymore, the sales approach of a magazine cover and the automobile styling genius of a—a Harley Earl. His added bargain was a wardrobe that, for pure brilliance, would make an Oriental rug look like a dishrag in comparison. At one Earl presentation of a new car design, the curtains were dramatically rolled up to unveil Earl and a breath-taking new model to a throng of company brass hats.

Earl stepped back to give the scene to the gleaming automobile. But all eyes, instead of focusing on the car, followed Earl. For there he was, all six feet four inches of him, resplendent—in mid-June—in white linen suit, purple shirt, orange necktie and green suède shoes. The "presentation" brought down the house.

It must be said in all fairness to Earl, however, that he dresses now more like the conservative executive type. The change took place, according to one of his men, when Earl became a vice-president. "At that stage," this designer discloses, "he took off his purple shirt."

After his first job was finished, Earl went back to California. But he was quickly recalled to Detroit to head up a newly created Art and Color Section for the same company. It was an inoffensive-sounding job, bearing few indications that the stylish appearance of an automobile would, at some future date, dominate in sales importance what was put beneath the hood. Styling was in its infancy when Earl arrived. What few changes were made on the outside of a car from year to year were considered necessary evils. The situation thus was ripe for someone who knew what looks could do.

A Horse-and-Buggy Ancestry

The importance of car style had been recognized outside the manufacturing end of the business for many years—by those who could afford it. Earl grew up in a concern that made special automobile bodies, the Earl Carriage Works, catering to the Hollywood trade. His father was a carriage manufacturer from the horse-and-buggy days who migrated West from Cadillac, Michigan, to set up shop in a city that could well afford to indulge its extreme tastes.

Young Harley was a natural for the business, because he loved to do things in extremes himself. As an athlete at Stanford, he pole-vaulted and tossed the shot and hammer. He set a record in vaulting, and a record of sorts with the hammer, too, heaving it on one occasion into the stands.

But the extreme in the field of sports that added new gray hairs to the elder Earl's head was Harley's mania for driving and racing the sleek models that came out of the shop. Friends tell of the time when Father Earl was reading his newspaper with morning coffee. His shiny Mercer was resting calmly in the driveway, giving no hint of what had happened to it the day before. Turning to the sports page, Mr. Earl glanced at an item concerning a race of stock cars. It ran something like this:

> "Harley Earl, son of the owner of the Earl Carriage Works, won the 100-mile race for stock cars here yesterday with a special new Mercer recently purchased by his father, etc., etc."

The elder Earl, so the story goes, grimly set out in search of his speedster son.

Harley had his fun, but he made up for it in the shop. Designs flowed from his pen with striking beauty. He designed special car bodies for scores of stars, producers and the like, including Fatty Arbuckle (who really needed one), Cecil B. de Mille and Tom Mix, who insisted that a saddle be placed on the hood of one of his cars. Cost was no object. It was, in fact, one of the most intriguing points about an Earl-made body.

"If Fatty Arbuckle learned that Tom Mix had bought one of our special jobs for $28,000, he'd ask if we had any new ideas for about $30,000," Earl laughingly recalls. "They all tried to outdo one another."

Earl sold out to Don Lee, a well-known automobile distributor, but continued working there for six years before going to Detroit.

Earl learned that keeping his various studio chiefs and designers free from processing new styles long enough to think up fresh ideas was impossible in the turmoil of a car studio. When they finished one job, another was always on deck waiting to be handled.

It was this stalemate that led to creation of the special breeding ground for crazy thoughts.

The only one of its kind in the industry, Design Experimentation is often called by less dignified names. "Screwball studio" and "Buck Rogers" are the most common, while the produce of the "hotshots" who design the freaks generally is known as "hot stuff." Few people, however, know it by any name. Its activities have been under wraps ever since it was started, and its exact location is kept as secret as possible in hopes that the idle curious will stay away from the front door.

The designers Earl has working there are very moderate men, but you wouldn't believe it if you saw the weird vehicles hurtling off the walls in water color. How do they dream up the stuff? The origin of the fantastically beautiful three-eighths-size plaster models and the multitude of drawings is a mystery even to the designers who create them.

They do think, however, that about 90 per cent of the ideas are born outside the studio.

"Ideas come not from a physical stimulus while sitting at an artist's board, but rather from a mental reawakening that the fields of fine music, art or literature can produce," one of these designers rationalizes. "The creative atmosphere I like best is a symphony playing Beethoven's Fifth. I suddenly get an idea for a new car, and start to sketch it as soon as possible."

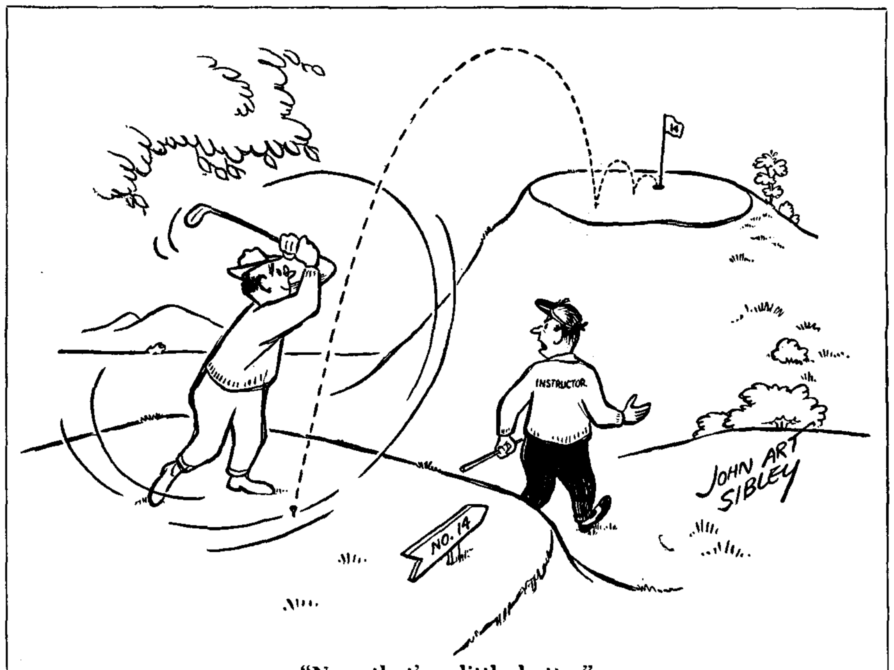
Sound Effects in a Sharp Model

The slick little models are cast from original clay shapes into plaster of Paris and painted with regular car finish. Without fully revealing a trade secret, the stylists ecstatically told me of one of the "hot" models coming up—so styled that the passengers instead of hearing engine noise will get only a moaning of the wind on the "take-off," the same as in an airplane cockpit. And even more provocative features are on the way.

Earl occasionally encounters a company executive who has seen, for example, too many sketches of snappy engine-in-the-rear cars in the newspapers, and barges into the studio wanting to know why they can't try one on that order, too. In this particular case, they showed him. They quickly created a three-eighths-size automobile, this time under all the practical limitations necessary if such a car were to be manufactured. The engine was assumed to be in the rear, and the passenger space was crowded forward to take advantage of the hole where the engine used to be.

Although a layman is not expected to know that a certain amount of turning space must be allowed for the front wheels, that fact should have been obvious to the manufacturer before the special model was built.

The outcome of the company's first and only experiment with a rear-engine design proved that in utilizing the forward space, only one person—the driver—could squeeze in between the front wheel wells and still have leg room. Behind him were located the two seats as in a standard design. The over-all effect



COLLIER'S "Now that's a little better" JOHN ART SIBLEY

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

by Frank Williams

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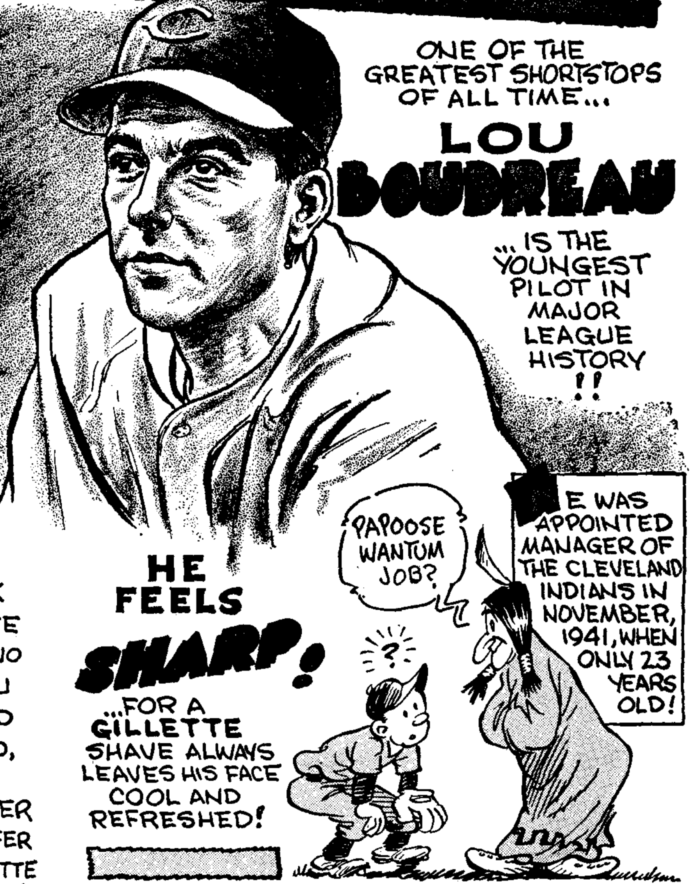
THIS SUMMER GUY EXPECTS TO DEFEND THE INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP WHICH HE WON WITH HIS TEMPO VII ON THE DETROIT RIVER LAST LABOR DAY.

AHHH! ALL TUNED UP!

HE LOOKS **SHARP!** ...GUY KNOWS THAT GOOD APPEARANCE COUNTS FOR PLENTY--ALWAYS SHAVES THE CLEANER, SMOOTHER **GILLETTE** WAY!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HE WAS APPOINTED MANAGER OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS IN NOVEMBER, 1941, WHEN ONLY 23 YEARS OLD!

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8. **DOUBLE EDGES** ASSURE DOUBLE ECONOMY AND SAVE YOU MONEY

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NO WONDER MEN PREFER THE GILLETTE TECH 7 TO 1 OVER EVERY OTHER RAZOR. NO WONDER GILLETTE BLUE BLADES-WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED-ARE FIRST CHOICE. FOR UTMOST SHAVING SATISFACTION, BUY GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES!

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WORLD'S CHAMPION ARCHER FOR THE PAST 8 YEARS... **LARRY HUGHES** ...SCORED THE HIGHEST TOTALS EVER MADE IN COMPETITION WITHIN TWO YEARS AFTER TAKING UP THE BOW AND ARROW!

ROBIN HOOD
HOW'S ABOUT A LESSON, CHAMP?

HE IS **SHARP!** ...LARRY KNOWS HE GETS MORE SHAVES PER BLADE AND SAVES MONEY BY USING TODAY'S **GILLETTE BLUE BLADE** IN HIS **GILLETTE TECH RAZOR!!**

FOR THE GREATEST SHAVING BARGAIN ON EARTH, ASK FOR THE GOLD-PLATED **GILLETTE TECH RAZOR** PLUS 5 GILLETTE BLUE BLADES **49¢**

ENJOY **BOXING** EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT OVER ABC NETWORK. GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ALSO AIRS WORLD SERIES AND OTHER CLASSICS YEAR 'ROUND

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"I have found my spring," said Col. Crow... "and here will I build my distillery."

Here, at Frankfort, Kentucky,
a century later, we use the same
limestone spring in distilling Old Crow Whiskey.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
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was that an automobile had been converted into a bus, with the driver up front.

"After we finish one model that sets forth a possible trend, sometimes we just don't know where to go next," the designers say. "It scares you not to have a new idea." They've already exhausted all conceivable trends of windshield design, they confess. "Earl still screams for new windshields but we haven't been able to think of a new one to offer. It seems like every possibility has been covered."

New over-all designs, however, are flowing from the brushes of the Earl crystal-ball corps. First, they sketch the idea on vellum. If it appears to be something no one else has thought of, they proceed to make a "rendering," which is a perspective water-color drawing. Every trick of art is used to dramatize the rendering, accenting the features that eventually may be carried forward to a sheet-steel climax on the assembly line.

Ideas Anticipate the Future

The tires may have a queer but spiffy-looking tread that is unknown now but could be entirely possible in the future when tire manufacturing processes have been further developed. About ten pencil sketches are made before one is found suitable for rendering. After that, the percentage gets rougher. Only one out of 50 renderings will be processed into the clay-model stage, and of the clay models, approximately one out of two will be cast into plaster to be finished up for the showroom. The present production rate on finished models is about two per month.

The plaster models are left in the showroom for months, not only to convey ideas to the company division managers but to see how they "wear" as well. It may be discovered that the hottest model in the room today will be a clunker tomorrow. Styling tastes change that fast if the idea is not solidly on the beam.

Hundreds of practical limitations put a crimp into the picture of a perfect car. There are manufacturing methods to be considered, weight, costs, Interstate Commerce Commission regulations governing bumper and head-lamp heights, head room, leg room, wheel base, and back to expenses again. Everything seems to come back at Styling to change the original idea. Making something that looks like a million dollars, they find, is much easier than grinding out a vehicle that must sell for considerably less.

Styling consideration, nevertheless, holds a dominant position in the field, for appearance now is recognized as one of the hottest points in the whole sales package. Styling dictates to some extent what Engineering must do. If the style trend is toward lower automobiles, the engineers have to figure out how to get the chassis down another inch. (If there's to be more room inside the car without lengthening the wheel base, the engineers have the difficult task of finding a way to do it.)

The job of selling the manufacturing experts and their chief engineers on taking the completed model falls, of course, upon the shoulders of Earl, whose own peculiar style of argument seldom fails.

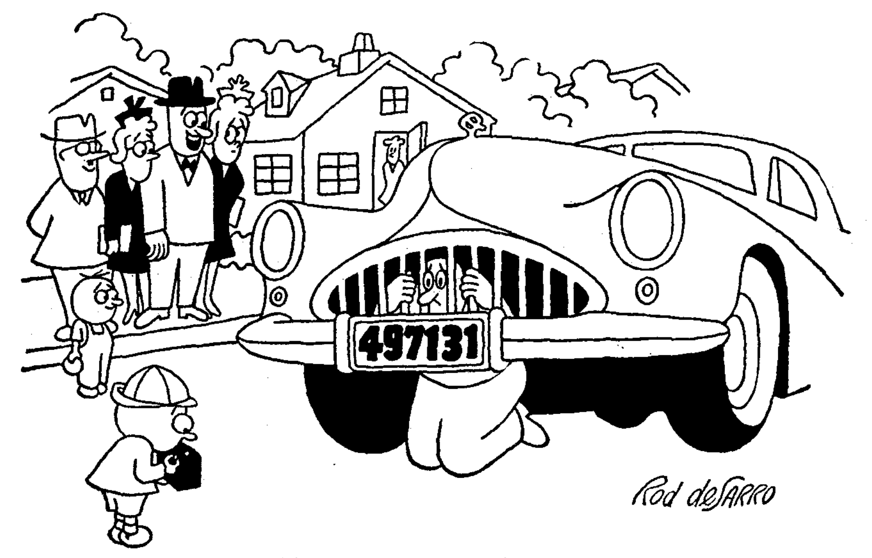
Designers in Earl's section recall only one instance in which he failed to sell the finished wood-and-steel model to the car division boss for whom it was intended. After an unusually long argument, Earl gave in. "All right," he said, "give me all your dimensions and limitations and I'll make just the kind of car you want." In a few months the full-scale clay model was ready, its style conforming rigidly to the manufacturer's ideas. When the car boss was called in for the second time, he took one look and staggered out. Styling, too, still is trying to forget the gruesome thing.

Earl springs most of his big styling surprises with full knowledge that the first impression of a new car is the all-important one. He conceals some of his pet projects until the most opportune moment, using as his hiding place the Special Automobile Design Studio, his own personal sanctum inviolate even to the company president, C. E. Wilson. No one, except its four designers, are allowed in the place where Earl molds his own private dreams of automobiles into solid reality.

So jealously does he guard his secrets that once, when an outsider was let in to repair the floor, the designer in charge got a thorough chewing. A janitor is permitted to clean up occasionally, but enters only after the hush-hush projects are covered with sheets.

To help his chief designers acquire new ideas, Earl sends them every year to the Indianapolis 500-mile race, the Cleveland air races and the New York Automobile Show. As inspirational stimuli these events are wonderful. Some of his designers love the smell of tread-scorched tires and burning castor oil with a passion that only dyed-in-the-wool race fans can understand. But when Earl turns them loose, he's never sure what's going to happen. Once, when they went to the company's proving ground to test some new models, they were caught racing neck and neck down a two-lane straightaway at 85 miles an hour. That in itself wouldn't have been unusual for a bunch of designers. The thing that got Earl, when he found out about it, was that his speed-crazy boys were shaking hands from one car to the other as they tore down the track.

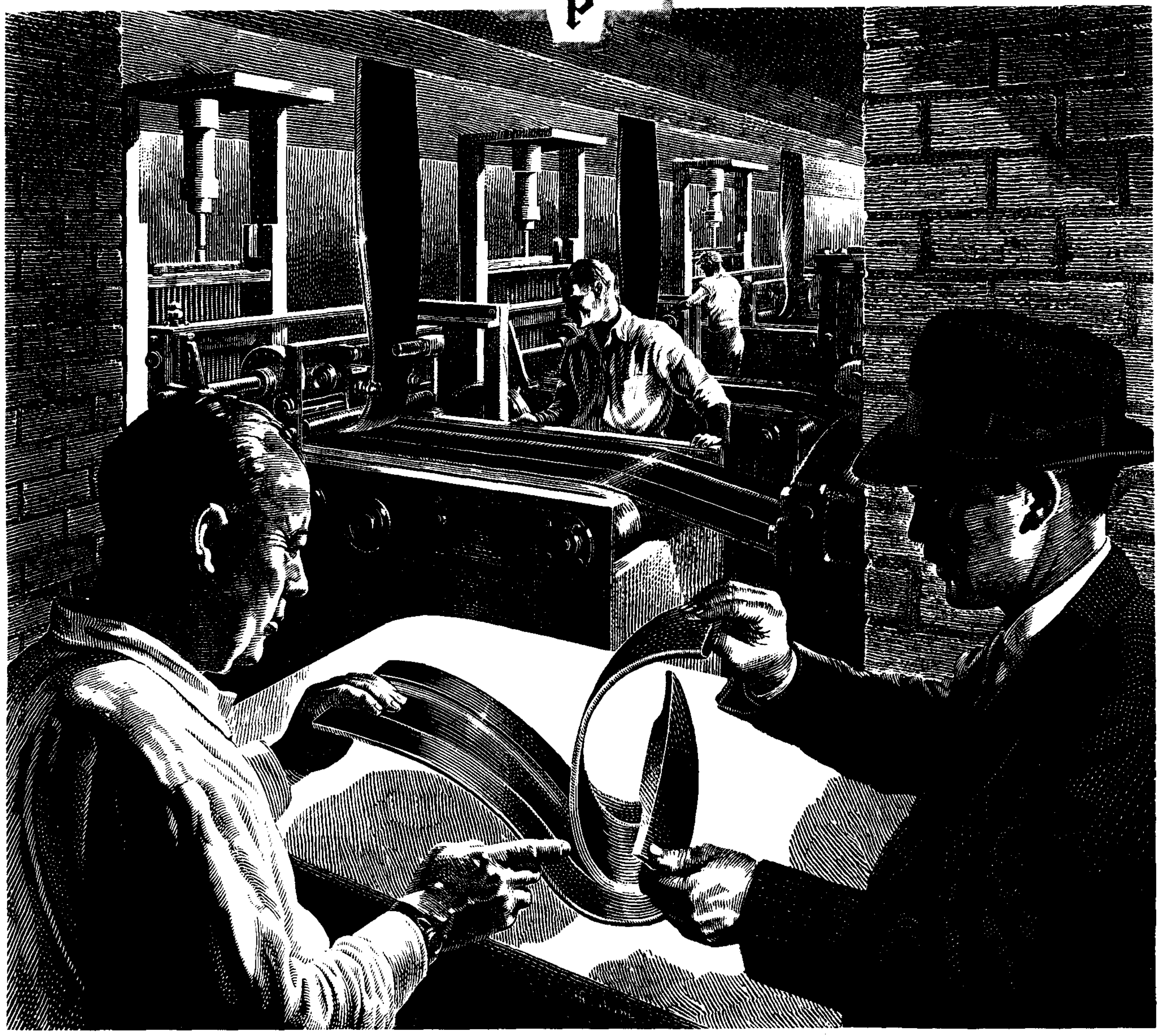
THE END



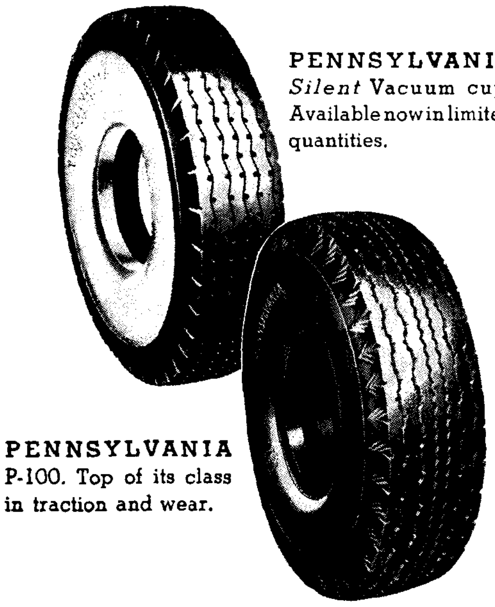
"Most kids would just snap their old man at the steering wheel, but he packs his compositions with human interest"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

SCENE FROM PENN-CRAFT PARK PENNSYLVANIA TIRES **WHERE CRAFTSMEN BUILD WITH PRIDE**



Two to One . . It's Better



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These two entirely different types of rubber stock are inseparably bonded together under tremendous pressure on special machines perfected by Pennsylvania. Together, they mean more miles for your money, more riding comfort, more safety.

Ask your Pennsylvania dealer for further facts about these outstanding tires. You'll find him a helpful, friendly tire expert always ready to serve you. In fact, whenever you need tires or tire service, head for the Pennsylvania Keystone . . . it's headquarters.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. • PENN-CRAFT PARK • JEANNETTE, PA.

SPEAR THAT TIGER!

Continued from page 19

blue herons, and a dozen smaller varieties, including the famous bull heron; many types of ibises; storks five feet high; endless varieties of ducks.

The swamp pools are alive with alligators, and marsh deer dart about on hoofs especially adapted for swimming. The capivara, an 80-pound guinea pig hunted for its skin (used for "pigskin" gloves), and the hippopotamuslike tapir also live in and near the water. Huge droves of the peccary, or wild pig; anteaters; armadillos; *cuatis* (a raccoonlike animal); monkeys—and the tigers and smaller cats (puma, ocelot, and gray forest cat) which prey on them—keep to the dried-up marshlands and the fringes of the jungle. For the deep jungle itself has very little game; usually a tiger heads for it only to elude pursuit.

Heavy Toll of Ranchers' Herds

Tigers, paradoxically, have increased rather than decreased as a result of the first thrusts of civilization—by the hardy pioneering cattlemen—into the Mato Grosso's vast swamplands and jungles. For the tigers find the ranchers' herds much easier prey than the deer, peccaries and tapirs. At the time I established my headquarters on the Miranda River, within the boundaries of Estancia Miranda (a 1,500-square-mile ranch), tigers were killing 3,000 head of cattle yearly from the ranch's herd of 50,000. Sometimes a single tiger killed up to twelve head of cattle in a night, just for sport.

Tiger hunting for the huge ranch, Estancia Miranda, and its neighbors, is a career in itself. But I also conduct hunting expeditions for sportsmen. My headquarters for these hunts is a houseboat on the Río Miranda.

On most sportsman hunts we spend a week at a time away from the houseboat, possibly riding cow ponies a day or two, to get to the heart of the best tiger country. We each carry a *garupa,* or saddlebag, containing poncho, hammock and mosquito netting. I carry my sheathed spear. It has a six-foot hardwood handle and a twelve-inch bayonetlike steel blade topped by a three-inch crosspiece; the crosspiece is a guard which, by limiting any impaling thrust to the short length of the spear blade, enables me to keep the length of the spear shaft between me and the animal.

I also have an 80-pound yew bow and arrows, and a revolver. If I am not hunting with sportsmen, I leave my revolver behind and carry only my primitive weapons. My sportsmen are supplied with .30-30 Winchester repeating rifles or with .30-06 Springfields.

My Brazilian helpers, Bernardo and Rosando, follow with the pack animals and two or three cows, with their calves, to furnish fresh milk. They also are in charge of the dogs—I usually take along a dozen of my most experienced ones.

When we reach the campsite, we build straw huts from marsh grass, tether our horses, set up a small corral to hold the calves of the milch cows, broil beefsteak and turn in early.

We are up at 4 A.M., while it is still dark. We breakfast lightly and dress for the hunt. I wear a heavy khaki shirt and trousers, broad-brimmed felt hat, hip-length deerskin leggings and rubber-soled basketball shoes.

With the dogs coupled in pairs (to keep them from straying off individually on nontiger scents), we set out, usually just at dawn. Unless we know of a fresh tiger "kill," a cow or deer, we head for the nearest water hole, hoping to surprise a tiger at his morning drink. On the way we keep an eye on the sky for vultures, sure guides to a tiger's kill.

There are two kinds of vultures, distinguishable to a practiced eye by their flight. The smaller, or turkey buzzard, is a less dependable guide to a kill because it seeks not only carrion but also small rodents, frogs and snakes.

The larger vulture, the urubu, which lives exclusively on carrion, is a much more reliable guide to a tiger's kill. If we see urubu swooping from a considerable height we can be sure they have just spotted a fresh kill, and we head in that direction.

Once the dogs get a whiff of the musky tiger scent from the abandoned kill, the entire pack dashes off on the trail. They are out of sight quickly in the high marsh grass, but the pitch and tone of their voices tell me what they are doing. We spur our horses after the dogs (or run on foot if they enter jungle where we cannot use horses), and we yell constantly to encourage them.

Usually, on a full stomach, a tiger does not run more than three or four miles, although I have known a few to run twenty. At the end of the run, seven out of ten tigers take to a tree. And then, stretched lazily on a limb 30 or 40 feet above the ground, he gazes calmly down at the pack of howling dogs beneath him. When we come up, he merely yawns in our faces.

For the average tiger has never seen a human. The only thing he ever has had cause to fear is, perhaps, the combined wrath of 300 to 400 vicious, scissors-tusked peccaries, who may angrily turn on him after he has picked off a straggler from their closely massed ranks. Such a drove he always has evaded with a single 12-foot bound up a tree.

Gazing at us in a bored manner, the tiger occasionally turns his head to glance down reproachfully at the dogs making such a bedlam at the foot of his tree. The sportsman aims between the big cat's eyes, and if he's not too nervous there's a report and the animal comes tumbling down dead.

But frequently the sportsman only wounds the tiger, and the infuriated animal leaps down. And five times out of ten he immediately charges his tormentors. Then I have to step in, with my spear.

However, the older, more experienced tigers—with some knowledge of man—do not take to the trees and calmly wait to be shot. When tired of running from the dogs, they come to bay in heavy underbrush and, as we approach, they charge. These, the dangerous big cats, are the ones I fight with my spear.

The idea is to allow the tiger to charge and thus impale himself on the spear; then, keeping the spear in him, to hurl him onto his back, pin him to the ground and kill him.

This is impossible if the tiger charges among bushes or trees so close there is no room to side-step around him after hurling him on his back. The only thing to do then is jerk out the spear and wait for the second charge, at the same time backing up or moving to one side to maneuver him into a more open space.

You learn certain tricks to prevent the tiger knocking you off your feet. By resting your hands with the spear shaft against your knees, you can stop the charge of a leaping cat of 200 pounds; but with a tiger weighing more (and many reach nearly twice that size), the impact is too much. The strategy then is to tip the butt of the spear shaft at the moment the tiger strikes the blade, so his impact will drive the butt against the ground. This stops his charge. Then, with a sudden heave, you can usually hurl him onto his back.

If you fail to side-step quickly around behind the head of the impaled tiger he either will rip you open with his claws or, getting his paws under the spear crosspiece, he will kick out the spear.

When I approach a tiger at bay on the ground, I hold my spear horizontally in both hands on a level with my hips, the blade about three feet in front of me, my legs far apart. I lean slightly forward, my right foot always ahead, edging forward on the balls of my feet.

I aim the point of my spear at the animal's chest as he rushes me, ready to tilt it up if he leaps at my head. If he does not leap, my aim will drive the spear beneath his chin, where it may pierce his windpipe and jugular; if it misses and merely strikes his neck muscles, it nevertheless will stop his charge. He'll wriggle off the spear and then will charge again. He may charge four or five times, for rarely will a tiger run away after being wounded. If he does, the dogs soon bring him to bay again.

A tiger will not always leap for your head when he charges, as I learned dangerously. I was with Joaquim Guato, the Brazilian Indian spear fighter who taught me the technique, and this was my first attempt to use the spear.

The dogs had brought a jaguar to bay on the ground, and when Joaquim and I arrived it charged straight at us. I held my spear toward that charging cat, waiting until, from a distance of a few feet, he would leap for my head. Then I would jerk up my spear and strike his chest in mid-air, as Joaquim had instructed.

But this tiger did not leap. He went straight for my legs. I jerked my spear down, but in my haste dropped it too low, missed him altogether, and momentarily lost my balance. For an instant I was paralyzed as that huge red mouth rushed so close that I felt its breath on my face. But before his fangs could touch me, Joaquim's spear plunged into the tiger's mouth. I straightened up and stabbed my spear into his chest, and in a few seconds the animal was dead.

Old Three-Toes Kills an Enemy

Joaquim, a master hunter skillful to the point of legend, himself eventually met his match. "Old Three-Toes," a notorious big cat lacking a toe on one front paw, whose forays on cattle herds were long the despair of ranchers. Joaquim had stalked him for weeks. But he never found the tiger. The tiger got to him while he was dragging his canoe ashore on the thickly wooded bank of a jungle river. I pieced the story together much later when I found Joaquim's bones and spear beside his half-rotted canoe. When, still later, I killed an old male tiger in the region and discovered that he was short a toe, I knew that I had avenged my old teacher.

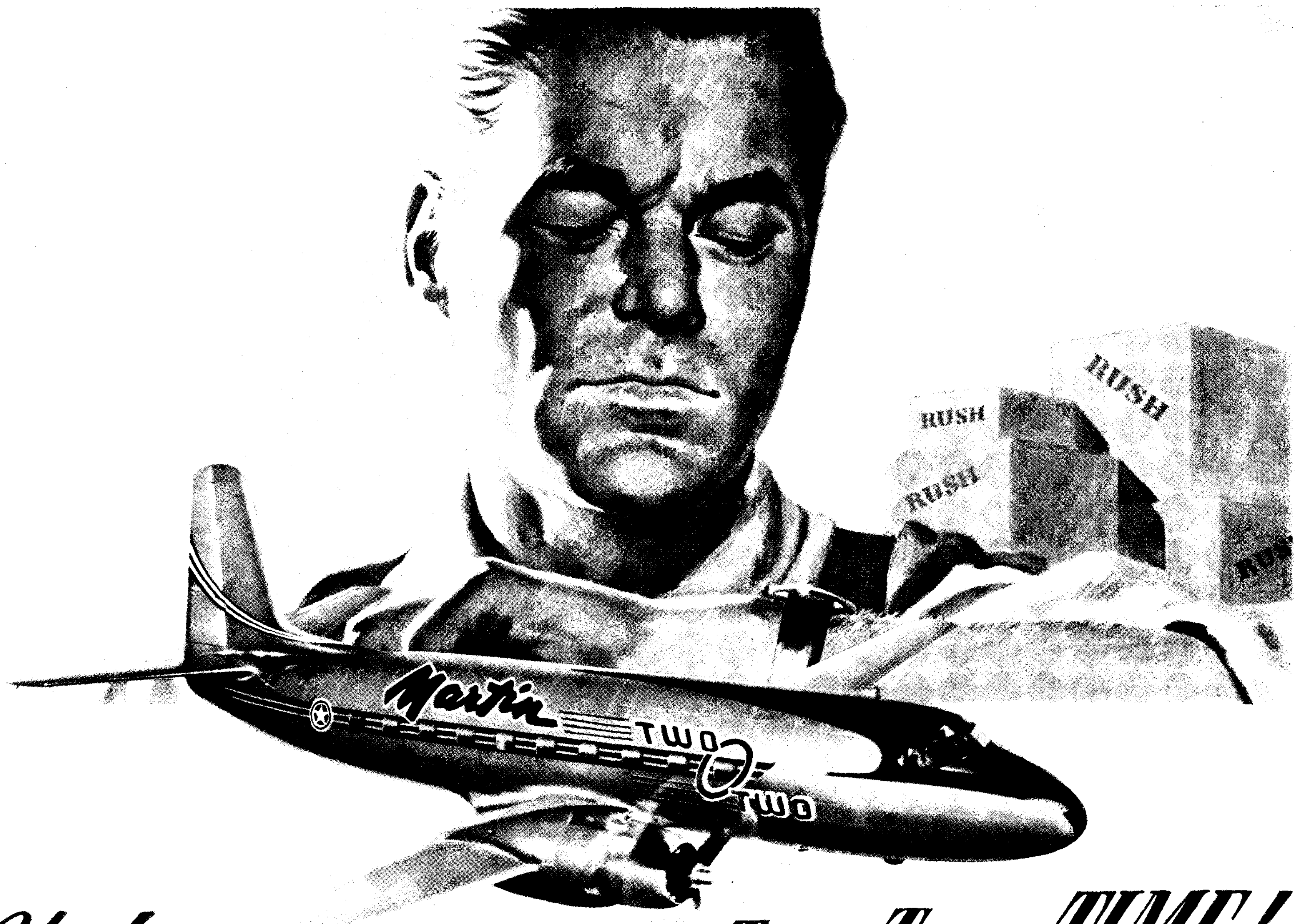
A tiger once chased by a hunter invariably becomes a wily, wary killer, even a man-hunter. (Once a tiger has killed a human and has learned how easy a source of food a lone Indian or cowboy is, he'll try it again.) For the tiger that has been pursued by a hunter and has escaped has learned the lesson that with hunters, unlike peccaries, his only other enemies, his best strategy is not refuge in a tree, but flight—preferably into thick

THIS FASCINATING WORLD

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
Pasadena	**The religious cult head who had prophesied the world would end in September, 1945, revised the prediction date to October, 1946—this time for sure.**
Atlantic City	**A man won a clam-eating contest by dispatching 96 at one sitting, washing them down with soda pop.**
Maywood, California	**A ten-year-old lad who found and returned money lost by an ice-cream company was rewarded with free ice cream for one year.**
Sheffield, Massachusetts	**A hen laid an egg weighing 4½ ounces, supplying omelet material for an entire family.**
Pittsburgh	**A streetcar motorman's will filed for probate was written on the back of a streetcar transfer.**
Ibstock, England	**A soldier sent his girl a love letter 7,000 words long.**
New York	**A men's store advertised shirts made of 5 per cent mink, 20 per cent muskrat and 75 per cent virgin wool—at $14.50 each.**
Chicago	**A landlady sued her apartment tenant for $10,000 damages because he painted her mahogany furniture snow white, over her protests.**
Alton, Illinois	**Nobody in this town died while the obituary editor of the Evening Telegram was taking his vacation (normal weekly mortality rate 10).**
Portland, Oregon	**Professional tattooers reported brisk business in erasing girls' names off forearms and chests of discharged servicemen.**

—W. E. Farbstein

"THEY WANT DELIVERY TOMORROW . . . HAVE WE GOT TIME?"



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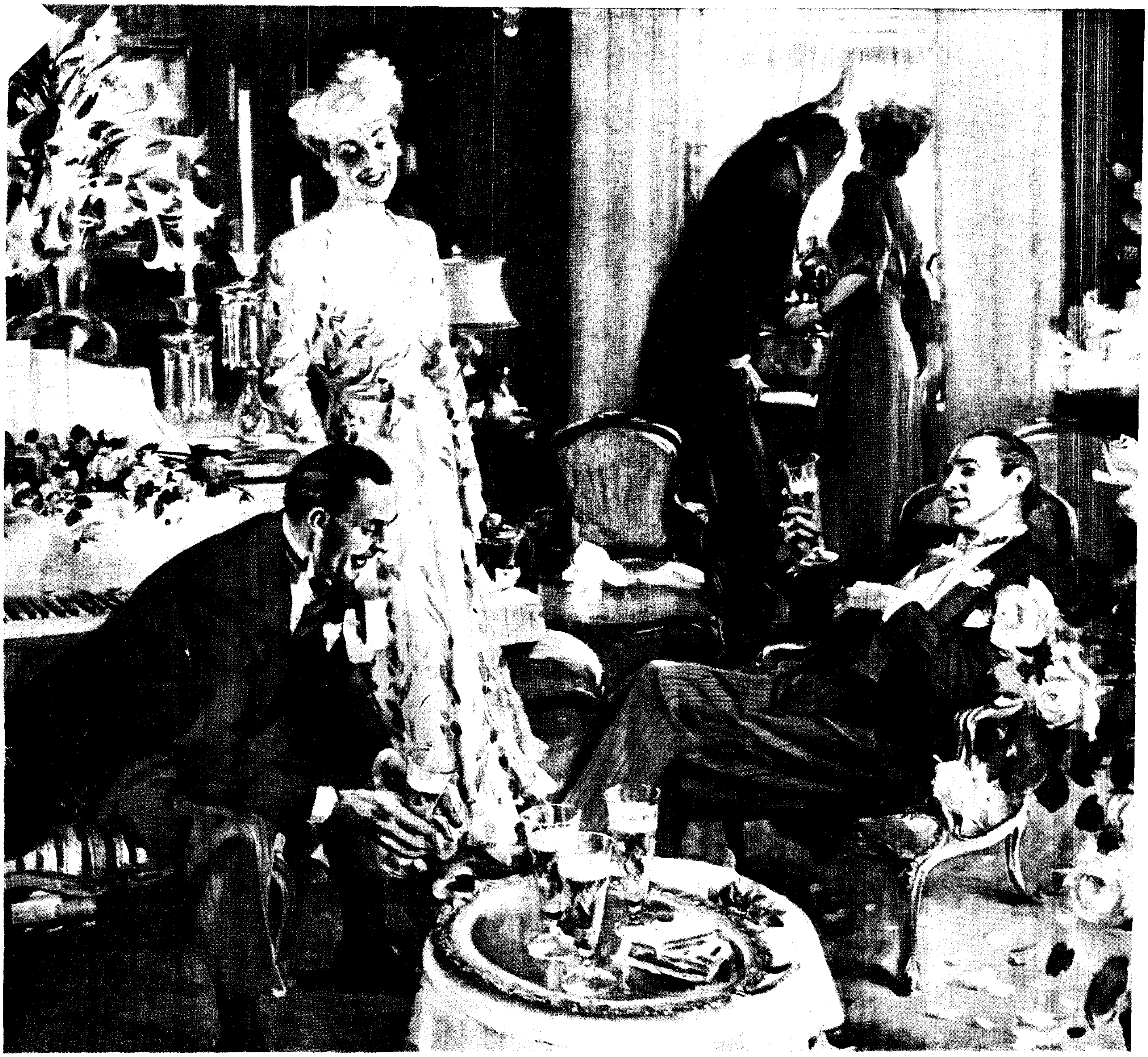
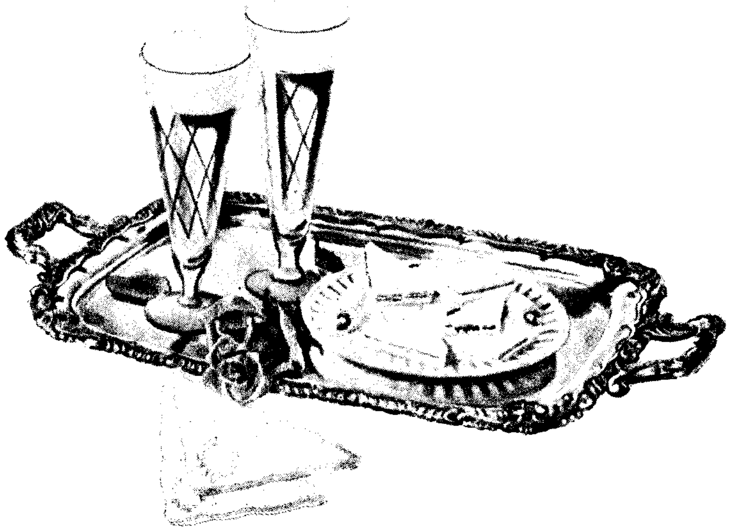


"AFTER THE WEDDING" by John Gannam. Number 5 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

jungle where hunters on horses cannot follow.

The jaguar, unlike most cats, is a fine swimmer, and some expert Indian hunters take advantage of this fact during the rainy season. On moonlit nights, in a canoe, the Indians imitate the mating call of a female tiger, to lure the male into the water. They then slip up behind the swimming tiger and spear him from the canoe.

Trying to outwit an experienced tiger is a job for the best hunter. There is an old male, which my native helpers have named "the Professor" which I have hunted unsuccessfully 20 times over a nine-year period. Whenever my dogs chase him, he starts at a fast trot for the nearest patch of impenetrable jungle, going as fast as our horses can canter, sometimes for hours. He may rest for a moment or, if the dogs begin to snap too closely at his heels, he will turn and snarl at them. But he never makes the mistake of taking time out to kill dogs, or to come to bay, which would enable me to catch up with him.

The Dog-Killer's Last Stand

There was an experienced old tiger in the region, "the Dog-Killer," who was frequently hunted because he killed so many cattle; he had gained his name because of his pet strategy. Whenever hunted, he would run, with the dogs at his heels, until he was out of range of the hunters' guns. Then he would ambush the dogs and kill them before the hunters could catch up, and disappear in the brush, secure from further pursuit.

I had heard of the Dog-Killer, whose hunting grounds were some distance from where I made my headquarters, but had not gone after him, as I thought too much of my dogs.

However, when I paid a visit to the foreman of a ranch in that area, Sirio Lopez, he persuaded me to go on a hunt for "a certain big tiger" which he said had killed many of his cattle. The night before, it had attacked and eaten alive one of the ranch's prize bulls.

Sirio led me and my pack to the bull's carcass. Immediately after getting the scent, the dogs were off, noisily and excitedly skirting thorn thickets, racing through the high marsh grass. We cantered after them for two or three miles, expecting a long chase as the tiger had a head start of several hours.

Four or five urubu vultures were in the sky, a mile or so ahead in the general direction the dogs were taking us, but they were high up, mere specks in the sky, cruising about lazily trying to discover something. We rode on with the hot sun beating down on us.

Then suddenly we noticed the vultures coming down rapidly about a mile ahead and to our left.

"A kill!" Sirio shouted.

The first two vultures neared the ground and disappeared behind a clump of trees; then, a moment later, they rose again with a resentful, clumsy flapping of wings. That could mean only one thing: The tiger was still at his latest kill.

We spurred our horses to catch up with my yelping dogs, who were about halfway between us and where we'd seen the vultures go down. The dogs were still ahead, when, 200 yards away, in high, brown marsh grass, we saw the tiger. He was eating a calf; a short distance away was a dead cow. Then the dogs saw the big cat, and raced toward it.

The tiger saw the dogs and us simultaneously; he snarled, then whirled and ran, with the dogs streaking behind him. He loped along at a good speed, and the pack, while keeping far enough behind so he could not attack them without losing time, kept close enough so he was unable to hide.

Sirio and I cantered a half mile behind. Finally, after three or four miles, the tiger, still closely pursued by the dogs, made for the near-by jungle and disappeared. The dogs followed. A few minutes later I could tell, from their hysterical barking and howling, that they had brought the tiger to bay—in a tree.

We rode to the edge of the jungle, quickly dismounted and tied our horses, and raced in on foot. I carried my bow and arrows and sheathed spear. About this time the worried Sirio must have felt a twinge of conscience.

"Listen, Sasha," he gasped, as we tore on, "this is the Dog-Killer! I'm sure—"

"Hurry!" I shouted. "The dogs will all be killed!"

Running was difficult. We wove between the huge trees and tore our way through the vines and creepers and enormous fernlike jungle undergrowth, then ran across a strip of dried-up swamp, choked with rank, wind-tangled high marsh grass and thornbush thickets. We finally arrived at a small clump of trees and there was the tiger, in a tree 40 feet away. He already had seen us and was about to come down.

Hurriedly I fitted an arrow in my bow and aimed it at his throat. But he suddenly moved his head, and the arrow struck him in the jaw.

He let out an angry snarl, broke off the arrow with a brush of his paw, and came quickly down the tree, backward, jumping the last fifteen feet; then he whirled off and bounded away, into still deeper swamp.

I ran after him, reeling as I tried to keep my footing in the slippery ooze, sinking into water up to my knees at every step.

Finally, the tiger came to bay. The dogs gamely charged in, first from one side and then the other. I was 200 yards behind.

The big cat grabbed one of the dogs between his jaws and plunged its head into the swamp water to drown it. When he released the dog, it was covered with blood, but managed to drag itself away. The tiger wheeled about and grabbed another dog and tried the same drowning tactics. Again the dog managed to get away, bleeding but apparently not badly hurt. (I later found out that a part of my arrow was still stuck in the tiger's jaw, handicapping his bite, which was why he hadn't killed the dogs immediately.)

Now I was within 75 yards of the tiger, and I aimed an arrow at his ribs. It struck his shoulder. He snarled, bit it off, and then, seeing me, let out a roar and rushed through the shallow water at me. I dropped my bow and grabbed my spear, while trying frantically to find firm footing in the slippery swamp. He leaped for my head. I jerked the spear blade up, and it entered his chest. I heaved with the spear to hurl him back. He landed on his side, free of the spear, and scrambling to his feet, lunged at me again, this time low. My hastily aimed spear sliced his jaw. He withdrew, now bleeding from two wounds.

Suddenly, he spun around to the side and with a quick short rush leaped again for my head. I staggered with the momentum of his charge, but my spear entered his chest, a bit lower than the first time. I managed to throw him onto his back. He thrashed about with his powerful legs, but I kept the spear in him by splashing around to the back of his head. I bore down heavily on the spear, trying to reach his heart with the blade, and the tiger struggled against the spear and to keep his head above water. I finally half drowned, half stabbed him to death.

In the years I've hunted tigers, I've only been hurt twice, neither time by a tiger. Once I accidentally shot myself in the leg with my revolver. The other time, while crossing a muddy swamp pool, I stepped on the head of an alligator who grabbed my foot and gave me a nasty wound.

And my narrowest escape in a tiger hunt was not from a tiger.

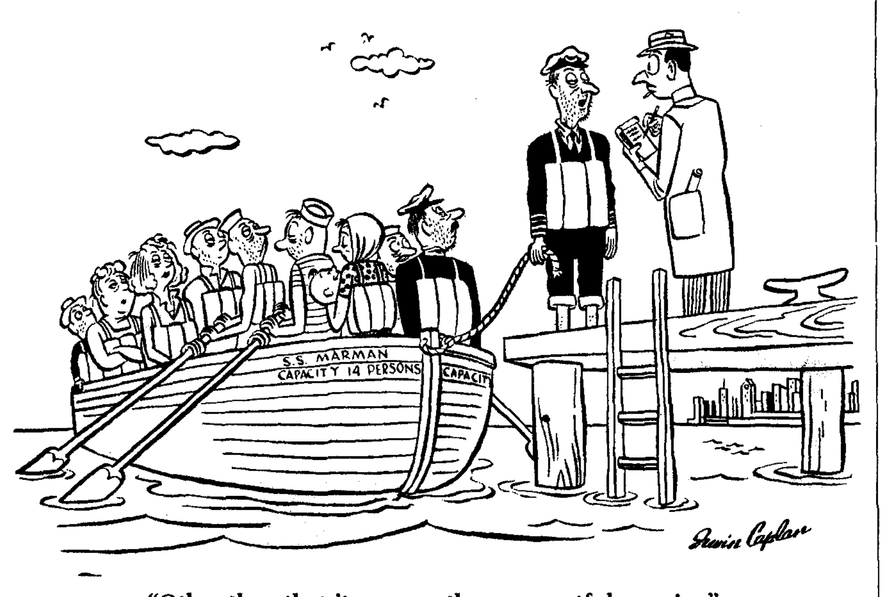
About ten years ago, I was conducting three American sportsmen on a tiger-hunting trip—a professor from a small Middle Western college and two boys just graduated from Yale.

Shortly after setting out one sunrise, we saw a big tiger at the edge of the jungle, eating a cow he had just killed. He looked up and, without the slightest trace of fear, returned to his breakfast. I told the professor to shoot. He did, but missed. The tiger looked up, annoyed. Then I shot and also missed. At that the big cat snarled and, with a bound, left his kill and streaked into the jungle, with the dogs after him.

We followed, but soon were forced to dismount and race after on foot.

But the tiger was smart. He would momentarily come to bay, allowing the dogs to catch up, then would take a swipe at the nearest and start off again before we could get close enough to see him. He did this several times. Each time when we arrived at a thicket which the dogs were baying, we found that the wily tiger already had left.

The professor, determined not to lose this opportunity for a shot, was at my side with his .30-30 Winchester, and the two collegians were behind, armed with heavy .44 revolvers. I carried a short carbine with a bayonet. The fifth time the dogs stopped and bayed a large thornbush thicket. Instead of approaching it cautiously and thus losing valuable time, I led the men at a fast run right up to it, expecting to plow through the thicket and send the dogs off again on the tiger's trail.



COLLIER'S "Other than that it was a rather uneventful crossing" IRWIN CAPLAN

To my astonishment, when I was within 10 yards of the bushes, I suddenly heard a coughing roar. The thornbushes parted and the tiger came rushing out at us. The professor shot, and I shot too, from my hip. But neither shot stopped the animal. I braced myself, and the next thing I saw was my bayonet entering the tiger's throat. His leap knocked me over backward. We both fell almost in a heap, the tiger landing on his side on top of one of the dogs. Like lightning he twisted to his feet and tried to pounce on me as I lay on the ground, but I swung about, and my bayonet got him in the throat.

In the ensuing struggle as I lunged about with my back on the ground, desperately holding the tiger off with my bayonet, our two collegians, overwhelmed with excitement and eager to help, began feverishly shooting at the tiger with their revolvers—from thirty feet away and with me between them and their target! Bullets whizzed past my head, hit the ground around me, hit my dogs—one or two even hit the tiger—and I crouched there on the ground, desperately holding off the tiger with my bayonet.

Finally, their guns emptied, the boys stopped shooting. I scrambled to my feet. And the tiger fled, bleeding from many wounds and obviously in a bad way. Of my ten dogs, only one remained unhurt. He gamely followed the tiger, and I followed the dog. The big cat didn't go far; I found him deep in the thicket. He was obviously weakened but still ready to fight, so I killed him with a bullet between the eyes.

Two of my dogs had been shot. The tiger had hurt four and killed one. And there was a bullet hole through my shirt.

Buck Fever a Hazard

The "buck fever" that seizes amateurs when they first come face to face with a tiger always is a hazard. Once, with a party of four sportsmen, I approached a tiger brought to bay in a thicket. With the man elected to shoot this cat, I crawled on hands and knees into the fringe of the bushes. He had a .30-30 Winchester repeater. The others were about 75 feet behind us.

I saw the tiger crouching on the ground in the dark depths of the thicket, and I pointed it out to the sportsman. The cat made no move. So the man took good aim and shot it between the eyes, killing it instantly. With a shout, he jumped up.

At that moment there was a second shot, behind us, and the man beside me was hurled to the ground, a bullet in his right shoulder. It was a bad, bone-shattering wound, and it immediately ended the hunting expedition. And the only explanation his remorseful friend could give for firing the shot was, "When I heard him shoot, I thought the tiger was charging *me!*"

My family and I recently came to the United States. (Seven years ago I married a Philadelphia sportswoman who visited the Mato Grosso to hunt tigers; we now have three hardy jungle-bred youngsters.) We are living near Philadelphia and originally planned to stay about a year. However, my wife has been trying—in a woman's subtle fashion—to "sell" me on the United States as a permanent home. I agree on its advantages, but—

During my years in the Mato Grosso, every once in a while I heard of a rare subspecies of black jaguar, a mutation of the true *tigre,* slightly smaller but extremely ferocious. But I was never able to find one. Then, just before we left for America, an Indian told me that a few black jaguars had been seen in a distant part of the jungle.

I think I might take a trip back to the Mato Grosso next year. I'd like to have a black jaguar skin to add to my trophies.

THE END

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FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

in any way fair to the departed Mr. Long, Mrs. Long or the people of the state of Louisiana (The Kingfish Gets Hooked, May 17th).

Your story was written by a man who makes his living digging up dirt and slurs against any- and everybody whom the federal government does not like. If he will only pay us another short visit I am sure that any court in any city, town or hole in the ground would make him sign a black lie bill. He would be lucky if he ever left the state alive. Nine out of ten Louisianians would feel honored to slit his throat.

CHARLES CRENSHAW, Shreveport, La.

. . . I never knew the facts about the kidnaping of the Lindbergh child and Huey P. Long (I was nine or ten at the time) until I read about them in Collier's.

MRS. E. M. TOWNSEND, New Orleans, La.

FIRE WHEN READY

DEAR EDITOR: Grady Johnson's Firemen Have Fun (May 17th) is a corking good article. Mr. Johnson should visit Nassau County, Long Island. There he will find more and better fire equipment and lower underwriters' ratings.

JAMES MCINNES, JR., Syosset, N. Y.

. . . Send Mr. Johnson on to Rockport, Mass. Here he will find a larger and better fire department with gear right up to the minute. They even own their own ambulance. ARTHUR FOLEY, Milton, Mass.

. . . Your Week's Work (May 17th) states Grady Johnson got so excited about writing up the Larkspur, California, Volunteer Fire Department, he rushed over to that village via ferry. .

Ten years ago our Golden Gate Bridge was opened, and there has not been a ferry service since from San Francisco.

Further, to "yokelize" the volunteer department by use of fake mustaches and whiskers, together with obviously fake red shirts (a volunteer rarely ever uses a red shirt, does he?), it seems you have had a laugh provided for the usual city types to chortle over. Is there the necessity for this?

ALBERT R. NEPPER, San Francisco, Cal.

No, we should have dressed the boys in hair shirts and shaved them so their blue noses would have been apparent.

GERMANOPHOBE

DEAR SIRS: If Charles Boyer, whom I admire as an actor, actually made the statement attributed to him in M'sieu Bwa-yea (May 17th), then I find it most unfortunate that he should portray the role of Ravic in Remarque's Arch of Triumph.

"I have never known a good German," says Boyer, and refuses to accept the part unless Ravic is given a non-Germanic identity. At the same time he claims friendship with the author of Arch of Triumph, who is a German writer. That I fail to understand.

WALTER ST. CROIX, Knoxville, Tenn.

BLASTS ON THE BLASTS ON THE BLASTS

DEAR SIRS: Regarding The Blast—don't forget to drop a bomb on Poughkeepsie . . . and Mr. Rockwall (The Week's Mail, May 17th).

F. E. MURRAY, Washington, D. C.

. . . I wish to say in reply to Mr. Rockwall of Poughkeepsie and his suggestion they atomize Texas that we do have a little bit of use for the Yankees, as they helped Texas win the war. . . .

E. R. ROBIN, San Antonio, Tex.

. . . According to The Week's Mail, a Mr. Luis Pardo wants you to forget the atom bomb. Does he mean one more perhaps . . . and then no more forgetting?

JAYNE AUGSBURGER, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

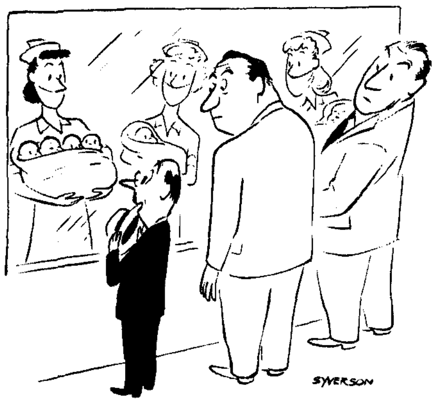
DEAR SIR: Referring to your editorial Is This Split Necessary? (May 17th), I would suggest that divorce be not granted until at least two years after marriage, that only one divorce be permitted, that after marriage and a divorce, no additional divorces may be permitted.

Divorce is a social evil. If, after two tries, one cannot make a success of matrimony, one should be barred from another attempt.

TOM G. WINTERTON, Boston, Mass.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

DEAR EDITOR: I had just finished reading Modern Woman, the Lost Sex, by Lundberg and Farnham when Collier's of May 10th published the attached cartoon by Henry Syverson. Now if this cartoon had appeared before my reading, I would have passed it off as the standard gag of the insignificant man fathering many children. But, let me quote from this excellent book: "Masculinity and femininity, then, cannot be determined by checking secondary outward traits but only by uncovering inner feelings. Exaggerated manifestations of what passes for masculinity (aggressiveness, pugnacity, extroversion) or femininity (gentleness, coyness, introversion) are, psychoanalytically, quite suspect. . . . Masculinity and femininity are deeply internal qualities, expressed in how fully they accept or reject their respective reproductive roles."



MRS. GERALD W. SNYDER, Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks! What a caption your quote would have made!

CURSES!

DEAR SIRS: I have just finished glancing through your May 17th issue. What the ——— is happening to your magazine. Three of your ——— cartoons have profanity in their text.

ELEANOR ANDRACKI, La Salle, Ill.

Drat it all!—Ed.

NEITHER A GOVERNMENT LENDER NOR BORROWER BE

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, Renew That Policy, Joe (May 10th), recommending that all G.I.s retain and convert their government insurance, inspires this comment. I'm a World War I vet and converted $5,000 of my government insurance to a 38-year endowment policy (which costs me $96.25 a year) in 1920, so I've paid in, in 27 years, roughly $2,700 less $100 or $2,600 not counting dividends.

Circumstances forcing me to borrow on my policy illustrates the wonderful way the government favors the G.I. or vet. My own government allows me to borrow my own money, accumulated there as a cash reserve, at 6 per cent interest; but they will loan money to Tom, Dick and Harry at very low rates of interest, and Lend-Lease with no thought of ever getting it back. Sincerely,

C. JAY EVERETT, Okemos, Mich.

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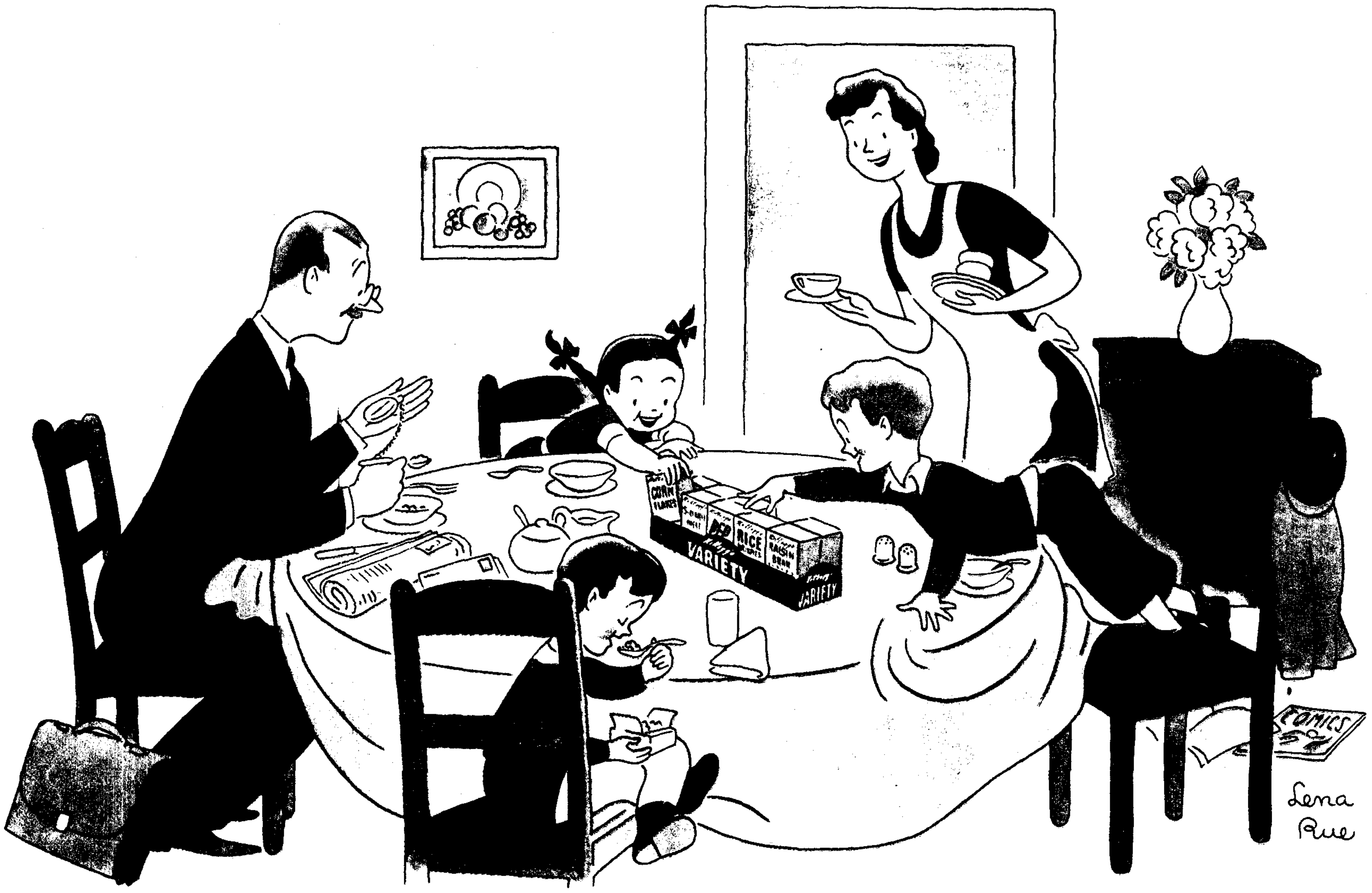
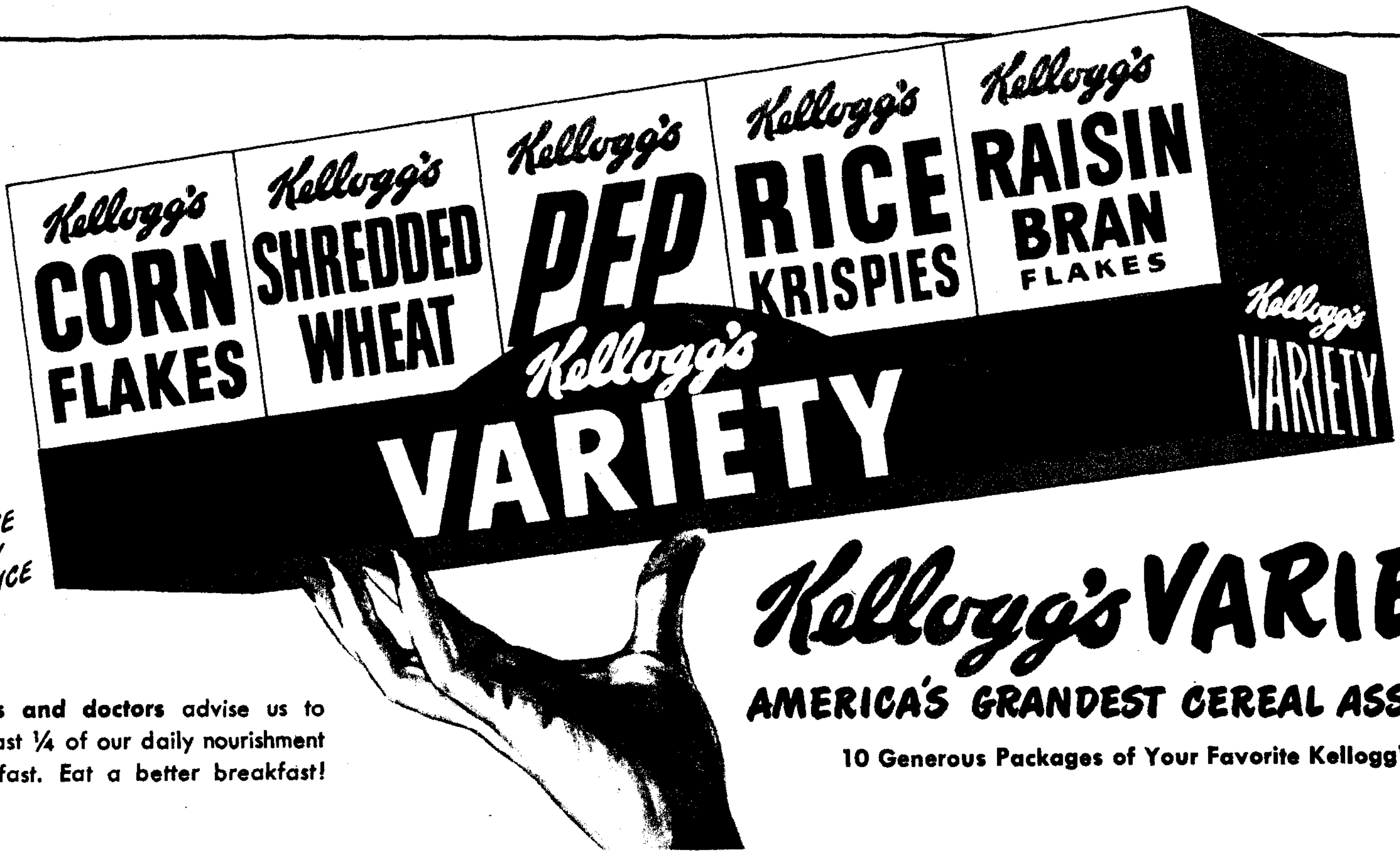
THE GREAT AMERICAN BREAKFAST SCENE

Swell Pickin's!


CORN FLAKES
PEP
RICE
VARIETY
COMICS
Lena Rue

HAVING WRESTLED DAILY WITH PROBLEM OF CRAMMING A GOOD BREAKFAST INTO YOUNG 'UNS, MOTHER DISCOVERS HOW BLISSFUL IT IS TO LET 'EM PICK FROM 6 SWELL CEREALS IN KELLOGG'S VARIETY. DELIGHTED AS EACH CHILD GRABS OWN FAVORITE KELLOGG'S CEREAL. (ALL POPULAR. ALL DELICIOUS. MADE THE KELLOGG WAY!) FINDS KEL-BOWL-PAC A GREAT CONVENIENCE, TOO — EACH A LEAKPROOF BOWL — NO DISHES TO WASH. ONLY KELLOGG'S MAKES THIS GREAT VARIETY. TRY IT FOR BRIGHTER, BETTER BREAKFASTS!


Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
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TAKE MY ADVICE

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10 Generous Packages of Your Favorite Kellogg's Cereals

MACARTHUR'S DEMOCRACY

Continued from page 25

The four-power Allied Council in Tokyo, promised as a sop to the Russians by James F. Byrnes at Moscow in early 1946 and operating since April of that year, is distinctly advisory in its powers, as MacArthur lost no time in making clear; its most practical use has been as a sounding board for the Russians and the Americans in propaganda battles staged both for the Japanese and the outside world. The Americans, meaning MacArthur's deputy, Ambassador George Atcheson, Jr., inevitably have the last if not always the politest word.

MacArthur's relations with the Russians have never been good. The Anglo-American idea of establishing bulwarks of Western democracy in Japan and Korea has spelled nothing but capitalistic imperialism to the Soviets. They were invited to share in the military occupation, but refused, presumably because their troops would serve under a foreign commander. But they have been lavish with criticism of the occupation, and SCAP has been lavish with resentment.

A Sardonic Soviet Spokesman

Moscow's chief spokesman in Tokyo is Lieutenant General Kuzma Derevyanko, the stocky, blue-eyed Soviet member of the Allied Council. Jovial and amiable at American parties, or when welcoming MacArthur for a brief appearance at a gala Russian Embassy celebration, Derevyanko can be curt and sardonic enough at a council meeting.

A few weeks ago, for instance, Derevyanko let go a blast at the whole administration of the occupation. "Since the surrender," he said, "almost no serious measures have been taken to solve the huge economic problems of today. Even the halfway measures taken have not been carried out. . . . The Zaibatsu concerns have not been dissolved. Of sixty-five holding companies controlling 3,200 corporations, only one small holding company has been sold. . . .

"No serious measures have been taken against individuals who sabotaged industrial production, concealed stockpiles and delayed recovery. Nothing has been done to increase industrial production. . . . There has been no struggle against inflation, no price control, no control of distribution, no measures against the black market, no move against unnecessary budget expenditures. Real wages and salaries are steadily decreasing. . . ."

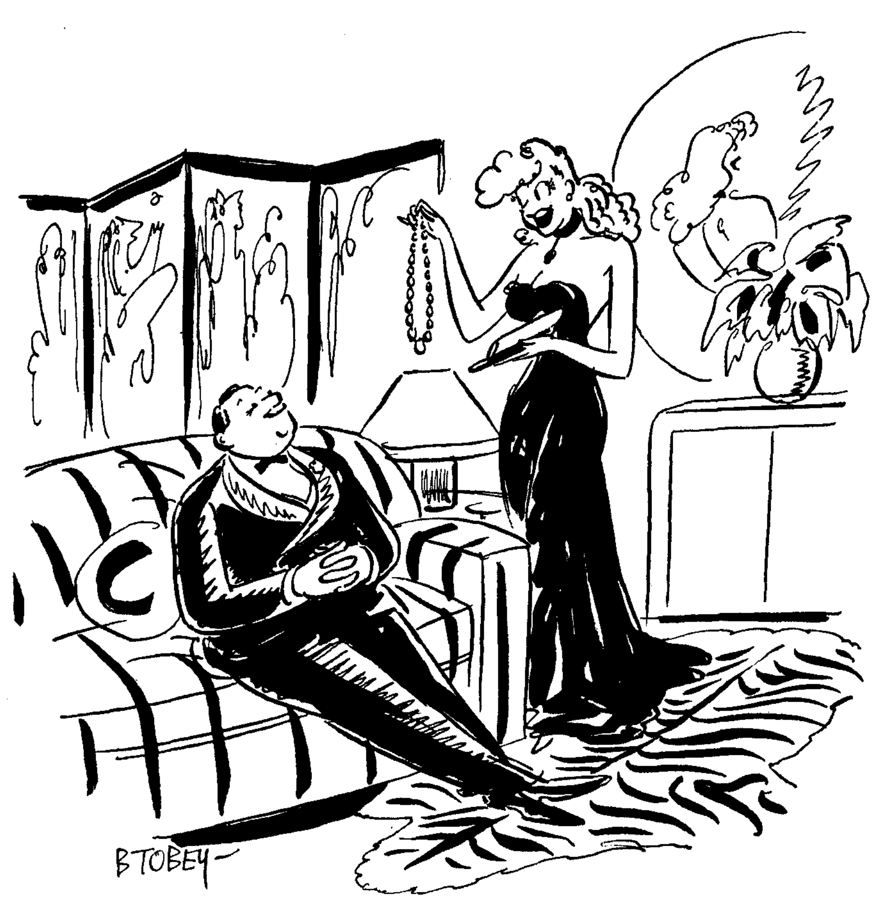
SCAP is firmly convinced that Moscow (1) wants Communist regimes in Japan and Korea; (2) believes that delay of reparations and the peace treaty in Japan, and of unification in Korea, will contribute to economic chaos, and therefore complete failure of the occupation; (3) works accordingly.

The Russians beam five radio broadcasts daily from Khabarovsk to Japan—four in Japanese, one in English, and all, of course, full of anti-American propaganda. They publish a Japanese-language daily in Khabarovsk, and another in southern Sakhalin, and copies are smuggled into Japan by returning ex-prisoners of war (a typical story falsely describes how "American machine gunners in bloody action break workers' strike").

These activities violate the Allied agreement whereby press and radio material for the Japanese is censorable by SCAP. But the Russians, SCAP diplomats complain, simply ignore official notes on such matters. They also ignore notes on traffic violations in Tokyo, on the Soviet truckload of Japanese potatoes spotted by the MPs in the country near Tokyo (Allied personnel are forbidden to buy Japanese food), and on anything else. These are minor irritations, the Americans hold, but are part of a deliberately unco-operative attitude.

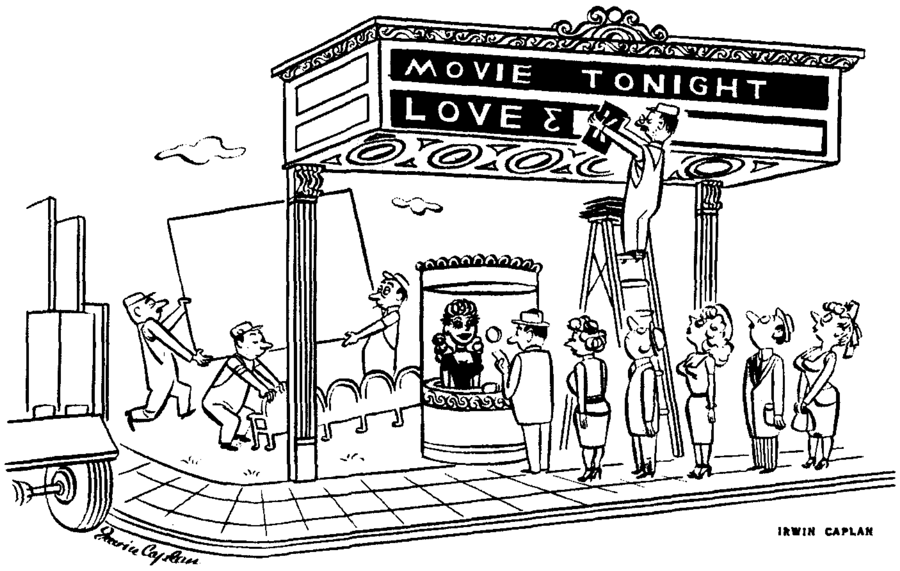
The worst result of this attitude, from SCAP's viewpoint, is the stalling of the troublesome reparations question. The Far Eastern Commission in Washington has primary authority over the principles and policies of the occupation, but when it cannot reach agreement the U.S., as the chief occupying power, is authorized to issue interim directives. And in April

(Continued on page 67)



COLLIER'S "Why, Mr. Bleigh—what a beautiful thought!" BARNEY TOBEY

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW



IRWIN CAPLAN

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Movie Theater in a Box

A complete movie theater can be prefabricated and sold by number, for quick erection anywhere. The new theater-in-a-crate will be sold complete in every detail, from sound and projection equipment to carpets and decorations, even including a vacuum shoe cleaner for the lobby. Glass-fiber walls, ceilings and drapes will make it practically fireproof. Small rural communities, unable to afford special theater architects, can now order a packaged movie house seating any number from 400 to 1,200. It is estimated that all this can be bought for 40 per cent less than the cost of a locally built entertainment palace.

Blow Hot and Cold

The world's simplest air-cooling machine has just been brought to America from Germany and is being studied by our engineers. It has no moving parts and no external cooling devices. It is nothing but a piece of metal tubing with a spiral baffle running through it. Compressed air is blown in at one end and whirls around rapidly as it follows the spiral path. By some process not yet understood, the air at the center of the stream instantly chills to temperatures below zero, while the air near the outer wall gets as hot as boiling water. Both hot and cold air can be drawn out through special fittings at the ends. Though the ingenious hot-and-cold machine is too inefficient to be used for home refrigeration, it is expected to have great value in laboratories for cooling vacuum tubes, condensing vapors and studying gases. All of these end eventually in cheaper, better scientific products for us all.

Off With Their Limbs

A new tree-pruning pole works with the mere push of a button. This model runs by compressed air and will snip off branches nearly an inch thick. It closely resembles the conventional pole with curved jaws at the upper end and a pull-down wire to make them bite. But instead of the usual operating handle there is an air cylinder and piston that can exert a 150-pound pull. One small shot of pressure from a hose does it. The outfit is made of aluminum and weighs less than nine pounds. The only drawback is that you must have an air compressor. A pneumatic hedge clipper is also on the way.

Liver for Liver Troubles

An important new treatment for cirrhosis of the liver has been discovered by researchers at the Rockefeller Institute, which promises to save many people who now die literally from lack of appetite, brought on by the disease. This liver complaint is a common result of alcoholism and hitherto has been curable only by a severe hospital routine, or not at all. The latest treatment consists simply of injecting specially prepared liver extract into the veins several times a week. First clinical reports indicate that as high as 77 per cent of the patients can be saved as against 45 per cent by the previous method of dieting. The injections quickly restore a person's desire to eat and the remainder of the cure can often be made after the patient has left the hospital.

Swanky Hanky

People who must lay in a heavy supply of paper handkerchiefs for the coming hay-fever season have good news awaiting them: a dispenser that fits readily into pocket or purse and unrolls a square of tissue with a slight pull. It consists of a plastic tube with bell-shaped ends that slip on over the roll of tissue after it has been fitted in place, leaving a central space for the sheets to be pulled out. Used pieces can be pushed inside the tube till permanently discarded. A neat trick for hospital patients as well as for carrying lipstick tissues.

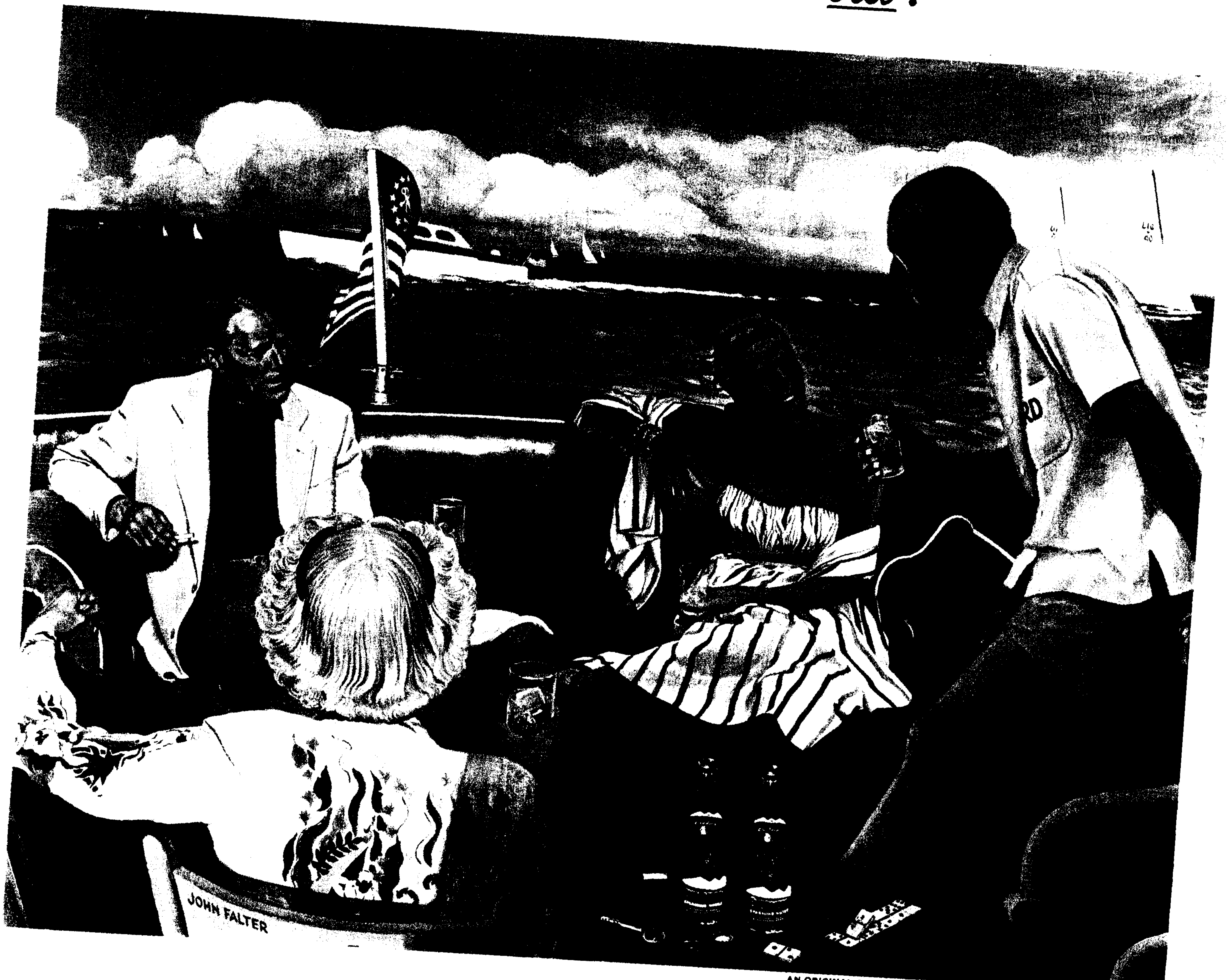
Now . . .

Nails that won't rust away. The ordinary steel nail drives easily but can't stand moisture for long. Copper nails, good for damp places, can only be driven by experts. The new nail is both—a steel core with a welded copper jacket. Can't bend; can't rust.

A baseboard electric outlet that the baby can't stick nails or scissors in for a shock. The gadget is a simple box-shaped guard that snaps on over the standard outlet plate, with notches for the cords to pass through, completely covering the plugs.

A suitcase name plate that you can't lose. A small metal frame is riveted to the bag and provides a space for slipping in a card with your name and address, protected by heavy Cellophane. Can't come loose; can't rub off as printed letters do. ★★★

Yes... he is used to the *best*!



AN ORIGINAL OIL, PAINTED FOR PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, BY JOHN FALTER

He pays $20,000 for an express cruiser...yet only 5¢ for the *best* sparkling water!

EVERVESS *Yes, Yes!*

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

Yes... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
Yes... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

BONDED
FOR QUALITY

PRODUCT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

MAC ARTHUR'S DEMOCRACY

Continued from page 65

it did so on reparations, setting up a tentative estimate of various Allied percentages which took into account Russia's removal of an estimated two billion dollars' worth of machinery and other "war booty" from Manchuria. This is more, SCAP experts say, than anyone is going to be able to squeeze from the Japanese turnip now, no matter what bills may be presented.

MacArthur's chief instrument in furthering the democratization of Japan was the new constitution, put into effect on May 3d this year. Under the new constitution, and under SCAP orders, many of which have been transformed into Japanese law, these revolutionary changes have piled up in the last 20 months:

Features of the New Regime

(1) The Emperor, by his own declaration no longer a god (though millions of Japanese continue to worship him in their hearts), has been shorn of political power and much of his wealth.

But this doesn't mean too much to the confused Japanese mind. Most of his subjects continue to regard him as "the father of the Japanese people"—and that in no Washingtonian sense; in the Japanese system the father is not much less than God-on-earth.

And there was the Buddhist priest down in Kyoto who explained the matter perfectly. Of course the Emperor was no god, he said, and it was a good thing to have his status clarified. But as head of the Japanese people he must continue to occupy a unique position—"because the Japanese are the only race on earth directly descended from the gods!"

(2) Sovereign power is now vested in the duly elected representatives of the people, the Diet; the days of lawmaking by Imperial Rescript or Cabinet ordinance (meaning the rule of the few men closest to the Emperor) are over—if the Japanese want to make their new laws stick. But old-school Japanese still boss the major political parties and the government.

(3) Two elections as free as any in the postwar world have been held under the occupation—and the habitually conservative masses have habitually returned conservative majorities whose grass-roots campaign was to work for as little change as possible.

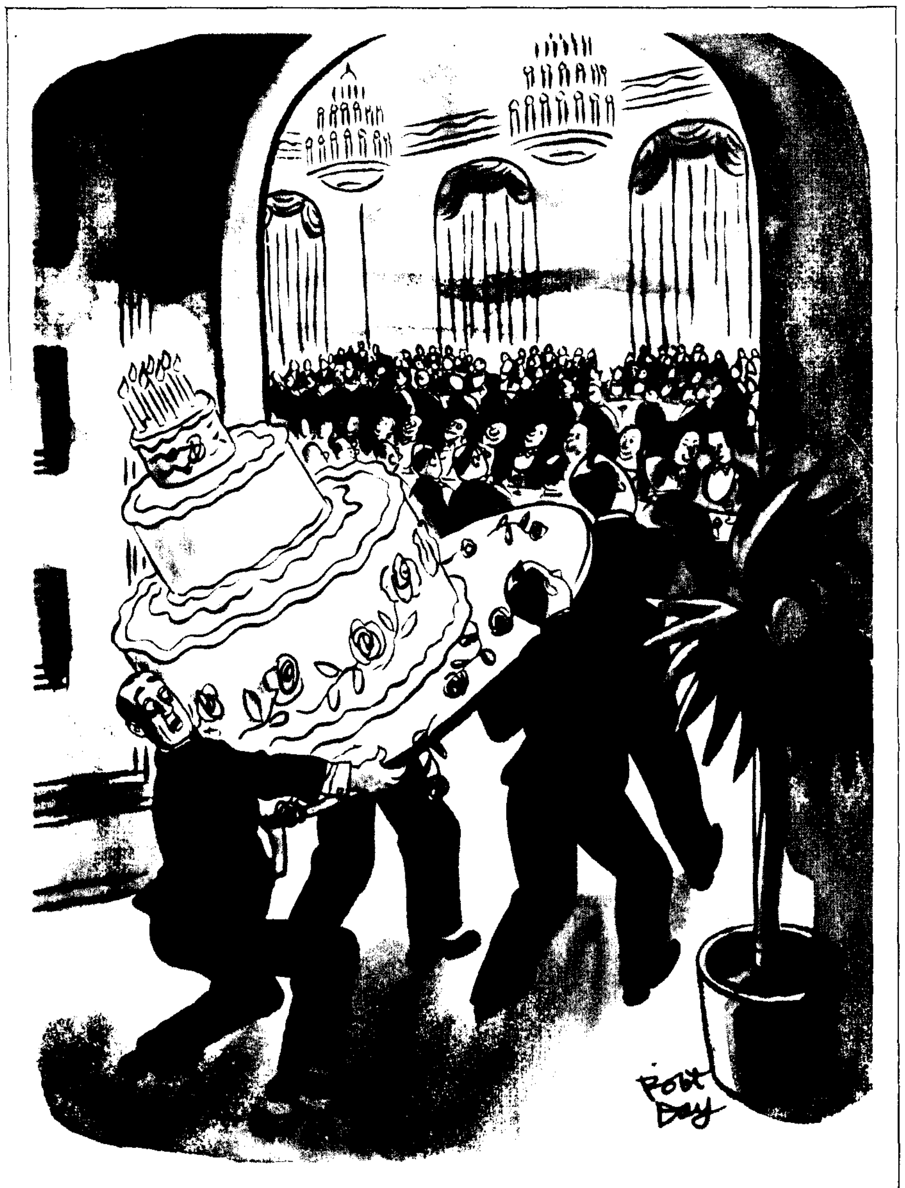
The lessons of democracy come hard to a people accustomed to voting as the government directs. There's Mrs. Takahashi, for instance, a Tokyo housewife, who with her husband voted this spring for a losing candidate.

"Yes, I voted," she said smilingly, "but I don't understand it. What's the point of voting if your candidate doesn't win?"

(4) Political prisoners, including Communists, have been liberated, and all shades of political parties, including over 1,000 fly-by-nighters and five or six major organizations, are permitted to operate.

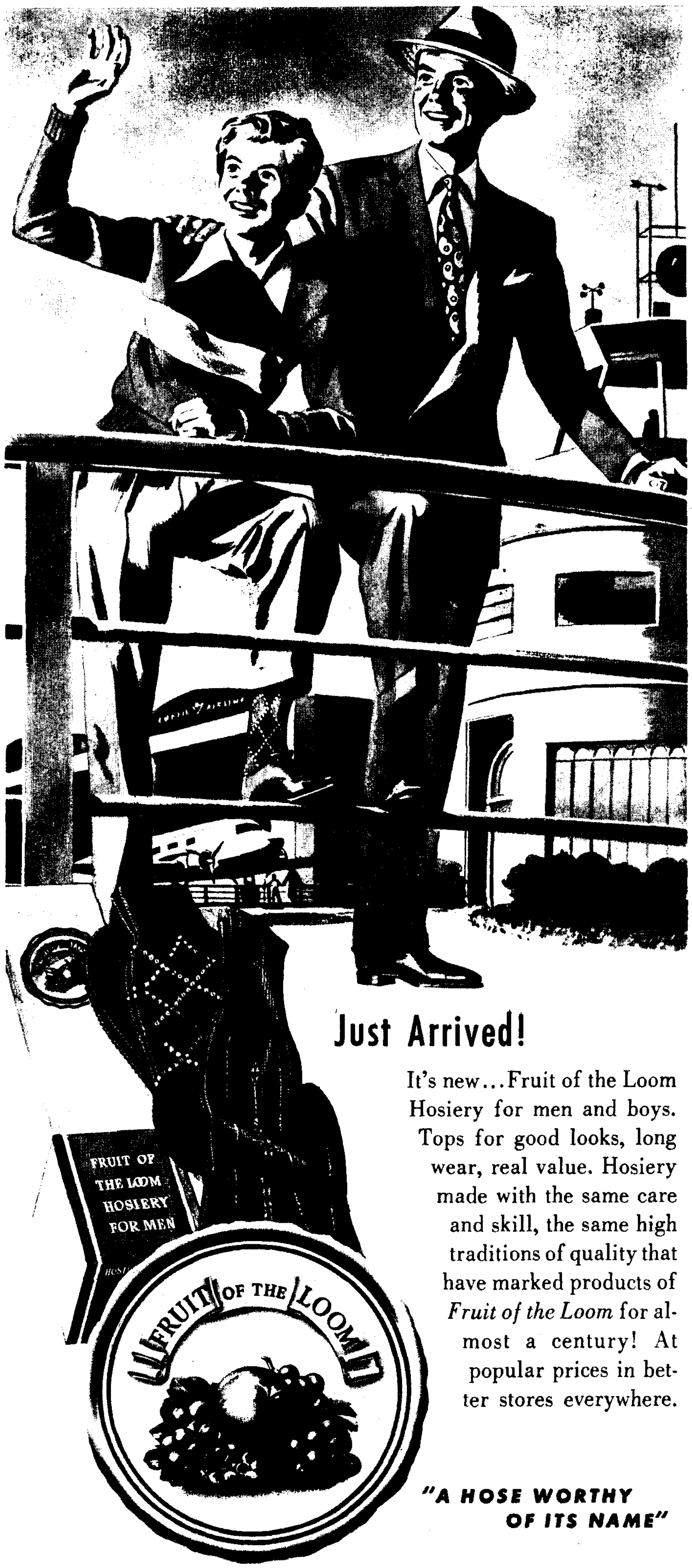
(5) The press, except for strict and sometimes ludicrous American censorship of items possibly harmful "to the objectives of the occupation," has unrivaled freedom and criticizes everything in Japan—except the Allies—with abandon.

The Japanese have certainly needed



COLLIER'S "For heaven's sakes, Miss, stop squirming" ROBERT DAY

NOW!
FRUIT OF THE LOOM HOSIERY
for Men and Boys


FRUIT OF THE LOOM HOSIERY FOR MEN
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It's new...Fruit of the Loom Hosiery for men and boys. Tops for good looks, long wear, real value. Hosiery made with the same care and skill, the same high traditions of quality that have marked products of *Fruit of the Loom* for almost a century! At popular prices in better stores everywhere.

"A HOSE WORTHY OF ITS NAME"

. . . *may I suggest you ask for this precious pre-war Bottled in Bond Kentucky bourbon now?*

I.W. Harper

bottled in bond
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I.W. HARPER
the gold medal whiskey

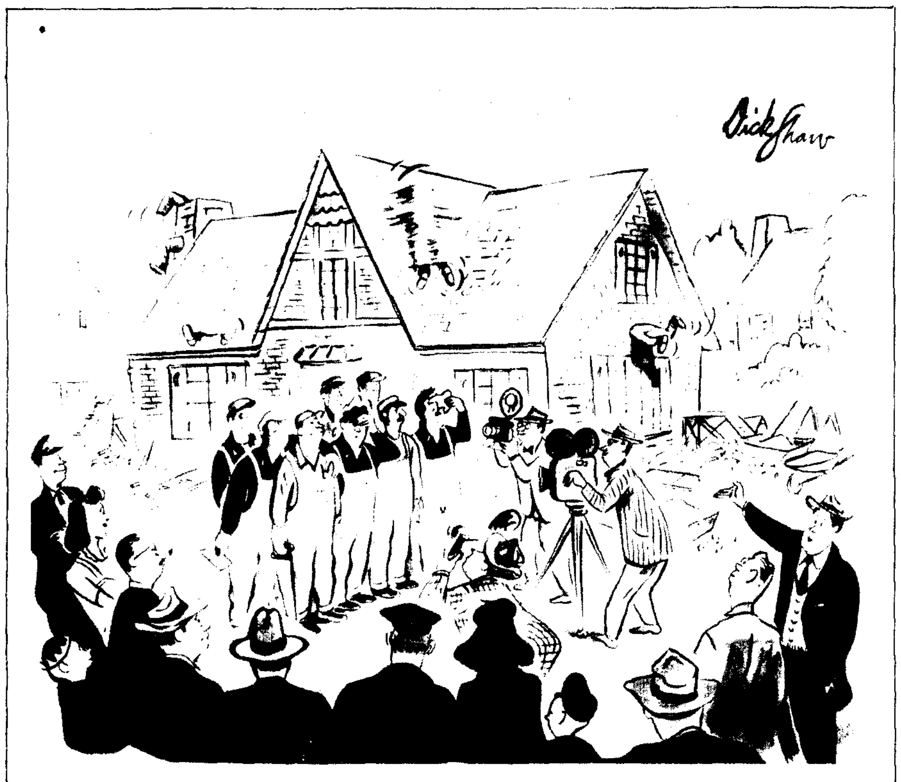
Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BO[illegible] 100 PROOF BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, [illegible] KENTUCKY

censorship to date. Their press, before censorship, greeted the occupation with a series of atrocity stories Goebbels might have invented, climaxed with a shining little number on "How to Avoid Being Raped by the Americans."

Our censorship stopped that sort of thing. It also stopped Japanese commentators from writing that Secretary of State George Marshall would continue Byrnes' stay-firm-with-Russia line. And Asahi's Weekly Magazine editor found that a poem entitled "Japanese Women Are as Changeable as the Autumn Sky" was no go; it was insulting, the American censor held, to the newly freed women of Japan!

(6) Women have been "emancipated"—at least on the books. They are now equal in law with men, and turned out by the millions to vote in the two occupation elections (some because the Emperor urged them to). But time has been too short to do much to the ages-old Japanese family system of male autocracy and it will take years before any large group of Japanese women really stand up for the rights now guaranteed by law.



"They built it in three hours, eight minutes. New world's record!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

For instance Article 24 of the constitution stipulates that marriages shall be by mutual consent of both sexes—but bright-eyed little Hatsumi, a 19-year-old Tokyo girl, was a nerve-racked prisoner in her own home as this was written because she didn't want to marry the man her parents picked for her.

Hatsumi said she preferred to go to college, if possible in America. Besides, she said, if she had to marry anyone now it would be a Japanese-American boy she knew. Hatsumi's shocked, well-to-do parents, who speak English as well as she does, took Japanese action. They confined her to her room, forbade all visits from American or Japanese friends, and sent in various relatives from time to time to lecture her on the duties of a Japanese daughter.

The tearful girl escaped to a friend's house for a few days, but with police help her parents tracked her down. At this writing she is a family prisoner again, and the betting among her Japanese boy friends is six to one that she will weaken and marry the man of her father's choice.

"Or," as one of them said thoughtfully, "she might commit hara-kiri. But she had some schooling in England as a child and, from her whole behavior, obviously doesn't fit into the Japanese pattern."

(7) State Shintoism, an invaluable religious tool to prewar militarists, has been abolished; freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, etc., guaranteed in the Japanese equivalent of our Bill of Rights. But these rights are still only words to millions of Japanese, and to occasional local police.

(8) The continuing political-economic purges of Japanese prewar and wartime militarists and profiteers have eliminated perhaps 500,000 undesirables from public life and high economic position. The purges are continuing; MacArthur says they will last until every purgeworthy Japanese has been attended to. The purge process has been slow and gradual, SCAP's theory being to cause as little dislocation as possible in the first two years of the occupation. Criticism from both rightists and leftists has been intense, the former charging that MacArthur is out to communize Japan by removing all men of education and position, the latter charging that the purges have not been thorough enough.

(9) The great Zaibatsu family monopolies have been outlawed, their holdings turned over to a government corporation for eventual resale to the public, and antimonopolistic legislation has been put on the Japanese lawbooks.

(10) The trade-union movement was quickly legalized and today 17,000 mushrooming Japanese unions claim more than 4,800,000 members. There is much to criticize in the movement, including what SCAP has on occasion described as its tendency to play politics instead of to work for better pay and living conditions; MacArthur had to issue direct orders last February forbidding a general strike, the chief aim of which admittedly was to cause the downfall of the Yoshida government.

The sudden national enthusiasm for strikes led to some rather weird happenings. Electric workers, instead of calling a full strike, pulled the switches for one-minute to half-hour intervals (usually during cooking hours). The prostitutes of Tokyo, unionized and vocal despite American-inspired laws outlawing their profession, protested loudly against the amateur competition of the *furoshiki* (bandanna) girls.

In Kumamoto schoolgirls struck for the "democratic right" to wear bobbed hair instead of pigtails. And in Tokyo 2,000 teen-age boys of the Keio Middle School last year pulled a sit-in and noncompliance strike for the right to wear their hair long instead of close-cropped, which, they said, was clearly "militaristic." They won, too.

(11) After a slow and reluctant start, the drastic land-reform program ordered by MacArthur is now under way. Large estates are being broken up and tenant-peasants are buying small plots (no more than seven acres) at low government-fixed prices. In some areas, however, landlord-dominated committees are selling land at prices far beyond the government-set maximum; and in any case the expediting of so drastic a reform by a conservative government is not likely to be rapid. But SCAP hopes that eventually it will make independent small farmers of more than 5,000,000 former peasants.

So far there has not been one major case of violence against the occupation forces. The only cloud on the peace-and-order horizon is about the size of a small boy's fist. Several Allied trains have been stoned in the last few months, and windows broken; all are now run with curtains drawn at night.

And General Eichelberger's staff car was "rocked" the other day—by a scowling Japanese tot about three feet high, who scored a near-miss. The general claims he was not alarmed.

For a defeated nation, Japan is a remarkably going concern today, even though it must of necessity lean heavily on SCAP. This is due primarily to the policies to date of General MacArthur and his organization—and of these policies, they regard as highly important to their success the decision to retain the Emperor and the Japanese government and to work slowly for reform.

Communists Under Suspicion

The effects of this decision led to bickering with Russia almost from the beginning of the occupation. MacArthur early made it clear that he would tolerate no "mass violence or physical processes of intimidation"—of which he suspected some Communist-led demonstrations. He also had his deputy, Ambassador Atcheson, say in so many words to the Allied Council (and the Japanese) that "the United States does not favor the development of Communism, either in Japan or the United States."

One result of such policy statements undoubtedly was to strengthen a conservative Japanese government in its domestic affairs. Certainly it weakened the Communists, whose leaders MacArthur had liberated from prison, if not the Social Democrats, the largest opposition party.

But MacArthur's orders from the beginning were to democratize Japan. And in MacArthur's mind there was no such question that this meant the Western type of democracy, and that it would be evolved by slow nonviolent processes. Like many of his advisers, the general is convinced that a violent revolution in a country so hidebound by paternalistic authoritarianism and political ignorance would result in a dictatorship of either the right or the left. And he abhors the prospect of either.

This is the background for Russian charges that we are building a reactionary regime in Japan and suppressing all progressive development. The record shows, instead, that we have been making use of a conservative if sometimes obstreperous government to put through an imposing list of sweepingly democratic reforms. And Akahata ("Red Star"), the Communist newspaper, still appears every day in Tokyo.

One of MacArthur's political advisers put an epitaph on the first 20 months of the occupation: "In no other occupation in history," he said, "have the conquerors conducted themselves as a body of public officials responsible to the electorate—the electorate being the vanquished."

THE END

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"I've been feeling as low as a dog-catcher, lately. I've got worms—and they shouldn't happen to any dog!

"Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules are what I need. They clean out worms fast, surely, and safely. For pups, and small dogs weighing less than 10 pounds, use Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. They're specially made for worming the little fellows."

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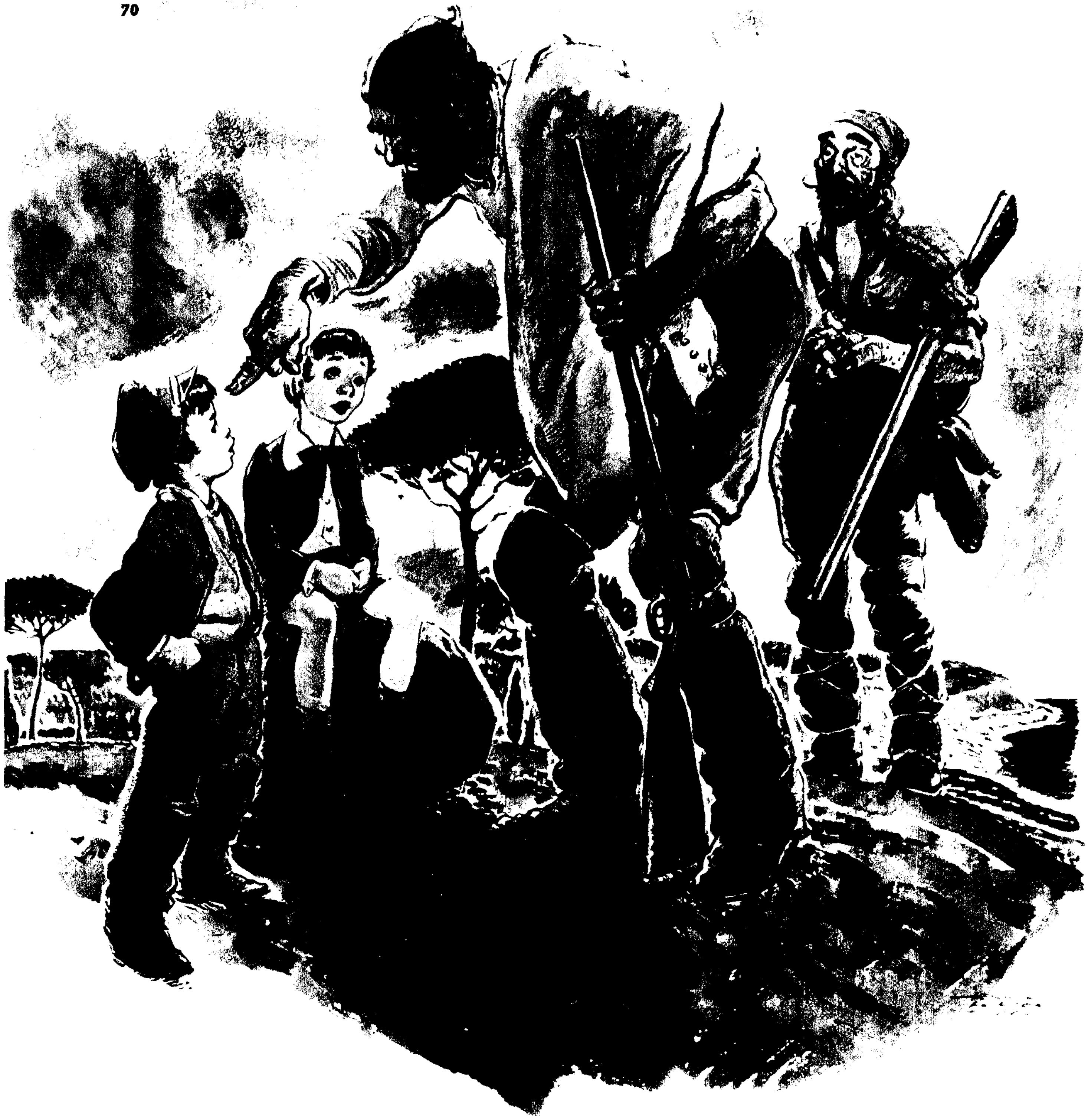

"Now go," the big beard said, sweating, "before we do something to you"

THE BRIGANDS OF TERMANI

BY HANS REUSCH

Remarkable account of some villainous proceedings that turned out pretty well for all concerned—considering the peculiar circumstances

ALTHOUGH I was already a big boy of six when the brigands of Termani refused to kidnap me, it almost broke my heart. But they kidnaped my distant cousin Alberto, because he verged into the rich side of the family, while I was well in the poor. It was the first time I envied anyone for belonging to the right branch.

Those were Italy's happy days, when the Maffia ranged practically undisturbed in Sicily and the Black Hand in Naples, and the sere hills of the southern provinces were infested with colorful brigand bands—until Musso cleaned them out, putting the chiefs on his pay roll and ruining the landscape. The rich never traveled without armed escorts, and their children weren't allowed to leave the enclosure of the walled country estates.

Alberto was a pale, serious-faced, unhappy child who wrapped most of his dinner in a napkin and brought it to me on the sly, for he hadn't any appetite at home. But when he saw me eating he, too, became hungry and wanted some of his food back, and I had to call upon all my persuasive power, sometimes with the aid of a stick, to make him realize that such manners didn't befit a gentleman.

He was an orphan and lived with his aunt, the Countess of Bambagia, who had three stuffed olives on her escutcheon, belonged to one of the oldest and weariest families of the southern nobility and possessed olive groves all over Calabria. She had little contact with her nephew, whom she had reluctantly taken in, though she managed to let him know constantly through his tutor that he wasn't grateful enough for all she did.

I guess he wasn't. He preferred my company to that of his tutor, though all he could learn from me was how to make slingshots and break windows and watch out for vipers hiding under the loose, hot stones.

And I knew how to get Alberto in and out of the great wall enclosing the Palazzo Bambagia, with its gardens and orchards and stables and storehouses, and one morning the two of us were exploring the lonesome hillcrest dominating the silvery olive groves, when two bearded, frowzy men in corduroys and carrying shotguns barred our path.

"If you come with us quietly we won't wrong a hair of your head," the bigger beard said, addressing Alberto.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Who are you?" asked the beard.

"I'm Gianni," I answered eagerly. "Who are you?"

"That's none of your business."

"Why do you carry guns? Do you hunt?"

"Yes," said the smaller beard hatefully, "we hunt little boys."

"How little? How many did you get? I don't see any. Are you beginners, or just clumsy?"

"Listen, you," said the big beard, panting a little, "we're interested in Alberto, not in you. You can go home."

"What shall I tell Mother? You look like brigands. Are you? Where do you live? Mother will want—"

"That's none of her business," the big beard roared.

"Why are your necks so nasty? Didn't you wash them this morning?"

"Is there," the small beard inquired, his voice hushed by exasperation, "anything else you'd like to know?"

"Yes. Which do you love more, your father or your mother?"

WE WENT on like that for a while, with Alberto standing quietly by, until the two beards sat down on a rock, wagging their heads in black despair.

"Come on, let's go," I said, taking Alberto by the hand and starting to leave.

The beards jumped up seething.

"I'm going to skin this fellow," said the little one, putting his hand on the nape of my neck. He was evidently a high-strung man. "I'm going to make a lamp shade out of him."

The big beard took Alberto's hand and said, "All right, if you ask questions we'll answer. We *are* brigands."

"Can you prove it?" I said. "Perhaps you're just impostors. Mother says never to believe strangers."

"We'll prove it, all right! Now listen closely to what I tell you."

"Why? Is it instructive?"

"Listen, damn you! We'll take your little friend with us, and you can tell the countess that unless she puts 50,000 lire in the dry well of the old tower she will never see him whole again. We'll wait five days for the money—then we'll start sending her beloved nephew back, not all in one, but bit by bit."

"Today we're busy," I said. "But

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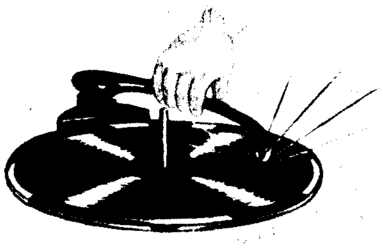
FOR YOUNGEST RECORD FANS, TOO . . .

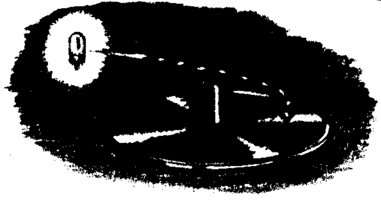
Zenith's Amazing Cobra Tone Arm

Drop it! Scrape it! No harm done!



Foolproof! You can drop the Cobra, even scrape it across records!

Nothing's harmed, because the Cobra Tone Arm's precious metal filament retracts automatically, never even touches the record!

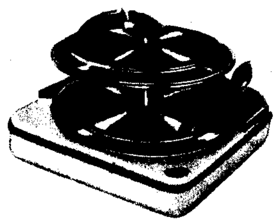


Reproduces records via Radionic Wave!

An entirely new principle . . . no crystals, no magnets, no needles to change. Magically erases *all* annoying noise, scratch, vibration!

Floats lightest on the record . . . only ⅔ of an ounce!

Brings out glorious tones and delicate shadings *never* heard before! Keeps records like new—you enjoy them *hundreds* of plays longer!



New Silent-Speed Record Changer!

. . . Gently, quietly changes 10 inch records, 12 inch, or both sizes mixed—so fast you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music!

***Plus* Genuine Armstrong FM Radio, too . . . static-free even in storms!**

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Tropical Tang
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PUERTO RICAN RUM
Puerto Rican Rum • White Label—86 proof • Gold Label—86 proof • Schenley Import Corp., New York

we'll be back tomorrow. On my word of honor."

"Please," the little beard implored of his companion, wringing his hands. "Let's get *rid of him*."

"Now go," the big beard said, sweating, "before we do something to you."

"Do as the gentleman says, Gianni," Alberto whispered. "It might be fun."

"Why don't *you* bring the message and I stay here with the beards?"

"If you're a good little boy and do as I told you," the big beard said, stooping down to me, "next time it will be your turn to be kidnaped."

"Word of honor?"

"Word of honor."

So I turned round and walked away, whistling happily.

AT THAT age, I was a busy boy. That day I declared war on Persia and her satellites, went to dig for gold and ducats in the creek below the village, tried once more to set fire to the mountain with the aid of a lens and the sun, and then had to feed a rapidly growing family of mice which I was raising in my mother's unused bureau drawer. So I didn't get around to deliver the beards' message until evening, after Alberto's tutor had come to our house, excited.

"You were the last to have been seen with Alberto," he said. He looked tormented and undernourished as tutors should. "Where did you leave him?"

I was beating the devil's tattoo with the spoon on the table, for I was hungry and my mother was dallying with the pot.

"With the brigands on the mountain," I said. Just then my mother dished out the beans and I dug in.

"What did you say?" they exploded.

"I left him with the brigands. But they promised to kidnap *me* the next time."

They both kicked up Cain then, with wringing of hands and loud wailing and all the silly carrying-on of grownups, and to my great grief I was taken away from my beans and whisked into the tutor's buggy and brought to Palazzo Bambagia.

It was the first time I saw Alberto's aunt at close range. The Countess of Bambagia was a medieval-looking, tightly corseted dowager with a mighty gray wig and a puffy face; she looked exactly like a fattened turkey with make-up on.

The room was filled with people. There was the business manager, the chaplain, the secretary, the first maid, the chamberlain, the marshal of the local *carabinieri*, who had donned white cotton gloves over his dirty hands for the occasion, several liveried lackeys and three of the palace guards, and everyone was gazing at me with keen curiosity.

"So you are little Gianni," the countess said, trying to make her resonant, historic voice sound friendly. But only an adult would have been fooled.

"Yes," I said. "And you are the Countess of Bambagia. Why do they call you the Queen of Grease? Have you got any brothers or sisters? Does your mother allow you out alone? How old are you?"

My mother heaved me into her arms and gagged me with a couple of big wet kisses, while the countess, slightly taken aback, said:

"Now try to remember everything that happened today."

I liked being the center of attraction and took my time. I remembered all that happened and lots that never did. I said the brigands had uniforms and horses and that there were two hundred of them. But here they set me an ugly trap, the sort of thing that forever made me lose faith in grownups: they made me count. I counted to ten and stopped. It wasn't my fault I had only ten fingers. But they made something out of it.

"I knew it," the tutor exclaimed in grim triumph. "This little moron never could count higher than ten."

I locked myself up in injured silence, till the message I was to deliver occurred to me. "They said you must hide fifty thousand of something in the well of the old tower before they send Alberto back bit by bit."

"Fifty thousand of what?" the countess asked with bated breath.

"I can't remember. Perhaps eggs. Easter eggs."

"Could it have been lire?" the countess whispered in anguish.

"That's it," I said, staring spellbound into her bodice. "Fifty thousand lire."

The countess leaned back heavily in her chair. "Too much."

Now they all began to jabber, trying to talk all at once, and I drifted to the far corner and lifted the lids off some huge vases and peered inside. But all I found was cockroaches. . . .

I must have dozed off then on one of the divans and my mother carried me home as she often did, for the next thing I knew I was in my own bed and a new day had risen. I heard Mother puttering in the kitchen, and I slipped out through the window. I was impatient to see Alberto and it would have been just like my mother to nail me to the door with a string of idle questions.

I ate a couple of prickly pears taken right off a cactus plant and put a lemon rind in my mouth to keep from getting thirsty, for the morning sun already felt hot. I climbed under the hard, crinkly rustle of olive leaves up to the arid hills of scrofulous grass and sun-split rock. There was the odor of snails and turtles and burned weeds and hot earth. Lizards darted. Overhead was a falcon. I climbed past the old tower up to the hillcrest and strolled through the shady chestnut woods beyond, until I saw three beards seated on the ground, glumly eating their lunch.

"Are you brigands?" I asked sociably.

They glanced at one another and went on chewing.

"What are you eating? What's the name of your chief? I also want to become a brigand when I grow up. Mother says I may if I'm a good boy now. Where did you take Alberto?"

At the last question they jumped up and nabbed me. Some whistling and calling went on, and then I was blindfolded and led off, and from the resonance of our steps and the air I breathed I could tell even before the blindfold was removed that we were in a cave. I was enjoying it tremendously.

IT WAS a low winding cavern, such as I had explored by the dozen on my own except that it had old blankets strewr at random on the ground and colored lithographs of saints and Madonnas stuck up against the walls. There was a score of beards about, including the two of the day before, and there was Alberto watching a group that was throwing dice.

The big beard spoke up. "What are you doing here?" he said sternly.

"What are *you* doing here? I know a much better cavern."

The beard uttered a long moan that reverberated eerily on the rock walls. "Are you starting that again?" he said menacingly.

"Did somebody die in your family?"

"No!" he shouted. "Why?"

"Because your fingernails are rimmed black."

The beard grabbed me by the shoulders and lifted me and shook me, and m head knocked against the ceiling. I bega to cry. It was an extraordinary crying amplified and multiplied by the cave' acoustics, and it brought life into th beards. They ran around like rats in trap, one of them flashed a knife befor my eyes, which made me scream th louder, and then they pressed a dirt blanket into my face and when my tonsi began to ache I stopped.

"I didn't want to knock your head," the chief beard said, "but by Sant' Antonio's nightshirt, if you wiggle tha tongue again, I'll cut it out! Get me?"

"With all this business – why aren't railroads making more money?"

Railroads are busy these days – as busy as they were during the war.

They are hauling more freight than ever before in peacetime – a volume of traffic equivalent to moving a million tons a mile every minute.

With all this traffic, it's no wonder some people think railroads are making lots of money.

But they are not. In 1946, they made only 2¾% on their net investment in the cars and engines, the tracks and terminals, the shops and signal systems, and all the other things which railroads have to provide and maintain in order to serve you. And this year, even with the new freight rates which went into effect January 1, 1947, they won't make much, if any, more.

Why?

Simply because the cost of producing rail transportation has gone up so much faster and farther than the price at which it is sold.

The average cost of materials, supplies, and fuel is up more than 60% since 1939.

Wages are up more than 50%.

But the average revenue which the railroads receive for hauling a ton of freight one mile is less than 15% higher now than it was in 1939, before the war. And it's nearly 20% *lower* than it was in 1921.

The result is that – even if the record-breaking peacetime traffic continues – the railroads in 1947 will earn only about 3%. That's only half of the 6% which nine people out of ten think would be no more than a fair profit – and which is necessary if railroads are to keep on investing in the better plant and equipment which will mean better service to you. *Association of American Railroads, Washington 6, D. C.*

American Railroads

THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION

I nodded and he took the blanket off my mouth.

"Did you deliver the message?"

I nodded, still swallowing tears. I couldn't talk just yet.

"Do we get the money?"

"I don't know."

"I wouldn't waste time on him," said some beard. "Throw him into the well."

"But you promised to kidnap me."

"Not before we get the money for Alberto," said the chief.

At that moment a beard called from outside into the cave, "*Carabinieri* in sight," and in a flash the cavern was empty, except for Alberto and me.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"It's glorious," Alberto said. There was a light in his eyes and a flush in his cheeks I had never seen on him before. "We roam in the woods and hunt, we shot a fox this morning and roasted it over the fire, and last evening one of them went down to the village for some bread and salami and wine, and we play dice and tell stories. And nobody washes! It's a healthy life. I never want to go back to Aunt."

"I want them to take me, too," I said. "Tell them you'll scream if they don't."

"Yes," he said, "but let's go out and see what's up."

The beards sprawled on the hillcrest in picturesque fashion, peering down over the sights of their guns. The village of Termani looked small with distance, swathed in sultry, quavering heat waves. A gendarme was laboring up the hill.

"It's the One-Eyed," the chief beard said after a while. "He may have news."

When the One-Eyed had reached the crest, the chief beard stood up and whistled, and the fellow came over. He was married to the sister of one of the beards and handed out information to the brigands, out of loyalty.

According to popular belief, reformed *carabinieri* made the best brigands, and vice versa. Some of the most efficient *carabinieri* were rumored to have been brigands in their heydays. And of course, while it wasn't indispensable to have been in the *carabinieri* corps to become a successful brigand, it was a help. And the One-Eyed believed, perhaps, in keeping a back door open for himself.

He sat down, mopping his forehead with his huge red handkerchief, and took long drafts from the terra-cotta wine flask that was tendered him. First he exchanged civil amenities with his brother-in-law and conveyed greetings from the family. Then he said, "The Queen of Grease refuses to pay the ransom."

"Hurray!" Alberto and I cried.

Sustained and magnificent curses issued from the beards, especially after they had heard what else the One-Eyed had to say. "She has instructed our marshal to comb the mountains, and now we're waiting for reinforcements from Catanzaro. There's no reason to worry yet, but if you see us approach, you'd better retire beyond the third range of hills for a couple of days: We won't search farther than that."

"That load of rancid lard will hear from us," the chief beard pledged darkly.

After another exchange of civilities with his hosts, the One-Eyed went back to the village. Duty was calling.

I WENT back much later. The iron portals of Palazzo Bambagia swung open before me after I had told the guards through the Judas window that I carried a message. I was led into the dining room where the countess and the chaplain were supping. I stood by watching them with keen interest.

They were having *uccellini allo spiedo con polenta*, nestlings newly hatched, so tender that they can be eaten whole and served six at a time on skewers. Extracting a skewer, the countess forked the nestlings into her mouth.

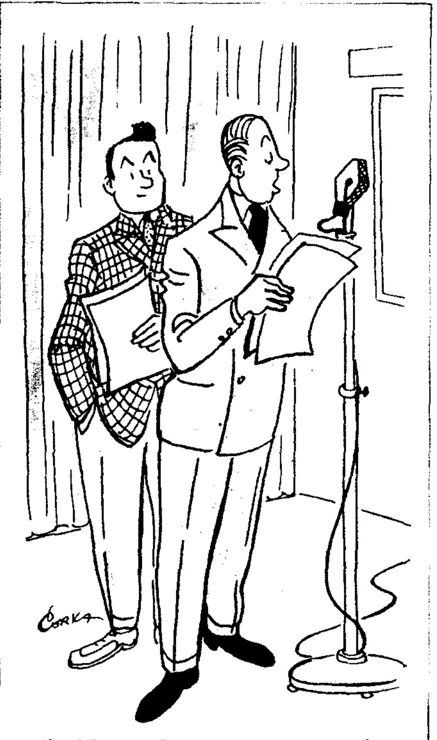
"I hear you have something for me, little boy," she said, hiccuping gently and throwing a piece of bread to the Irish setter dozing at her feet.

I handed her the small package I had been carrying in my pocket and said, "Who did you play with today? Does your mother know about it? Did you wash your hands afterwards?"

She turned to the chaplain and asked, "Is the child stupid or just precocious?" Then she unwrapped what I had brought and let out a shriek that frightened the Irish setter out of its wits. In her lap lay the contents of the little package—the ear of a fox, sticky with blood.

Those brigands were pretty smart and one of them could write and had scrawled inside the wrapping: *That's how you'll get your nephew back if you fool around with the carabinieri instead of sending us the money.*

In the confusion that followed I removed myself unnoticed and went after my affairs. As I was going home later on, my mother waylaid me and gave me an educational thrashing, and then asked me whether I had done anything wrong today or broken something. I told her everything that had happened, except for the part where the One-Eyed came in, for I'd been warned by the beards they'd never kidnap me if I did. Mother gave me supper then and put me to bed and sang me a lullaby like when I was a child, and soon I was dreaming my favorite dream—winged angels, wheeling and soaring and diving in a sunlit heaven for all they were worth.



"Eddie Galtz appears through courtesy of Martin Blatt, director of the Nifties Hour, sponsored by Old Homes Tea, a product of the Dry Foods Division of Extreme Groceries, a subsidiary of Super-Foods"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

The countess was a stouthearted woman. She gamely refused to be intimidated by the dastardly threats and to disburse the ransom, lest she encourage wanton banditry in her beloved country, for she was a patriot at heart. Indeed, she *defied* those scoundrels to chop her beloved nephew's ears off.

While she was awaiting the *carabinieri* reinforcements, and the brigands the effects of their last threat, I paid daily visits to Alberto, whose only worry was that this happy life might end. Once I brought La Traviata with me, the countess' Irish setter which had won the Great Gold Medal at the Rome International Dog Show. I had to sneak her out, for she was never allowed beyond the enclosure lest she should catch fleas.

That day the whole gang cleaned their shotguns and trooped hopefully out after the prize winner. Having nothing but crossroad breeds, they expected some fancy work from La Traviata. And a handsome bitch she was with her rust-colored coat gleaming like silk. But it grieves me to say, she was rather clumsy, having always led a contemplative life.

Yet she eventually did manage to sniff something in a bush, but the instant a flock of quail fluttered out, she turned tail and ran for her life, howling.

On the way back La Traviata got mired in a pool of mud, and what eventually slunk back to Palazzo Bambagia bore no resemblance to any known species except possibly a baby elephant. The guards, who weren't in the habit of scratching beneath the surface, failed to recognize her reactionary barking and threw stones at her. It was only when the countess ordered an extensive search for her pet under the direction of the marshal of the local *carabinieri*, who mobilized all his four men for the purpose, that the creature baying its lungs out before the Bambagia portals found eventual recognition through the process of elimination.

WHEN two hundred *carabinieri* arrived from Catanzaro with a fierce set of mastiffs that were to track Alberto down, the countess insisted that La Traviata be given the job in lieu of such plebeian sniffers. The stentorian-voiced *capitano* who was in charge of operations, not knowing the setter's inner self, obeyed the countess' wish, because great was the influence of the Bambagia family. He only disagreed with her claim that letting the dog wear the Great Gold Medal might help.

This officer, who had read Napoleon's Memoirs, and considered himself a military genius, decided to divide his men into two groups, ready to surround whatever spot the setter would point at.

At daybreak, in the great Bambagia courtyard, under the eyes of the tense *carabinieri* force and the whole Palazzo staff from stableboys way down to the chamberlain, and with the countess watching from the balcony, La Traviata was presented with one of Alberto's sandals to sniff at and pick up the scent.

Snatching it up forthright, she worried it with reckless abandon, prancing about with the sandal hanging loosely from her mouth, flinging it playfully up in the air and squealing in panic when it dropped back on her head. Then operations began.

We led La Traviata up to the old tower and let her loose. The two hundred followed close behind, supported by the four local *carabinieri*, their marshal, the Bambagia guards and myself. The One-Eyed was leading the drive with great spirit preceding even the *capitano* and shouting at the setter and the men. I think he wanted both sides to win.

But it would have needed all the *carabinieri* in Italy besides the whole army on muleback to surround the spots La Traviata aimed her nose at. No longer nervous as on her first outing, but in a violently playful mood, she covered more territory than a fleeing army. She scuttled over the mountainside as if demented, pulling the panting troops after her, then turning round and hurtling down with merry baying into the thick of the men.

I followed the expedition a while, then I left the adults to their futile exercises, having remembered that I had a date with Alberto by the creek below the village. He was to show me how to fish. The beards gave him full liberty of movement, having seen how he hated the idea of returning to his aunt, and I had taught him the lay of the land and how to move about unobtrusively.

We stayed a long time at the little mud river, using a crooked needle for a hook, and waited for fish. I guess they hadn't discovered bait in those days as yet. No fish came our way, and Alberto explained it might be the wrong season. I thought fishing terribly overrated. When the sun was less hot we strolled back.

We were skirting the village when we noticed a vast commotion at the other end. A white cloud was surging in the still evening air and, flinging caution to the wind, we hastened to the scene. We were almost before Palazzo Bambagia when we saw what was up. In a cloud of dust through which slanted the last rays of the sun, La Traviata was lumbering home, trailing the exhausted, bedraggled *carabinieri* army, their faith in God and Justice badly shaken. They had shot a brace of grouse and captured some ragged fellow, who turned out to be a shepherd from another village and, to the *capitano's* chagrin, had to be freed.

At this juncture the countess, advised of the expedition's return, came out in her carriage, and we all met before the palace portals. Thus Alberto was liberated from the brigands with huge cost to the government, who couldn't afford it, and none to the countess, who could.

But things didn't end there. Alberto, never much of a talker, grew even more taciturn and sullen and lost his appetite again.

"I want to go back to them," he kept telling me. I couldn't help him, for he was now virtually a prisoner within the Bambagia walls, being never let out of sight. So I went to the brigands and told them about his plight. They thought I had come to be kidnaped, but I released them from their word of honor in favor of Alberto. On the way home I was busy wiping my tears with one hand and patting myself on the back with the other.

What comes now is hearsay, for we moved away from Termani shortly afterward, and so I can't vouch for it. It seems that the chief beard, having grown very fond of the silent, serious boy, wanted him back. Through one of the Palazzo Bambagia chambermaids who had weekly meetings in the tower with a member of his band, he discreetly contacted the countess to find out whether she could be persuaded to release the boy, and at what price.

That the old dowager held out for 100,000 lire, that the brigand chief offered 50,000, and that they finally met halfway, is probably just a malicious invention of those townsfolk who believe there's nothing the rich wouldn't do for money.

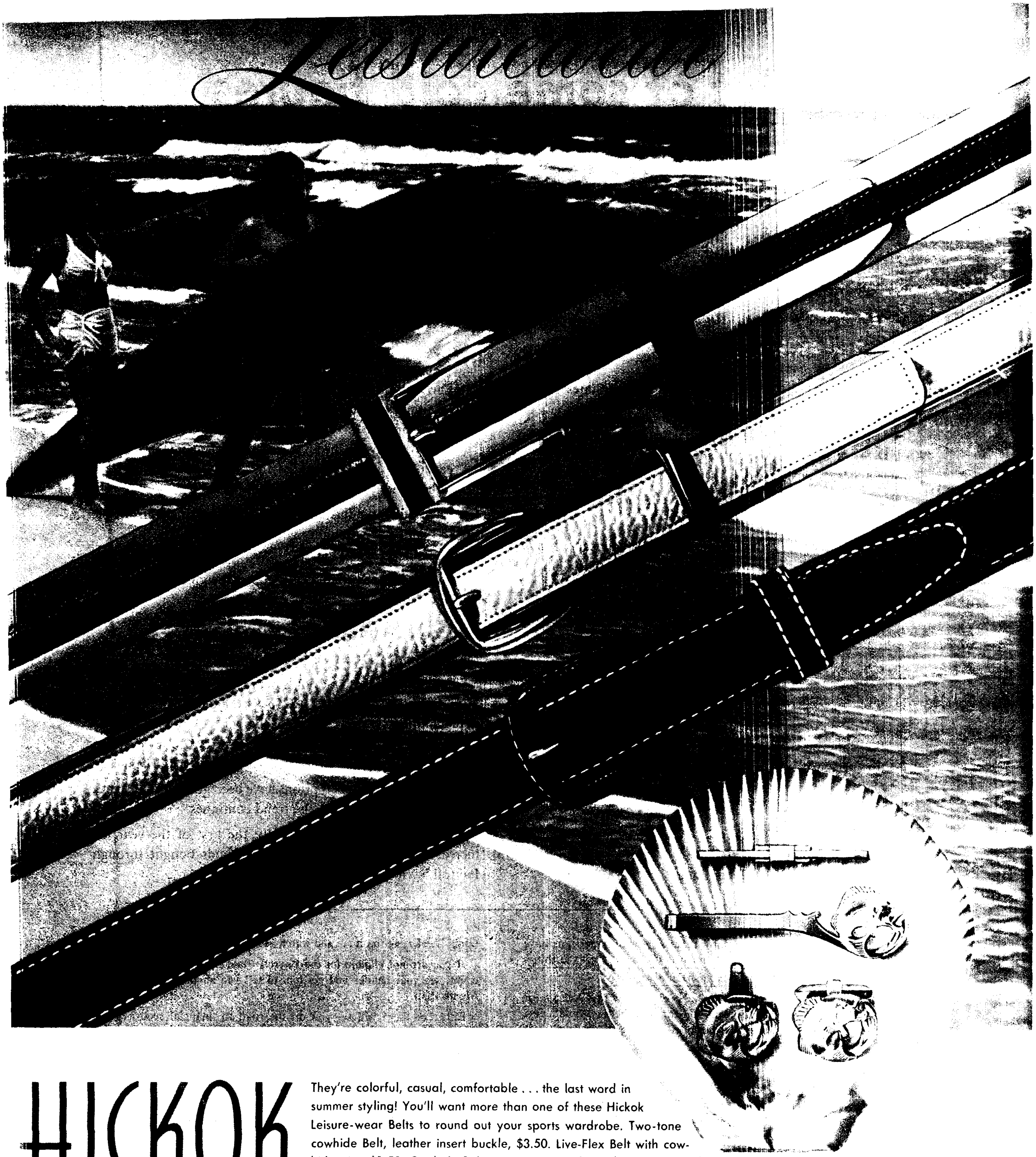
THE facts are that one morning Alberto was missing from Palazzo Bambagia, and the countess vaguely indicated that some distant relatives, whom none of us knew, had taken him on. Shortly before his disappearance, however, she had suffered a great sorrow, which had bedded her for a week. Her coach carrying the money from the seasonal olive sales was held up and robbed on the road to Catanzaro—an incident by which those malicious people explained the origin of the money with which the brigand chief bought Alberto back.

Popular whisper went on to say that he led a happy boyhood and adolescence with the brigands in the Calabrian hills. When I saw Alberto again after a great number of years, circumstances didn't warrant my asking him about it without seeming tactless, and I no longer asked tactless questions.

Our meeting took place when I returned to Termani for the first time to look into some family business. We were grown up then and I didn't recognize him until he told me who he was. He had heard I was in town, and had come to inquire whether there was anything he could do for me, for old times' sake.

He said I hadn't changed a bit since I was six. But I thought he looked very much different, tall and thin and straight, with scowling eyes and fierce black mustachios, and most impressive-looking in his flamboyant uniform as marshal of the local *carabinieri*.

THE END



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BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • GARTERS

Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

> "If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.
>
> "The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.
>
> "After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.
>
> "It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 Billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!
>
> "But the trend did NOT continue.
>
> "Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts...told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.
>
> "The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.
>
> "Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

What do the figures show?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new post-war high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

How about YOU? The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U. S. Savings Bonds

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A Public Service Project
The Advertising Council

BLUE NORTHER

Continued from page 23

at finding themselves separated from the herd; they trotted along bleating loudly, trying to find a break in the wire.

"Get them damned sheep out of this pasture!" shouted the cowboy. "How'd they get in here, anyhow?"

Felipe Vargas lifted one of his shoulders. *"Quien sabe, señor?"* he asked. "There must be some place where the wire is high."

"Well, get 'em out!" the horseman ordered.

"Is there a gate?" asked Felipe.

"Not for another mile, and they ain't goin' to stay in here that long! Hey, Tom—come here and help me! Just lift up that bottom wire, and I'll chase 'em through!"

BEING a wise man, Felipe Vargas kept his counsel. Meadows heard the shouting above the thirsty complaining of his flock, and came up just as the other cowboy was getting off his horse to lift the wire. "Don't do that!" the owner yelled. The mounted man turned on him.

"Keep out of this, sheepherder!" he retorted. "Get out of here, you snotty-nosed stinkers! *Huey—huey!*" Flapping his sombrero, he crowded the string of trespassers with his cow horse, but they did not react like cows. They huddled stupidly against an unraised portion of the fence. When he tried to turn them, they ran directly under his horse.

The cowboy swore, and yelled for Tom to lend a hand. Tom freed the lower wire from all the staves between two posts and hitched it high by catching it on the wire above. Then he ran awkwardly in his high-heeled boots, spurs jingling and leather leggings flapping grotesquely, waving his arms and yelling.

Felipe Vargas stood beyond the fence line and spread his hand emptily as he looked innocently at Meadows.

"Observe, señor!" he exclaimed. "I have not touched this wire. It is something they bring upon themselves."

The trespassers bleated in terror, scattering and bunching again under the scrub mesquites. This attracted the attention of the whole herd; the sheep in it looked that way, curiously, and then began pouring under the wire in a solid stream of dirty gray. At the same time, they caught the scent of water. . . .

"Go get Jeff!" howled the first cowboy. "Tell him all hell has busted loose."

Men have been killed, in Texas, because of the stupidity of sheep, and because glands just above their hoofs leave a scent wherever they walk, and especially because the peculiar cleft construction of their upper lips enables them to crop the grass so short that a cow, following, may starve. Jeff Howard may have had these things in mind when he galloped up to the divide tank. He was in a towering rage. He swore at Meadows; he had the .30-.30 out of his saddle scabbard, and he might have shot the sheepman then and there, had it not been for one thing.

Meadows did not look at him, or give any indication that he was aware of Howard's presence. It wasn't courage or bravado that made him ignore the cattleman, but simply that he was busy with his sheep. Most of them had already watered, and were being turned back toward the fence, tractable enough since their thirst was slaked. It would have taken forty men to keep the others from the water, and Meadows didn't try. Howard watched him pull out two sheep that had managed to scratch themselves on the wire, and doctor their wounds with a tarry substance; he saw the little man ministering to another which had a cracked and swollen hoof. The cattleman fell silent, his profanity exhausted. Finally Meadows looked.

"Did your man tell you how this happened?" he asked. "I tried to warn him not to raise the wire."

"Yes, damn him!" Howard growled. "But that's got nothing to do with it, Meadows. I told you—"

"I'll pay you for the water, Howard. How much?"

Howard jammed the gun back into its boot. "I don't want your dirty money!" he roared. "This water ain't for sale, and neither is my grass! I suppose this is what I can expect, having sheep to the north of me. They'll be straying down, sheeping off my best pasture!"

"No, they won't," Meadows said. "There'll have to be a better fence. I was going to put up a wolfproof fence, anyway, and trap out the lobos. Are you bothered with lobos out here?"

"They've killed some of my best yearlings," Howard admitted truculently, and then his voice rose again: "Damn you, Meadows, I don't want anything to do with you or your outfit! From now on, I'll shoot any sheep I find on my land. Is that clear?"

"His entire family opposed me, but I had Mother Nature on my side"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

The little man looked northward over the stream of merinos which the three herders and the dogs were driving through the dusty sunlight. His shoulders sagged wearily, but there still was no fear in his face. There was nothing in it but a wistful loneliness.

"I'll respect your fence, Howard," he said.

AS HE was new to the Big Divide country, he had to learn things about it, and that first winter was too mild and wet to teach him what the wind could do. It was a high, rocky land where the wind never rested. No trees grew higher than the dwarf mesquite and the scattered bushes of blue-green cedar; in between them were cat's-claw and prickly pear, saw-toothed sotol with single stalks bursting into towering white waxen beauty in the spring, and the clumps of coarse *sacaguista,* which no animal ate.

The range covered the entire top of the Big Divide, running from the steep breaks at the northern rim to Howard's fence, nearly thirty miles southward. The only water was on the northern side and far to the west, where a surface tank like Howard's had been scraped out above the head of Escondido Canyon.

There came a time when Howard, riding out of his pasture to take the wagon road to town, saw a well-drilling rig towering above the chaparral, and heard the measured *thump-thump* of the tool biting into the earth. He turned out of his way to tell Meadows once more that he was a damned fool.

"Are you going to build in this godforsaken spot?" the cowman demanded.

Meadows shook his head. "No. I'm just going to put up a windmill for my sheep. I'll have a storage tank here, and pipe lines radiating in all directions to feed troughs several miles away. None of the sheep will have to go far to get a drink."

Howard snorted his derision. Wells and windmills and pipe cost a lot of money. Cattle trailed for miles to get water, didn't they? Sheep could damned well do the same, or go without.

But he rode away thoughtfully. At least Meadows was progressive, and he considered that odd in a sheepherder. If Meadows' gamble paid off with water, then Howard might well find water in places where he had been afraid to try. . . .

Meadows found it. Howard came over to see the shiny new windmill, and to look, fascinated, at the thin stream pouring from the lead pipe. The wind always blew up here. Twenty-four hours a day, week in and week out, that trickle would be lifted from the bowels of the earth.

And now Meadows turned his energies and his capital—Howard marveled at the profit which apparently could be made from sheep—into shearing sheds and dipping vats, and into beginning the long project of erecting wolfproof fence. He started the latter on the northern side of the range, cutting cedar posts from the brakes below.

Everything was for the sheep; Howard alternately scoffed and marveled at that fact. Old Felipe had erected a small brush shack and roofed it with *sacaguista,* but it was intended as a shelter for ailing sheep or newborn dogie lambs. Meadows and his crew still lived out of the camp wagon, sleeping under tarps on the ground, squatting by the campfire to eat. The herd had been divided into two bands, each with a *pastor* and a couple of dogs in constant attendance. When lambing time came, Howard saw with infinite disdain that the sheepmen had to turn midwives and assist many of the ewes in their delivery.

The fence incident might have been forgotten. But one day in April, Jeff Howard rode angrily up to the sheep camp. He found a shearing crew's three wagons there, and the pens filled with dust and bleating sheep, and Meadows busier than he had ever seen him.

"Look here, Meadows!" the cattleman shouted above the din. "I told you what would happen to your sheep if they crossed my wire! Well, four of 'em did. I shot them. You can have the carcasses if you want them—my boys don't care for mutton!"

Meadows straightened, a dusty, tired, sweating man. Something flickered in his eyes, and was gone. He said, patiently, "Four sheep. And I turned two steers back into your pasture—the two steers that broke your wire. That makes it about square, Howard. That pays for the water we used that time."

"How do I know my steers busted the wire?" demanded Howard. "There wasn't any break. Your damned sheep just went through!"

"I fixed the wire," Meadows said. "We're square. And now, Howard"—his voice rose—"I've had enough. Get off my land!"

The cattleman stared, and shifted uncomfortably in his saddle. This was something else to upset his preconceived ideas about sheepherders: Here was a sheepman, with no gun in reach, calling his hand, offering fight. It made for a grudging respect Howard had not acknowledged before, and the disclosure that he had been wrong about the fence break added to his discomfiture.

"Anybody can make a mistake," he said lamely. "And I could tell you something, Meadows. You're shearing too early for this country."

"You shot my sheep," Meadows said. "Stay where you belong, and the hell with you! Get out!"

THE sultry, unseasonably hot spell came three weeks later. Feed was high and green, the lamb crop had been exceptionally good, and Meadows knew no concern. Water was already available in several troughs; the hot weather meant earlier flytime, but otherwise it would do no harm.

Old Felipe had gone to town with the wagon for supplies. Meadows sprawled in the scanty shade of a cedar bush, rifle by his side in case he saw a coyote. The sheep sought shade in a like manner, scattering among the cedars, turning their tails to the sweltering sun. There was no breath of air. The windmill idled, a pungence was distilled from cedar and sage, and gnats came in annoying swarms.

Meadows saw the first bellwether withdraw its head from a bush and lift it toward the north, sniffing the air. The wrinkled old sheep turned, stamping the ground in the impotent manner of all sheep when alarmed. He started southward, traveling in a straight line, not stopping to feed. The bell tinkled, and others followed, something of stark, elemental drama communicating itself to the movement. Meadows sat up.

He felt the first faint current of air touch his cheek. It was blessedly cool. He noticed that the sky had turned dull and brassy, and he leaped to his feet. Manuel came hurrying through the scrub mesquite, his leather sling in his hand.

"Señor, look to the cloud!" he called excitedly. "It will be a norther, I think!"

It was already a norther. The storm-blue cloud was sweeping in low over the Big Divide, coming down from the unprotected reaches of the Llano Estacado, coming all the way from the snow-

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capped Rockies. And there was no windbreak anywhere: there were only the shearing sheds, roofs held up by cedar posts and no walls, and the slatted pens. These would have to do. . . .

"Turn them back to camp, Manuel!" Meadows ordered.

They tried. But the wind grew strong and icy, and sheep recently bereft of their winter fleece heeded an instinct stronger than that which called for obedience to man.

The bellwethers began moving swiftly; the ewes bleated frantically to lambs that were slow. The whole herd was on the move in a few minutes. A stone slung yonder to bounce along the ground a few paces ahead of the leaders did not deter them. The dogs ran barking in front of the herd, but they could only worry a few sheep at a time; the others stepped aside and went on.

Meadows shivered as the wind struck full force, biting into his clothing. He had no coat nearer than the camp. This was not his first Texas norther, but it was his first in this high, unprotected country. He knew that the temperature could drop forty or fifty degrees by nightfall. Suddenly he remembered Howard's words. *You're shearing too early for this country. . . .*

If they had been friendly, neighborly, as Meadows would have had it, Howard could have told him in time. He thought that, and his patience and gentleness were gone; he cursed the cattleman as he hoisted the .30-30 up under his armpit.

THE sheep were drifting toward Howard's wire, and there was no turning them. The wind rose to a high, insistent whine, bending the cedars flat, picking up sand from somewhere and driving it with stinging force against the back of Meadows' neck. Above the blast he heard a faint hail, and saw Tomas, tall against the odd, half-dimmed sky, clothes whipped around him like a scarecrow's. The other flock was drifting, too. All his fortunes moved the wind's way, at the wind's mercy.

He could only follow. He lost track of time and distance: the sun was down in a vague, coppery haze, the sky overhead was filled with dust and low-scudding clouds. A man could lose his sheep in the darkness that was coming on swiftly; some of the lambs would not be able to travel much farther.

The wind chilled him, tore his thoughts apart and scattered them, left him numb. He stumbled over something in the blowing dusk, and heard the thin quaver; he stooped and picked up a lamb, holding it warm against him. And then he saw the sheep piling up ahead, and the last faint light showed him the straggling fence posts, the dim shine of Howard's barbed wire. . . .

Hate came in a savage rush, warming him, driving the numbness from his brain. Down there only a quarter of a mile beyond this barrier, the divide dropped away steeply. Below the rimrocks were wind-hollowed caves and sheltered box canyons. Sheep huddled in these would be out of the blast, and their own body heat would keep most of them alive. Only the fence stood in the way.

Meadows waded through the struggling, bleating press of the herd. He was a shepherd again, guided only by his instinctive love for the dumb brutes he had nursed through thirst and sickness and the pangs of birth. He would kill Jeff Howard if the cattleman tried to stop him. Later, of course, there would be a shooting. But by then the norther would have blown itself out; the sheep would be safe.

He put the lamb down carefully, and reached out to grasp the topmost wire. A barb cut his palm, but he did not feel the pain. He called, "Manuel! Tomás!" and didn't wait for them to answer. The fence had to be destroyed quickly; too many sheep were cutting themselves.

Meadows jerked the wire free from a couple of the staves, and wrapped it around the barrel of his rifle, making a Spanish windlass, which he would twist until the wire broke. He began turning, and the wire suddenly went slack in his hand, breaking at some other point. And he saw the tall shape looming on his right, on the other side of the fence.

"What the hell you doing?" Howard's voice demanded above the welter of the wind. "Don't rip the wire off my staves that way! We're cutting it—we'll take out a whole section!"

Meadows only half understood that. A purely reflex action on his part jerked the gun free and brought it halfway up to his shoulder. Another wire went down, and he realized that Howard had brought his crew up here to do this: Yonder were saddle horses standing with tails to the blast. He put the gun down, feeling suddenly weak.

Howard came toward him along the fence, lifting his voice again.

"Drive 'em down below the rimrocks!" he yelled. "They'll stay alive there. *Thought* you were shearing too early! We get a late norther nearly every year."

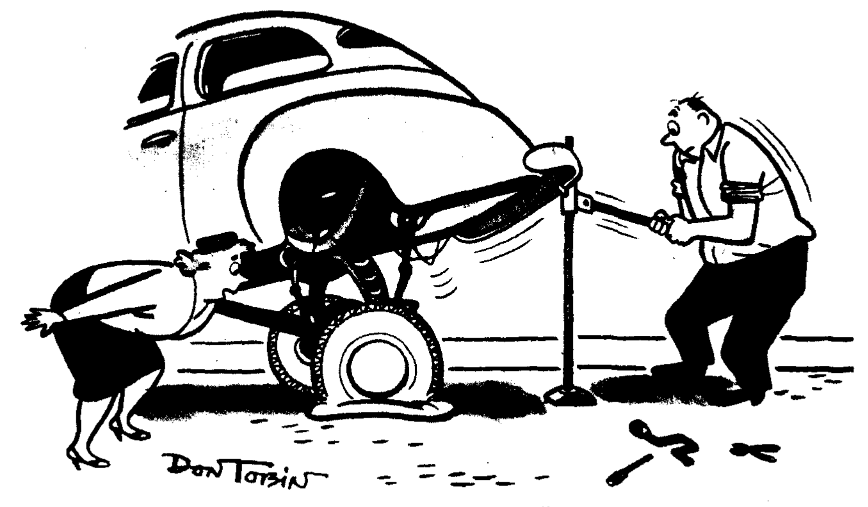
Meadows nodded. "I guess I'll learn," he said. "Next year, I'll wait."

There was an awkwardness between them. The gulf went a long way back; it was older than the Bible. But it could be spanned with a little mutual respect, a little understanding.

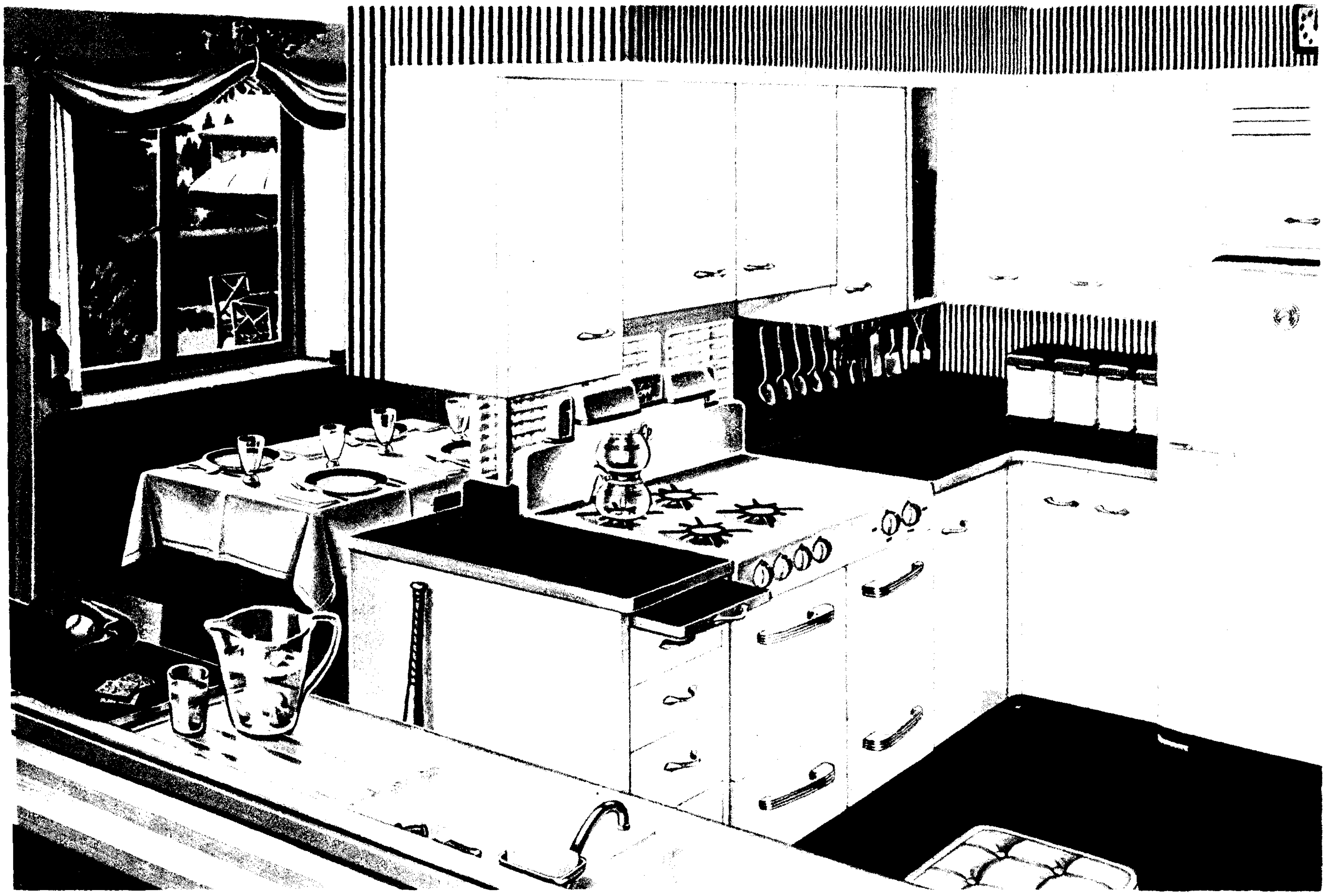
"Anybody can make a mistake," Howard said. "Like me. I don't like sheep but I like to see a man take care of his stock, and I like to see him stand up fo his rights. I reckon we can get along, like you said."

His cowboys pulled aside all the wire between two posts. The sheep went surging through, and the two men stood like a little island in the moving stream.

THE END



COLLIER'S "No, dear. Not yet!" DON TOBIN



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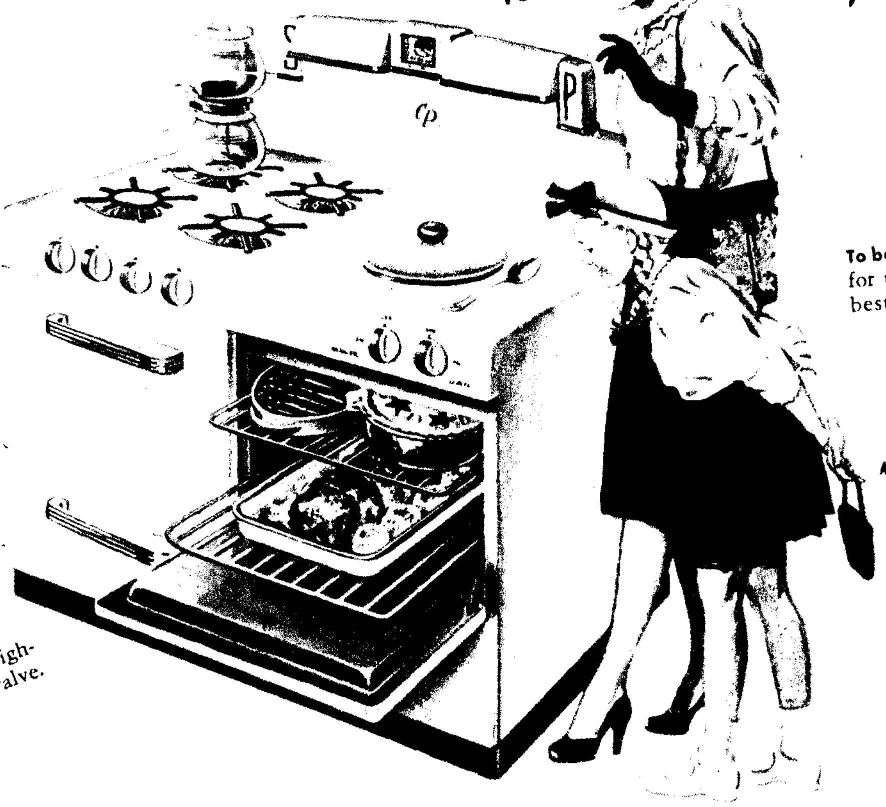

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GAS

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Mr. Twyman
Salutation

In public-speaking class Mrs. Robert Twyman (center) of Illinois learns proper way to introduce a speaker. Standing next to her is instructress Mrs. Ralph Church, also of Illinois. Others (left to right) are: Mrs. William Hess (Ohio), Mrs. Charles Clason (Mass.), Mrs. John Taber (New York), Mrs. Dewey Short (Mo.), Mrs. Norris Poulson (Calif.), Mrs. Olin Teague (Texas), and Mrs. Clifford Davis (Tenn.), president of the club, standing at right

CONGRESSMEN'S wives are very much like anybody else's. While the master of the household sits in his office barking into telephones, macerating cigars and making split-second decisions, his better half is seldom content to mildew amid the pots and pans. Bridge, fancy bonnets and gossip were specifically created for her diversion.

To these antidotes for boredom, the exclusive Congressional Club of Washington, for wives and daughters of congressmen, has added painting, public speaking and dancing. Furthermore the solons' wives dream up and compound their own millinery and find time to work for the Red Cross.

Three first ladies have been members of the club: the Mesdames Harding, Coolidge and Truman. Wives of Cabinet members and Supreme Court justices are also eligible. It is the only club in existence which was created by an Act of Congress (1908).

The ladies acquired a clubhouse in 1914 from Mrs. John B. Henderson, wife of a former Missouri senator, and a stanch dry. As a consequence, no liquor is served at Congressional Club functions. This does not, however, dampen the ladies' gaiety.

Every Wednesday some of them attend health classes under the capable direction of Francesca Braggiotti Lodge, wife of John Davis Lodge, representative from Connecticut. Italian-born Mrs. Lodge has been dancing and teaching others to dance all her life. "A congressman's wife," she explained, "must learn how to counteract sitting still and eating. Washington's official tea and luncheon life can be ruinous to figures and digestions."

One of her precepts is that "Music makes you laugh and laughter increases circulation." Mrs. Leroy Johnson, wife of a representative from California, testifies, "I don't have cold feet any more."

The ladies do fast marches, raising their knees almost chest-high; they waltz, polka and take breathing and stretching exercises. After a morning of this, they are apt to crawl home for an alcohol rub.

Most popular club activity is somewhat more sedentary. It is millinery, the only group taught by a nonmember, Mrs. W. C. Resides. She is an instructor at Pratt Institute. Mrs. Raymond Baldwin, whose husband is a Connecticut senator, says, "It's more fun—and more economical—to make your own hats." And the results look like John-Frederics models, according to Mrs. Carl Hatch, wife of a New Mexico senator. Only one thing bothers Mrs. Carlos P. Romulo, wife of the former Philippine delegate to Congress, now delegate to the U.N. She fished the makings for her bonnet out of the same bin as three other Congressional Clubbers. "I hope we don't all end up wearing them at the same places!" she remarked with horror.

Public speaking is taught by Mrs. Ralph Church, wife of an Illinois representative. She eschews gestures and oration. Her three rules: Anyone can speak. Ability to speak is power. Speaking is fun.

The arts are directed by Mrs. Frank L. Sundstrom of New Jersey. Recently the Art Appreciation Committee staged its annual exhibit, including near-professional efforts by Mrs. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee (co-chairman of the group), Mrs. Robert Hale of Maine, Mrs. Sheridan Downey of California and Mrs. Brooks Hays of Arkansas.

Politics are not allowed to influence Congressional Club administration. In this Republican year the club president is Mrs. Clifford Davis, inveterate Tennessee Democrat. Under her leadership the merry wives of Congress are proving that woman's place is not necessarily in the home. ★★★

Misses Lydia and Mary O'Neal, daughters of a former Kentucky representative, demonstrate a slimming exercise. Class is taught by Mrs. John Davis Lodge (Conn.), seated on floor. Other pupils: (front) Mrs. Thomas Martin (Iowa), Mrs. Clifford Davis (Tenn.), club president, Mrs. Wesley D'Ewart (Mont.), chairman, and Mrs. Leroy Johnson (Calif.). Rear, Mrs. George Grant (Ala.), Mrs. Aime-Forand (R. I.) and Mrs. Harry McGregor (Ohio)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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"HELLO, BEAUTIFUL"

Continued from page 17

The magazines were all of recent issue, but for some reason he was convinced they'd been printed in 1908 and post-dated.

"Isn't there a movie in Hellhole?" he asked the clerk.

The night clerk of the Eliol Hotel was an oldish man who had on a necktie but no collar. He didn't seem to like being disturbed. "No," he said.

"What's the best way to pass the time in this place?" asked Herb. The clerk didn't answer. "What did you say?" said Herb.

The clerk looked up. "Some people with relatives drops in on them," he observed. "Otherwise, I dunno. You could go over and talk to Pop Kelcey over in Kelcey's Tonsorial Parlor usually but he's down with a bum stomach over something he et." The clerk ran his fingers speculatively over the hairline on his neck. "'Bout due," he added with almost medical objectivity.

"Phil Alsop," said Herb. "What time's he open in the morning?"

"Seven, 'less he oversleeps. Seven's average."

"Well, thanks," said Herb. He scratched his ear, which didn't solve anything. Finally, after moving in two false directions, his feet automatically guided him back to his room. First he tried doing nothing with the light on; then he tried it with the light off. He found himself always preferring it the other way. Afterward he lay on the bed in the hope of falling asleep, but this merely made him feel like a body about which the coroner has not yet been notified. He thought of Florrie Higgens and decided it was the blond waitress who was responsible for the quality of boredom he was feeling.

Not exactly boredom. Maybe loneliness. It was the same odd feeling conveyed by those rolling, empty plains. It was the feeling of being alone in the world, a world without people. . . . He laughed at himself for being lonely. Herb Bannister lonely—that was a joke. Herb found himself swallowing, and he was pretty sure he was swallowing his pride for the first time in his life. He put on his coat and went out again.

THE sky was a blue ceiling, pinpointed with millions of jewels; Eliol, lost in this immensity, looked like a chip of glass on the ground. Herb went into the Elite Café. Its custom at night consisted of motorists too hungry to wait for a decent meal. He didn't know quite what to say. Certainly not, "Hello, beautiful."

"Yes?" said Florence.

"Hello." The word almost didn't come out. It wasn't said softly, it merely sounded in an unpracticed part of his vocal apparatus. He added, "Coffee," in a normal voice.

Florrie gave him his coffee.

Herb still didn't know what to say. All the verbal forms he'd been employing for so long seemed useless to him now. Finally he said, "I'm glad you're still on. You—you wouldn't like—" This was Herb Bannister, the glib salesman. "I mean, what I'm trying to say is, you wouldn't like to join me in a sandwich or something, I guess."

"Why wouldn't I?" said Florrie. "Waitresses eat, same as anybody else. I'm human. At least I think I'm human. A person sometimes don't have much appetite eating alone." She talked, just chatted, while she made the sandwiches. Konstantine, the night cook, a cold pipe in his mouth, dozed contentedly in the kitchen beyond the short-order window. He had white hair, and his face possessed character, like those arty photographs of peasants which are submitted in prize contests.

Florrie pointed to a table on the side with her head, her hands being full. "Let's sit here." She arranged the food, and this gave Herb a nice feeling, as though Florrie were his wife. "I'm on till about twelve," she said. "Sometimes it's busy, and sometimes it's slow."

"I'm glad it's slow tonight."

"Tell me about plows," said Florrie.

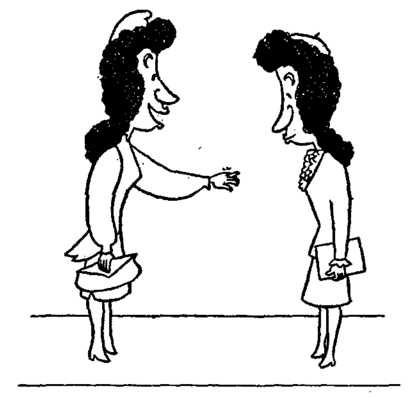
"That's my work," Herb said. "I sell 'em. A fellow always has a few private thoughts, though—thoughts he don't tell to agricultural-supply houses."

"Go ahead."

"Oh—it's just a little romantic streak. I mean, plows. Something makes the world go. Bread, maybe, in the beginning. You get a lot of plows going everywhere, and finally there's civilization. If wars didn't interfere with plowin', we'd be all right. Well, maybe it's romantic, but there's a sort of incentive to it besides makin' a living. A guy imagines he's doing the right thing. It don't exactly go into words. It's just a feeling."

"You have a family?" she asked daintily.

"That's the one thing I steer shy of. I'm worse off than a sailor. I haven't even got a home port." Herb was feeling strange, and part of the strangeness was a crazy desire to make explicit what was going on inside him. "I have to tell you this," he said. "Your name won't come."



"And as usual, darling, I want you for maid of honor"

COLLIER'S DICK STRONE

"Florrie?"

Herb scratched his ear, but again it failed to solve anything. "I didn't mean I couldn't remember it. When I go to say it, it sounds too intimate, as if I was trying to be fresh again."

"You weren't fresh," said Florrie. "It was me. It was my fault. We aren't eating, are we?"

"No," said Herb. "Usually I get all the talk I want. Reason I take the car on the road, it keeps me off trains where it's hard not to talk. I enjoy a rest from talking. But up there in that room I like to went nuts, and I finally admitted it was because I wanted so bad to talk to you."

"Why?" said Florrie.

Herb looked up at the fly-specked ceiling. "I don't know. We were kiddin' around there, way I always do. Old words came out, as usual—corny stuff. All the time there's something saying it's the wrong spot for clowning. They're not me, those words. And those answers weren't you. Here we are way the hell out in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but you and me alive in the whole world. Alsop's in Des Moines, and Pop Kelcey's down with a bum stomach. I mean, well, if you and me aren't nice to each other, then what's the use o' being human beings?"

"Nice?" said Florrie.

"Nice. Like sittin' here talkin' and—like when you fixed the food in front of me and then sat down. You ever been married? Not that I want to pry into your private affairs," he added apologetically, "because that's about the last thing I'd want to do."

Florrie shrugged. "I have to go and tend to this character. Pardon me." She took the order and jingled Konstantine's bell. The white-haired cook woke up, repeated her order, and had the stove going all in one smooth motion. The truck driver stuck a nickel in the juke box; the ensuing burst of noise was like too much freedom among the musicians at a mental institution. While this flurry of activity was in progress, old Jensen stopped in.

JENSEN owned the Elite. He rubbed his hands together the way they say people do who are about to consummate a very profitable piece of business. This was merely a habit with Jensen, and had nothing to do with business.

"Everything hunky-dory?" said Jensen.

"Yes, Mr. Jensen."

"Them cans spaghetti come in with Mario?"

"Yes, Mr. Jensen," said Florrie.

"Never saw so much stars out like tonight."

"I didn't notice," said Florrie.

"Ma got a letter from Mildred Chicago. Baby weighs plenty, healthy as a lark."

Florrie nodded her interest in this piece of information.

"Everything hunky-dory, then?" Mr. Jensen repeated.

"Yes, Mr. Jensen."

"Take off early if slow, Florrie. Health before wealth. Ha! Good night."

The truck driver had lighted a cigar that filled the café with fumes pleasant to the nostrils. When he left, Florence returned to Herb's table.

Some adjustment was necessary, as when a broken phone connection is reestablished, a few extraneous remarks being needed to accomplish the transition. "He make money here?"

"Days it's pretty steady," she said. "Jensen does the hard work. There's Ab, the other cook, and Mrs. Talor afternoons. No, I never been married." There was a very tiny mark above Florrie's mouth, a little blemish which Herb thought made her seem somehow poignantly human. He was also aware of her hands: hands rather red and unpretty, weak in the knuckles, hands that would never play a piano or appear in a soap ad. Like the blemish, however, they created an emotion of poignance in him. They belonged to Florence Higgens, a waitress at the Elite Café in Eliol.

"Jensen," she said, "is the only friend I ever had."

"I don't believe that."

She was looking at the gold fraternal order pin in his buttonhole. "Friend," she said. "This is a made job for me. Before I come Konstantine did the night waitin'. Jensen's a family man. He's soft about his wife and that daughter in Chicago and some grandchildren, soft and kind of grateful and wantin' to give out love. There isn't much to love in Eliol." She shook herself. "You eat that sandwich, because wastin' food is the same as makin' fun of starving people."

Herb slowly ate the food, feeling like a child that finds pleasure in certain kinds of obedience.

"Knock off now," said a head sticking out through the dish slot. Konstantine drew back and tried to light his pipe, producing a splendid gritty noise in the tobaccoless bowl. "I close," he said.

"Will you let me take you home?"

Florrie raised one cheek cynically;

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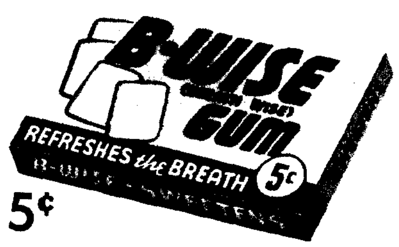

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Herb thought he didn't like that expression. For some reason he'd become abnormally sensitive to everything Miss Higgens did. "I live with Mrs. Talor," she said. "Mrs. Talor and two orphan boys that are juvenile delinquents supported by the county. It's a little room over the grocery. I could look out of the back window and see Chicago if the earth wasn't round."

Herb took her arm. There was a little shivery resistance in it, the way the body of a cat might feel before it decided to trust you.

"You afraid?" he said.

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of walking with me a patch down the road."

FLORENCE didn't say yes or no. They just went on walking. Finally they came to a dry creek opposite a lighted farmhouse set deep back on a hill. The ittle bridge over the creek had timbers you could comfortably sit on.

"That sky don't need anybody to make up poetry about it," said Herb. There was no moon, but somehow everything stood out in clear vision, whitely.

"First it was Chicago," said Florence uskily.

Herb sat a few feet away from her, his ands in his pockets.

"This Mr. Bindmeyer, he was kind of bald," she said. "I worked for the Pearl- vhite Laundry, folding shirts around hose slips of cardboard. He come and e just stared, hours at a time. Finally he boss fired me because he got sick of Mr. Bindmeyer standing around and just taring. Then this Mr. Bindmeyer come o my room and said he'd hang himself f I didn't marry him. So I took a train t night and moved to Elgin."

"I've been in Elgin."

"In Elgin I worked in a woman's ouse, and her husband kept knocking n my door late at night with one excuse nd another. He was very troublesome. Ie never made any wrong gestures, but was troublesome having my door nocked on at three o'clock A.M. to have omebody ask me did he leave a bunch f keys on my dresser. Finally one of e kids let out that this woman I worked or was going to make trouble for me ver a divorce. So I sneaked away one ay and went to Des Moines.

"I learned waitin' in Des Moines. I ouldn't care if I was pretty, but I'm not. guess it's just that I look simple- inded. I lost three jobs in succession. inally there was Mr. Knott, who owned e last restaurant I worked in. It was a ig restaurant with regular dinners up to ne-fifty, and the tips were okay. This Ir. Knott had a wife, but he kept pester- g the life out of me. So I said I was uitting. Then he said he was like insane ver me, and when I told him I was leav- g he got me back in his office and said was desperate and was going to slit y throat. He said he was going to kill mself after that, and give our bodies science. I had to promise him I'd think over."

Florence, for the first time, became vare of the night sky. It was really tre- endous, as though someone had de- ded to give whoever was awake a impse of infinity.

"I hope you don't think I'm making y of this up."

"I'm not thinking anything, just lis- ning."

"I wouldn't care if I was pretty. A rl that's pretty expects insults. What rt me inside was that nobody decent er come along to make love like it's pposed to be. Every time somebody ed me, he was a married guy with a irk in his brain that he is going to go sane because of me.

"Eliol was where the bus took me on the money I had. I landed here, and ere's only one café. Old Jensen asked e why I come way out here, and I told m. He brought me home to his wife, because I was kind of sick. After I got well, he put me in this job. And up to now he's the only real friend I ever had in my whole life."

Herb got up and stood beside her. His fingers came in contact lightly with her hair. Florence turned her head away. She said, "I joke around with the fellers that come into the Elite. But that's all. I don't want anything to happen that'll make me go away from here. There wouldn't be no place else to go."

Herb remained silent.

"I got frightened when you started being friendly," she explained, and somehow it hurt him to think he had made it necessary to explain.

"I actually didn't mean anything," he said. "Oh, I don't want to give the impression I'm any angel either, but I never pestered no kid the way you talk about. After I went back to the hotel I felt alone. It was funny, because I'm alone a lot and it never seemed to bother me before. I couldn't get you out of my head."

Florrie looked up.

"After I came in the second time, I—"

"Yes?"

"It's hard to talk about it. I just wanted to take you up in my arms. I mean, the words don't come easy. In my arms, sort of gentle and tender."

"Like you were in love?"

He waited a long time before answering. "I don't guess I know what love is. Anyway, not the way it is when you want to own somebody. It was like holding you would be making up for everything you'd ever been unhappy about and all the wrong things I'd ever done. It would be like saying how fine you are, and how beautiful you looked to me. It was all the wise guy gone out of me, wanting to tell you that I was lonely too. I thought—" Herb paused, then went on: "I thought maybe if I took you in my arms and we felt each other's hearts beating, why then maybe there'd never be a reason for ever feeling lonely again."

A little crest of moon had edged up over the hill beyond the farmhouse, ragged and unkempt-looking. She stood up and suddenly they were clinging together in an enveloping embrace. "Florence," he whispered. "Florrie." And on his lips the name sounded tenderly. Against him he felt more than her heart beating; he felt the subtle pulse in her veins, the very outline of her thoughts. The perfume of her hair, the indescribable softness of her cheek, the feminine slightness of her shoulders all blended into his own body and was absorbed there.

THEY were still alone in the world, but it did not seem to matter now. Florrie and Herb walked slowly back to town. Her hand was in his, the weak-knuckled hand that would never play a piano or appear in an advertisement. There was no very great need for words.

"This is where I live," said Florrie at last. "That's my room, the one in the back." He knew she was saying goodby, if that was what he wanted. He knew she was letting him leave, asking nothing, expecting nothing—if there was nothing he had to give.

"Good night, Florrie," he said.

"Good night."

With a certain awkwardness he raised her roughened hand and kissed it; then he turned and walked away toward the hotel.

All the lights were brightly burning in the lobby, as though the management expected an American Legion convention to descend on it at any moment.

The night clerk dozed with one eye; the other considered Herb with careful interest.

"Leave a call for seven, will you?" said Herb.

A flicker in the live eye acknowledged Herb's request.

He went to his room, bathed, crawled into bed, and was annoyed a moment

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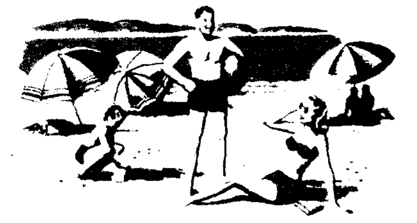

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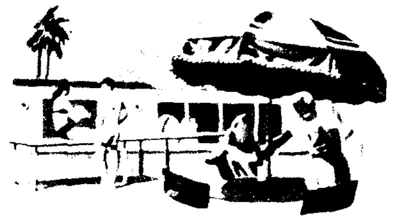

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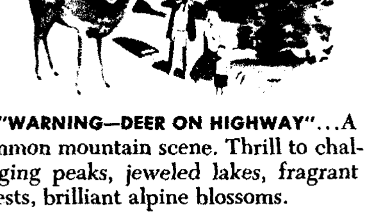

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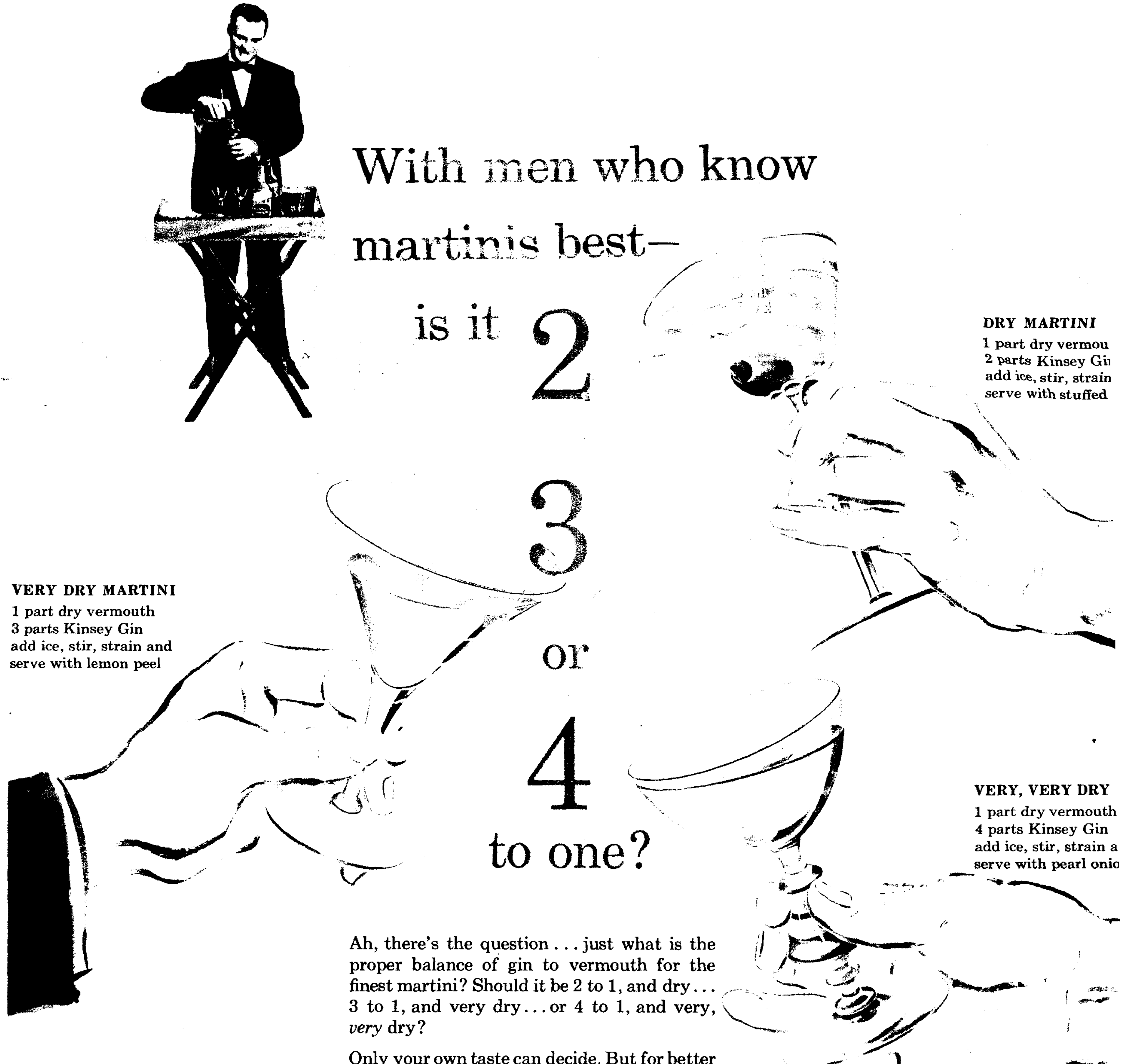

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3

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add ice, stir, strain
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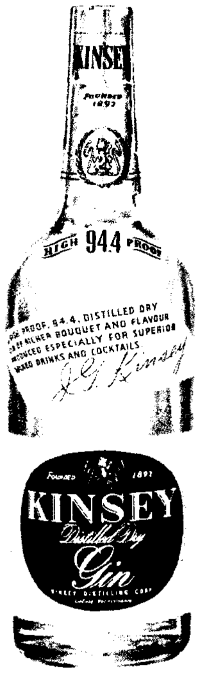

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later at the callous way somebody was banging on his door.

"Seven bells. Hey!"

Apparently it was morning.

First he went to see the mechanic. "Hello, Phil."

"You're Bannister," said Phil Alsop, "and this is your car—right? You got a burned main bearing. Good thing I happen to have the parts. We're already working on it."

"I'm starting to like Hellhole," said Herb.

Phil smiled. "We love our children. It says so on the sign. People that love their children are okay. You sell plows, right?"

Herb found himself smiling too. He nodded. "How was the picture?"

"She's terrific. The plot wasn't much."

"When can you get this out?"

Phil shrugged. "Some of it's luck. If Gabe and I don't run into a frozen bolt or something, it'll be noon."

"Well, thanks, Phil. Thanks a lot."

Herb walked slowly toward the Elite Café. Only when he sat down at the counter and Mr. Jensen said, "Hollo," did it occur to him that Florence wouldn't be there.

"Coffee and a doughnut," he said.

Later he bought a Des Moines paper at the hotel. First it told about the world's troubles, then the troubles of the country, then the state and county. So many troubles failed to hold his attention. Time went slowly, and he didn't know what to do. He walked around, examining Hellhole. It was not so small as he'd thought; residences were scattered fairly thickly on its outskirts. He decided that eleven o'clock would be all right. Actually it was quarter of when he knocked on Mrs. Talor's door. He was prepared for some embarrassment, and was surprised when Florrie answered.

"Come in."

He went into a little parlor.

"Mrs. Talor has the two kids down to Doc Sellers," Florrie explained.

Herb wasn't going to kiss her or anything like that.

"Did you sleep all right?" she said.

"I leave around twelve."

Florrie's expression changed, but not in any way that would be easy to describe. "Twelve?" she said.

He went to her and took her hand and they sat down together on the horsehair sofa. "I'm thirty," he said. "I'm Herb Bannister, been knockin' around since I was a kid, a while of it in the Army and the rest of it on the road. There really isn't anything to say outside of what I said last night. I knew you was wonderful before I ever held you. I figure I knew you was wonderful before I ever met you at all."

"I'm not wonderful," she said.

"All I know is we both of us were alone in the world until now. I had to be tough and I had to be smart to get by, but I still was alone in the world. Then we met and I took you in my arms, and all that wiseness disappeared out of me. Now, whatever happens, I'll always have you inside me, I'll have you inside me here."

The expression that was hard to describe turned to simple pain. There was no use to tell him how terribly she ached for him to stay. There was no use anyway, because he recognized the pain and understood it perfectly.

"Then you're leaving at twelve," she said instead.

He didn't expect to, but he reached out to take her face in his hands, then gently kissed her. Finally he said, "I was on my way to Norfolk when the car broke down, so I'll have to go on."

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly.

"I don't know what it is, Florrie," Herb said. The miles of flat grass plains he would drive through seemed to unroll before him, a long ribbon of loneliness. "I just know I'll only be half alive until I'm back with you again."

THE END

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 21

manner I gathered that Homer's days were numbered.

"What about Dan Roper?" he asked. "I am thoroughly dissatisfied with Dan. Maybe I could give him a diplomatic post of some kind."

"Dan is so fond of honors that he might accept a diplomatic post," I said.

"Well, we'll try," he said. "Do you think Claude Swanson will resign?"

"If his condition gets any worse, I think he should," I said.

"Yes," he agreed, "it's too bad. He was a grand old man. I'm afraid his number is up." Then he transferred his attention to another man. "What do you think of McNutt?"

"I think McNutt has a lot of ability," I answered, "but he's ambitious. I have told you many times before that he prevented you from getting the vote of Indiana in 1932."

We talked of Frances Perkins and I got the impression that he would be pleased to have her resign. Later he changed his mind on Frances, and rightly so. She took many a blow for him and served him loyally and faithfully at all times.

We did not talk of Ickes and Wallace at that time. I did mention later that Ickes' speeches were causing trouble because of their bitterness and that I thought he was casting an acquisitive eye on the forestry bureau in the Agriculture Department.

Old Guard Loses Ground

At a morning conference in the President's office in January, 1938, we talked about the recent resignation of Supreme Court Justice Sutherland. The resignation cut the Old Guard of the high court to two. With the appointment of Sutherland's successor the liberals would have a majority as effective as under the Court plan. I was hopeful he would forget those Democrats who had opposed his scheme. I tried a bit of humor.

"I have a candidate for the Supreme Court for you," I offered.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Burton K. Wheeler."

My joke missed fire. The President snapped, "Wheeler's trying to use his vote against the Supreme Court *bill* as a springboard to the Presidency."

I soon discovered that the President's attitude toward members of the party who had opposed him on the Court fight had not cooled. I had hoped that all would be forgotten for the all-important Congressional elections ahead—elections made more important because the recession was unquestionably strengthening the opposition. While I was uneasy, it was not until January 27th that I had any actual indication, beyond vague threats uttered immediately after the defeat, of the purge that was on the way.

That morning I received a call from James Roosevelt, the President's son and secretary. He said candidates for the Senate were going to file in Illinois the next day and wanted to know if the committee had said anything publicly on the Administration's attitude. I told him that I was going to issue a statement immediately declaring that the Administration was not going to become involved in primary fights. Jimmy asked me to dictate a statement over the phone. This I did. The statement read in part:

"The job of the Democratic National Committee is to work for and to assist in every way possible in the election of the party candidates. . . . As individuals, the members of the National Committee may have their favorites, but as a body the organization's hands are off and will continue to be off. These nominations are entirely the affair of the states or the Congressional districts, and however these early battles may result, the National Committee will be behind the candidate that the people themselves choose. This goes for every state and every Congressional district."

Ten minutes later Jimmy was back on the phone saying that everything was fine except for the last two sentences. I said they had been included to quiet fears expressed to the Committee and argued for their retention since they expressed sound party doctrine. He flung an irrefutable answer at me: "Father has struck the last two sentences out." Out they went and in came a flock of troubles. From that time on I knew no political peace.

My worst fears began to be realized at a White House conference the next day. From that time on, conferences were threaded with a pattern of purge talk. From the beginning I made it clear that I could not as party chairman drop the reins of the party band wagon to whip the boys hitching a ride on the tail gate. The President agreed that I should keep my hands off.

In the next month we went over the whole political field as he prepared to distribute patronage rewards for "going along" and punishments for "not going along" to 27 senators and some 300 representatives. One of the President's first concerns was the senatorial nomination in Illinois. He wanted Dieterich, who had been loyal to the Administration. But neither of the warring factions in Illinois wanted him, and Dieterich was forced to withdraw.

Sought Defeat of Senator George

In Georgia the President wanted Senator Walter F. George defeated, as an object lesson to the Southern bloc which had been opposing his social reforms.

"I don't think George can be beat," I told him. "The only man who could possibly defeat George would be Governor E. D. Rivers and he might do you more harm than good. Rivers' nomination would raise the Klan issue."

He was no less eager to defeat Senator Tydings in Maryland. Tydings, he felt, had been most difficult in 1932, doing his best to block the Roosevelt nomination.

Then we talked of Indiana, and he asked me what I thought of running McNutt for the Senate against Senator Frederick Van Nuys.

I repeated my warning that McNutt was responsible for having the Indiana delegation vote against every Roosevelt proposal in the convention. "Why, if he had his way," I pointed out, "you wouldn't be here today."

"Now, now, Aloysius," he counseled. "I know Paul is a hot Presidential candidate, but so is Tydings."

"What about Iowa?" he asked. "I don't think Senator Guy Gillette is a strong candidate. If we could get a real liberal we would have a strong ticket."

So Gillette was marked for purging. The President next asked about Senator Augustine Lonergan of Connecticut and Senator Bennett C. Clark of Missouri. I told him that both men would be renominated. I made it clear there was nothing he could do about it. He asked about

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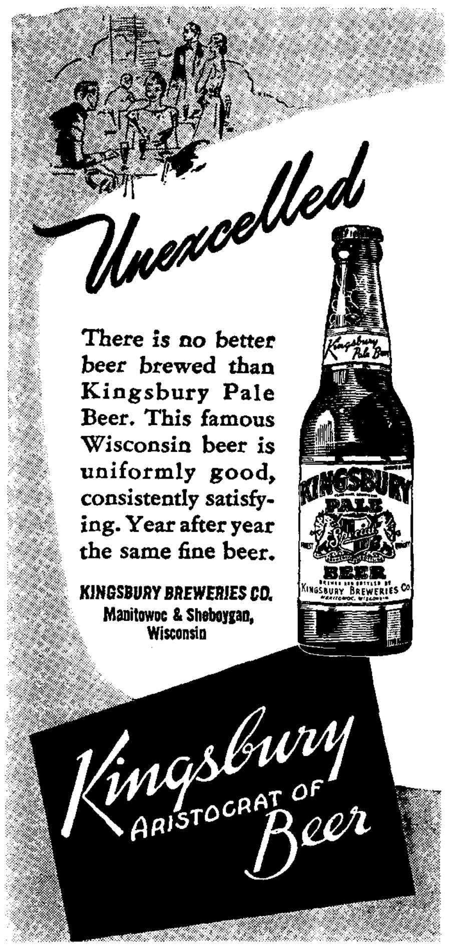
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Senator Alva B. Adams in Colorado. Adams had not taken an active part in the Court fight but would have voted against the plan had it reached that stage. I replied that I thought Adams would win. The President asked what chance there was for beating Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada or Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina. To my curt "none" in each case, he offered no comment.

We discussed the situation in several other states and finally got to Kentucky. "I am very anxious," the President said, "to have Barkley re-elected. If he loses, Pat Harrison will become majority leader and I'm afraid Pat won't go along on liberal legislation."

"It looks as though Governor 'Happy' Chandler is in the lead there now," I said.

"That is the reason we should put forth all our efforts for Alben," he answered.

"In accordance with our agreement," I told him, "I am keeping my hands off primary fights. I am fond of both Barkley and Chandler. I wish they could both win."

The last state we discussed was New York. I told him I thought Governor Lehman might want to run again.

"I think so, too," he said. "But he's not working as hard as he did."

"He's too busy writing letters," I put in facetiously. Lehman had written a letter to Senator Wagner against the Court plan, thus putting a beautiful friendship on ice.

Later, I was striving to quiet party fears, when a blast of Presidential displeasure came up out of the South with a terrible rumble and grumble and roar. On his way to Warm Springs for a spring vacation the President paused at Gainesville, Georgia, to dedicate a public square named after him. He was introduced to a sizable crowd by Senator George. The President ignored the senator but beamed over Governor Eurith D. Rivers.

The words the President spoke were not many, but the halls of Congress echoed his attack on representatives of the people "who vote against legislation to help social and economic conditions, proclaiming loudly they are for the objectives but do not like the methods, and then fail utterly to offer a better method of their own." Garner told me that the speech had made a solid Democratic bloc of a dozen or more Senators that would vote against almost anything the President might propose.

Report on a Bedside Conference

On the President's return from Warm Springs I found him in excellent humor. I saw him at a bedside conference that morning.

I grasped the opportunity to deal quite frankly with the problem of Congress. I told him I hoped there would be no more clashes. "The atmosphere here and around the country is none too good, if you know what I mean," I said.

"I certainly do, Jim. Every time I ask for more legislation (such as the Reorganization bill) they raise the cry of 'dictator' and, apparently because of the situation in Europe, they frighten the people unnecessarily."

But the Reorganization bill was defeated by a vote of 204 to 196. The next day I had lunch with the President.

"Jim, I'll tell you that I didn't expect the vote," he said. "There wasn't a chance for anyone to become a dictator in that bill."

I had dinner with the President April 12th. In the talk the name of Henry Wallace was brought up.

"Henry would like to run for President," he said slowly. "However, I'd rather have a fellow like Ickes, who, at least, is a fighter. Ickes will go through with whatever he has in mind. But you never know what Henry will do. He's in favor of one thing today and something entirely different tomorrow."

In a series of conferences in late April and May the President continued his purge talk. We had lost in Illinois but he was still determined to defeat Clark, McCarran, Smith, Adams, Tydings, Gillette, Van Nuys, George and Lonergan. Each time I gave him the best information I had, but kept myself aloof from the primary battles.

I did make an exception to my rule in Pennsylvania, where a violent primary campaign gave us concern that factional feuding might cost us the state in November.

At the President's request I issued a statement in favor of Governor George Earle for the senatorial nomination and Thomas Kennedy for governor.

But Earle repudiated our support. The next day Pennsylvania voters turned thumbs down on it decisively by nominating Charles Alvin Jones over Kennedy, and Earle over Samuel D. Wilson. A few days later I found the President smoldering over Earle and the Pennsylvania setback.

"Earle has killed his chances for the Presidency," he said, "unless he comes to the Senate and makes a reputation that would nullify the primary results."

Some time later I asked the Boss whether he had read the book, 168 Days, by Turner Catledge and Joseph Alsop, which was the story of the Supreme Court fight. I remarked that it contained facts that could have come only from participants in various discussions.

"Frankly," he said, "I think Harold Ickes is responsible for many of the stories that leak out of Cabinet meetings. I think he tells them to Drew Pearson. I arrive at this conclusion by a process of elimination. Hull and Morgenthau don't give them out, I'm sure; Woodring, Cummings and you don't leak. Swanson doesn't see anyone. Neither Perkins, Wallace nor Roper would carry tales. That leaves Harold."

I asked about Morgenthau, who had been ailing.

"Oh, Henry works himself up," he said lightly. "While I was away, he was terribly concerned about the tripartite agreement between the United States, France and Britain on money stabilization. He was calling London every other minute and sweating over developments. Now he's distressed about the relief program, not being in sympathy with it. I'll have to rub his brow and he'll be all right."

At this time I was working on my book, Behind the Ballots, with Eddie Roddan. The President asked me particularly to mention that he had built up Lehman in New York.

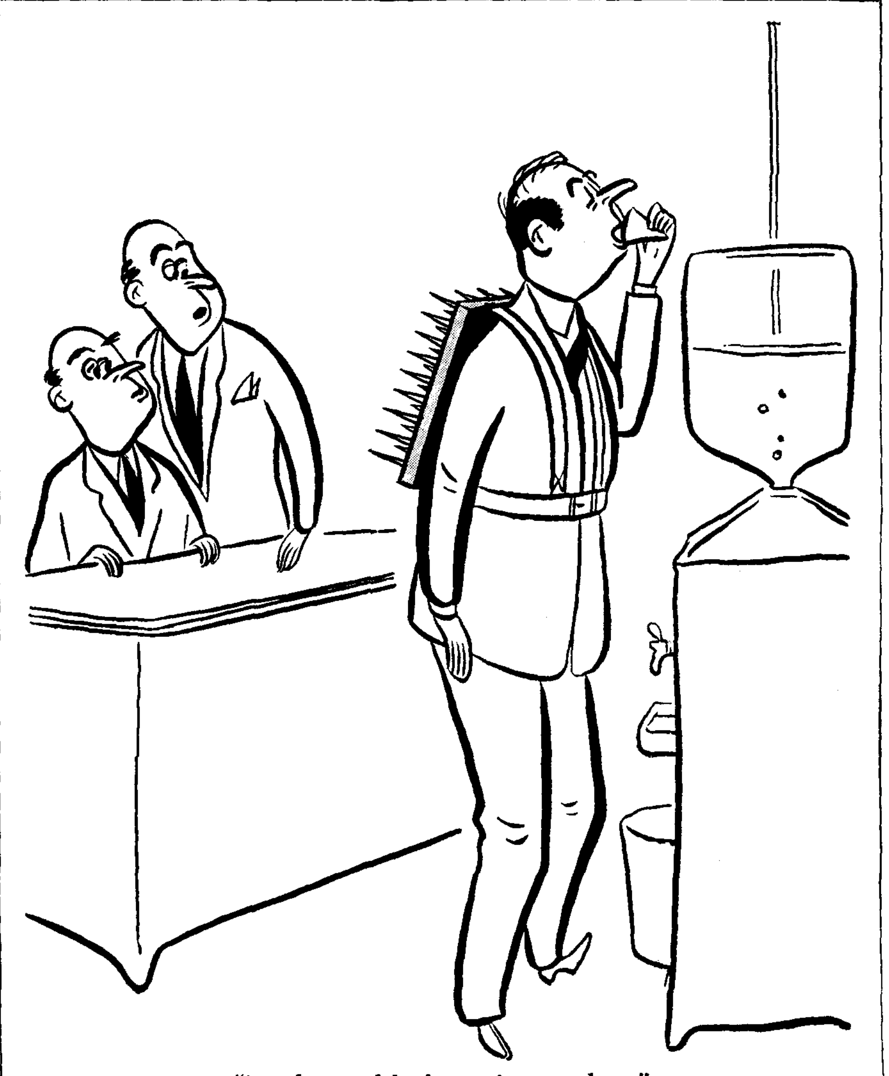
"Jim, do you remember in 1929 when I told you I didn't want two terms as governor and should be looking around for a successor?" he said. "And do you remember in 1930 I definitely told you Lehman was the man? I did everything possible to put Lehman in the limelight and saw to it he was sent to different places throughout the state so he could be better known. The trouble with the Democratic party now is that they haven't built anyone up, particularly upstate."

Results of an Unwise Policy

The President's purge fight continued. He was undaunted by the Illinois and Pennsylvania setbacks, but Jack Garner took a more realistic view of the purges. "The Boss has stirred up a hornets' nest by getting into these primary fights," he said. "There are now twenty men—Democrats—in the Senate who will vote against anything he wants because they are mad clean through. Jim, I think you ought to take exception to the President's attitude. I think you should do so for the good of the party and the country."

"John," I replied, "I just can't do that unless I resign from the Cabinet and the Democratic Committee."

Early in July the President left on his Western trip, stopping in Kentucky to do



"I understand he has quite a sunburn"

his best for Senator Barkley. Before he left, the President delivered a "fireside" chat on one of Washington's warmest nights, but the speech had more than enough heat for Democrats, for he frankly acknowledged he was out to purge his party.

After his return from the trip, I saw the President at Hyde Park, where he again urged me to run for governor of New York. "You could go a long way, Jim. You could become a very positive governor and get the proper background for 1940."

"Frankly, I'm not interested in 1940," I said. "I can't afford to be."

"A lot of other people are interested in you for 1940, Jim, and I'm not sure whether as Postmaster General and Democratic National Chairman you have sufficient background to be nominated and elected President."

"The White House is the least of my troubles," I told him. "I just can't think of it, even though the governorship might be a step in that direction. I have reached the age in life where I should be thinking of myself and my family. Let's forget it for once and for all."

"Well, if you feel that way . . ." He left the sentence unfinished and assumed an injured look.

Reaction to the First Bad News

Two defeats followed in the next week. In South Carolina "Cotton Ed" Smith had little trouble winning renomination. The President had a one-sentence comment: "It takes a long, long time to build the past up to the present." In California Senator McAdoo, who was supported by the President, was soundly trounced by Sheridan Downey and his pension program.

Several weeks later I called the President to report that Maryland had come out even worse than we expected. Tydings was renominated by a thumping three-to-one majority.

"Boss, I must send a congratulatory wire to Tydings," I said.

"I don't know why," he retorted.

"I think I should at least express hearty congratulations," I persisted.

"Leave out the 'hearty' and all the other adjectives," he snapped.

"Boss, I think I ought to send him the same kind of wire I've sent to all the other successful primary candidates," I said.

"Suit yourself but leave me out of it."

The following week the purge campaign blew up completely. Of those marked for purging, Senators Gillette, Smith, Tydings, George, Van Nuys, Clark, McCarran, Adams and Lonergan had all come through the primaries unscathed. Representative Smith won in Virginia, and Representative Cox in Georgia. The President's victories—Barkley, Pepper, Thomas and others—were not involved in the purge.

When the Georgia results were in I was asked to comment on the primaries.

"Well, they are about over now," I said.

"Did you say, 'Thank God'?" I was asked.

"All right, make it 'Thank God,'" I said and I meant it.

In the weeks before election I was busy doing all I could for Democrats everywhere. On all sides reports gave cause for concern. The President pitched in to help, avoiding the unpurged Democrats, however.

But the election news was bad. The Republicans won 81 House seats, 8 in the Senate and 11 governorships. It was a great turnover, but the Democrats were still comfortably in control.

On November 11th the President let down his hair at a Cabinet meeting.

"I've been giving a lot of time to the study of the election returns," he said, "and I find they demonstrate the result around the country was due in every case to local conditions. Take Massachusetts—our losses were due to Curley. The people didn't want him back as governor so we lost all down the line.

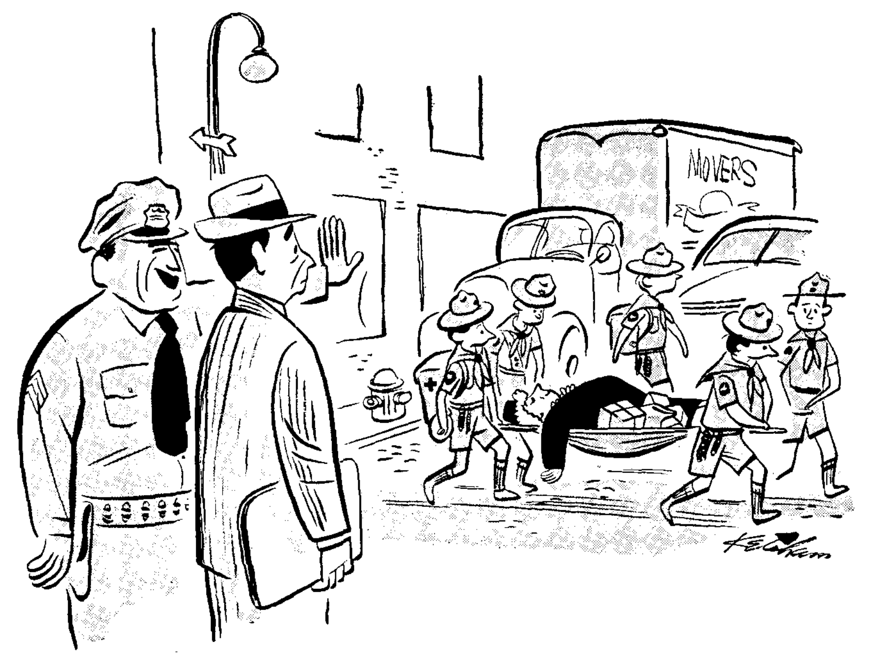
"It was the race-track scandal in Rhode Island," he went on. "And in Connecticut it was the Merritt Parkway squabble. In New Jersey, defeat could be attributed to Mayor Hague. In Pennsylvania it was brought about by the trouble within the party. And in Ohio, Davey was to blame.

"So it goes everywhere you look into the real causes," he continued. There was a general nodding in agreement.

There was no discussion of the effect of the purge on the defeat. I could afford to remain quiet if the attempt to build up a personal machine was to be abandoned and we were returning to the building up of the Democratic party.

However, I was soon to find that the bright young men around the President looked on the purge as a mere training lap and they were off to a new start in whooping it up for a third term. From that time on, the President began to see less and less of me, as if I were to blame for the defeat I had counseled against, and to see more and more of those actually responsible for the November rout.

In next week's article, Mr. Farley discusses third-term speculation, other Democratic candidates and his own growing dissatisfaction.



"It's not as serious as it looks. They're just doing a good turn and practicing first aid at the same time" HANK KETCHAM

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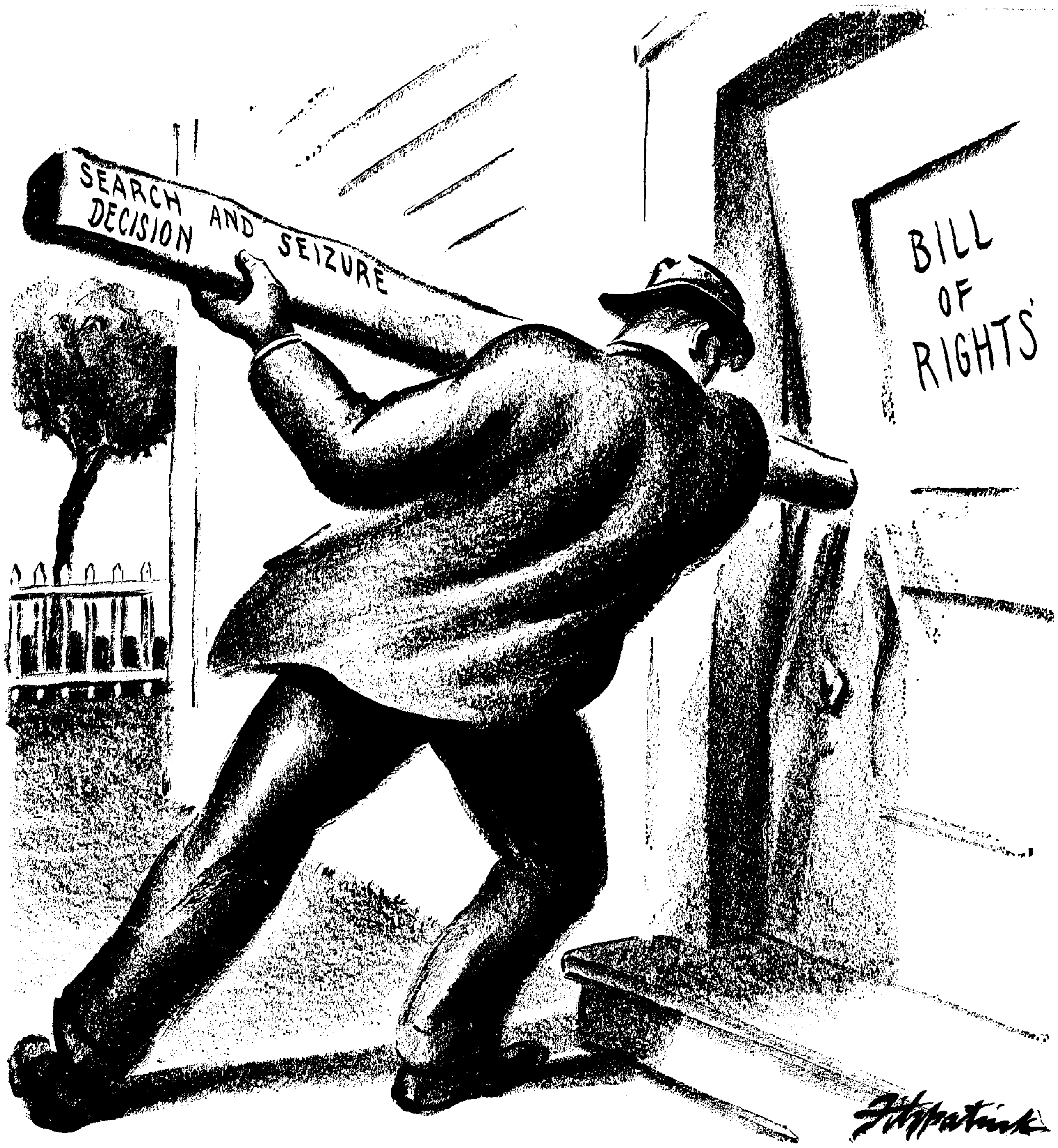

BAD DENT IN BILL OF RIGHTS

> The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.
>
> —*4th Amendment, U.S. Constitution*

THE above-quoted item in the Bill of Rights guarantees Americans against the kind of thing that goes on in Russia today and went on in Hitler Germany and Fascist Italy day before yesterday: namely, indiscriminate, unexplained and tyrannical arrests, searches and seizures by the police. It is one of the most important laws we have.

In a recent decision, the U.S. Supreme Court knocked a serious and a sinister dent in this law.

A man named George Harris was arrested in his Oklahoma City apartment by the F.B.I. under an arrest warrant for alleged mail fraud. Having caught Harris at home, five F.B.I. agents proceeded to search his apartment for several hours, though they had no search warrant.

They found nothing pertinent to mail fraud; but they did find some stolen draft notices and forged draft certificates. Possession of such papers is a crime. Harris was tried and convicted of this crime, the trial court declaring that the evidence obtained in this fashion was admissible in spite of the 4th Amendment.

The Supreme Court upheld the conviction, by a 5-4 vote, with Justices Murphy, Rutledge, Jackson and Frankfurter dissenting.

It seems clear to us that the dissenters were right and the majority wrong in the Harris case. The decision opens the door to exactly the kind of thing the 4th Amendment seeks to forbid: namely, fishing trips by police, on general warrants, in search of any kind of evidence against anybody they suspect of being a crook of some sort.

As Justice Jackson said in his dissenting opinion:

> Words of caution will hedge an opinion, but they are not very effective in hedging searches. . . . In view of the readiness of zealots to ride roughshod over claims of privacy for any ends that impress them as socially desirable, we should not make inroads on the rights protected by this amendment.

That just about says it all. We earnestly hope that this dangerous decision may be nullified somehow, and soon, either by second thoughts on the Supreme bench or by Congressional action.

ADVERTISING EPISCOPALIANS

AMONG the most interesting of recent religious news items, we think, is the word that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States plans to start a consistent and persistent national advertising campaign sometime next November.

The campaign's primary targets will be the 60,000,000 persons in this country who have no church affiliations. The Episcopalians have no intention of trying to raid the Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., though, of course, they won't turn away any converts.

All advertising media are to be used, and the techniques of any well-organized merchandising drive employed. The campaign is to be under the general direction of the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

It all comes under the head of Encouraging Signs of the Times, in our opinion; also of Indications of Vitality in Religion, and several others like those.

And we can't see why this Episcopal advertising campaign should not be eminently successful, if wisely conducted. The well-known and widely esteemed Catholic Hour on the radio produces noteworthy results, with an expert blending of quiet dignity and forceful religious discussion. The Federal Council of Churches has done some effective work in this same field.

We look for the Episcopalian advertising campaign to pay gratifying spiritual and material dividends—and not to the Episcopal Church alone.

DOCTOR SHORTAGE—AND WHY

A FEW issues ago, Collier's printed an article by Albert Q. Maisel, under the title, So You Can't Get a Doctor! From this piece, it appeared that it is hard to nail down any specific reasons why doctors are scarce and growing scarcer in the United States. But it is possible to figure out what we ought to do about the problem.

We need, first and foremost, to encourage most if not all of our existing medical schools to expand, prudently but materially. If private endowments can't be wangled for this purpose, then it looks as if federal government grants-in-aid are the answer—with plenty of safeguards against letting Washington bureaucrats get their hooks into medical education.

Evidently, too, we need to work out ways and means of persuading medical schools here and there to stop discriminating against potential excellent physicians because they happen to be Jews, Negroes or women.

As Mr. Maisel pointed out, the present doctor shortage, if it continues acute, can force the American people in desperation to adopt some form o socialized medicine. It also encourages quacker in its many forms. Socialized medicine is good fo politicians, and quackery is good for the quacks Neither does the patient the greatest possibl amount of good.

This whole problem, it seems to us, is right u the alley of the American Medical Association, th big and powerful organization of American physicians. It is a most serious matter. Therefore, w think the most statesmanlike thing the AMA coul do in the next few years would be to get more tha busy on the job of breaking the doctor bottlenec and getting this country equipped with an ampl number of well-trained and thoroughly qualifie medical men. We know of no private organizatio except the AMA that can take that initiative.